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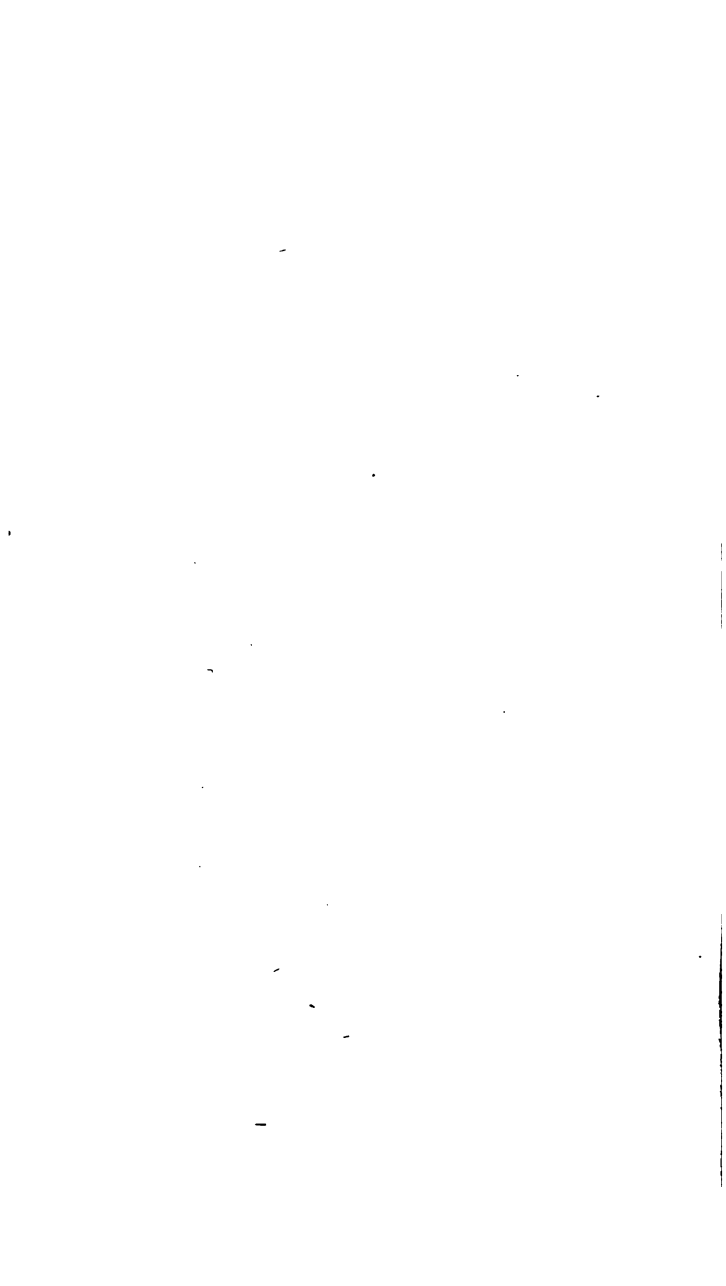
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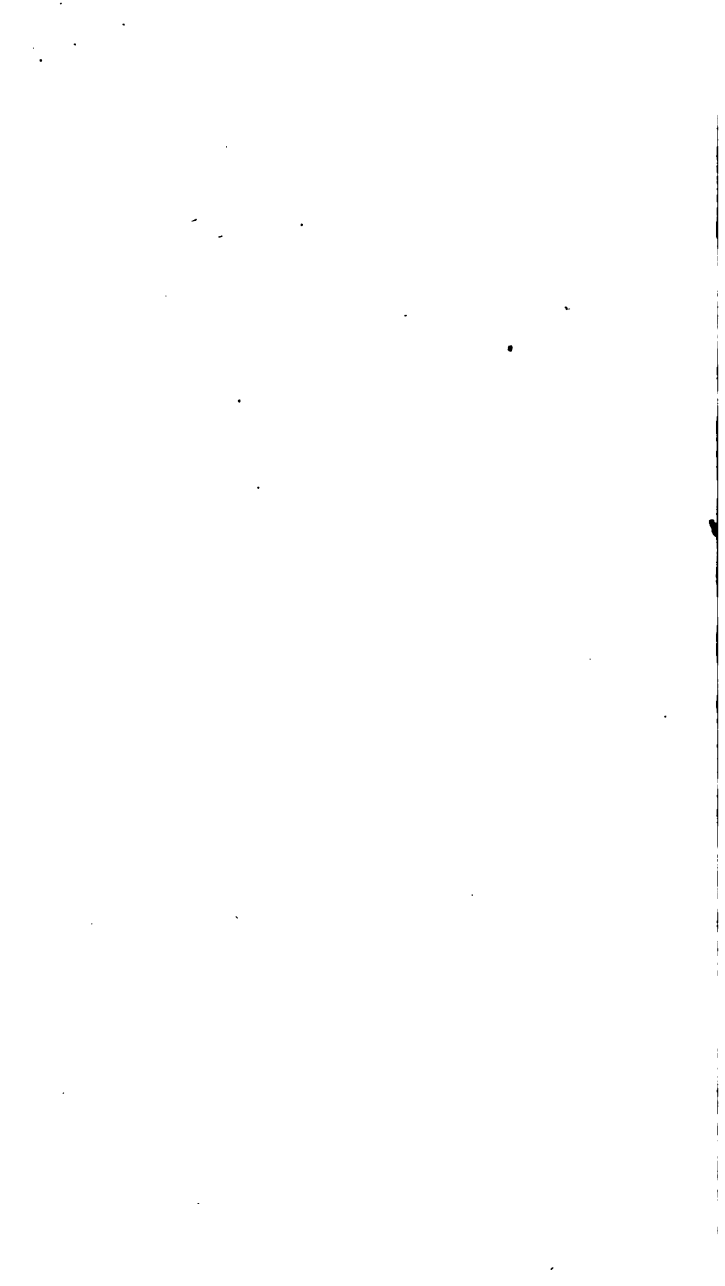


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THE

# ART OF READING;

CONTAINING A NUMBER OF USEFUL RULES,

EXEMPLIFIED BY A VARIETY OF

*SELECTED AND ORIGINAL PIECES.*

NARRATIVE,	POETICAL,	HUMOUROUS,
DIDACTIC,	DESCRIPTIVE,	<i>and</i>
ARGUMENTATIVE,	PATHETIC,	ENTERTAINING.

TOGETHER WITH

DIALOGUES, SPEECHES, ORATIONS, AD-  
DRESSES, *and* HARANGUES.

CALCULATED

*To improve the Scholar in Reading and Speaking with propriety and  
elegance; and to impress the Minds of Youth with  
Sentiments of Virtue and Religion.*

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.

---

*By* DANIEL STANIFORD, *A. M.*

AUTHOR OF A SHORT BUT COMPREHENSIVE GRAMMAR.

---

"A virtuous education is a better inheritance for children than a great estate."

TENTH EDITION.

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DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, to wit:

**B**E it remembered, that on the twenty-fifth day of November, in the thirty-first year of the independence of the United States of America, John West of the said District has deposited in this office, the title of a book the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit: "The Art of Reading: containing a number of useful rules, exemplified by a variety of selected and original pieces, narrative, didactic, argumentative, poetical, descriptive, pathetic, humorous, and entertaining. Together with dialogues, speeches, orations, addresses, and harangues. Calculated to improve the scholar in Reading and speaking with propriety and elegance: and to impress the minds of youth with sentiments of virtue and religion. Designed for the use of schools and families. By Daniel Stafford, A. M. author of a short but comprehensive Grammar. "A virtuous education is a better inheritance for children than a great estate."

In Conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, intitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an Act, intitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, intitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned; and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical, and other prints.

Wm. S. SHAW, Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

## PREFACE.

---

**T**O instil into the minds of youth the sentiments and principles of virtue and religion, as well as to teach "the young idea how to shoot," is the indispensable duty of every Instructor, in the first stages of education. Those books, therefore, must have the preference, which are best calculated to answer such admirable and important purposes.

THE design of this compilation, is to furnish some general rules, by which the master, in addition to this oral instruction, may be able to teach his pupils the rudiments of Reading with elegance and propriety. It also furnishes such lessons for reading, as will naturally tend to allure the tender mind to the love of knowledge, and the practice of virtue and religion; to inform the understanding, and to please the imagination; to warm the opening bosom with benevolent and social affections, and to inculcate the several duties and principles of morality.

CHASTITY of thought, and purity of diction, have been objects of the Compiler's peculiar attention; and should there, in any part of the work, be found a single sentiment, or expression, discordant with the most delicate modesty, or refined morality, its admittance was contrary to the Author's intention.

THE following selections were, for the greatest part, made from the most eminent writers, which acknowledgment supersedes the necessity of attending to the customary mode of adding the author's name to each individual selection.

THE Author acknowledges with gratitude the liberal patronage his Art of Reading has received from the publick in the first edition. He now offers the tenth edition, with such alterations only as were thought necessary to render the work more improved. But in future, the Art of Reading will retain its present form, should it meet so favourable a reception from the public as to encourage any future editions. It solicits, however, no favour but what it merits from its real utility ; neither does it design any competition with similar compilations, but what the judicious are willing to allow it, upon a candid and impartial review of its contents.

BOSTON, JAN. 1, 1802.

# CONTENTS.

	Page
<i>Observations on reading and speaking</i>	9
Rule i. <i>Articulation</i>	12
ii. <i>Pronunciation</i>	13
iii. <i>Accent</i>	14
iv. <i>Emphasis</i>	15
v. <i>Pauses and stops</i>	17
vi. <i>Pitch and management of the voice</i>	18
vii. <i>Tones</i>	20
viii. <i>Stops and points in Punctuation</i>	21
Chap. i. <i>Sentiments</i>	24
ii. <i>Ditto</i>	25
iii. <i>Ditto</i>	27
iv. <i>On the employment of time</i>	28
v. <i>Ingratitude—Inkle and Yarico</i>	30
vi. <i>Alexander and Septimus</i>	32
vii. <i>Character of a true friend</i>	34
viii. <i>On elocution</i>	ib.
ix. <i>Virtue our highest interest</i>	36
x. <i>Sensibility</i>	38
xi. <i>On criticism</i>	39
xii. <i>David's lamentation</i>	40
xiii. <i>Industry of Demosthenes</i>	41
xiv. <i>Proofs of the immortality of the soul and a future state</i>	43
xv. <i>Indian and British officer</i>	46
xvi. <i>True pleasure</i>	48
xvii. <i>The wisdom of providence</i>	49
xviii. <i>An Indian king's advice to his son</i>	50
xix. <i>Religion</i>	51
xx. <i>The choice of Religion</i>	54
xxi. <i>An address to youth</i>	55
xxii. <i>Contentment, or the hermit of the mountain</i>	56
xxiii. <i>Henry and Eliza</i>	58
xxiv. <i>Rolla's patriotic address</i>	60



Chap.	Page
xxv. <i>Extract from President Adams' speech</i>	61
xxvi. <i>Character of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham</i>	62
xxvii. <i>The affectionate dog</i>	63
xxviii. <i>On the Sabbath</i>	65
xxix. <i>The ocean and the rivers</i>	67
xxx. <i>The force of imagination</i>	69
xxxi. <i>Adventures of a half-penny</i>	70
xxxii. <i>Earth and her children</i>	72
xxxiii. <i>The letter of condolence from the Senate to the President</i>	74
xxxiv. <i>The President's answer</i>	75
xxxv. <i>Extract from General Lee's funeral oration</i>	76
xxxvi. <i>Law case. Daniel versus Disbclout</i>	80
xxxvii. <i>Extract from the answer of the Senate to the speech of the Lieut. Governor of Massachusetts</i>	82
xxxviii. <i>Extract from Judge Minot's eulogy on the life of Gen. Washington</i>	83
xxxix. <i>Tribute of affection</i>	87
xl. <i>Lecture on the head of a comical fellow</i>	ib.
xli. <i>Story of the siege of Calais</i>	88
xlii. <i>The same subject continued</i>	90
xliii. <i>Alonzo and Elvira</i>	93
xliv. <i>Curiosity</i>	94
xlv. <i>Generous Revenge</i>	ib.
xlvi. <i>Vice</i>	97
xlvii. <i>Schemes of life defeated by irresolution</i>	99
xlviii. <i>Pride</i>	101
xlix. <i>Dis honesty punished</i>	103
l. <i>Providence, or the shipwreck</i>	ib.
ii. <i>The same subject continued</i>	106
iii. <i>Justice</i>	109
iiii. <i>The scriptures</i>	111
lv. <i>How should I work it? addressed to parents</i>	112
lvi. <i>Pleasure and pain</i>	114
lvii. <i>Nature and education</i>	115
lviii. <i>The force of conscience</i>	117
lix. <i>Constancy of mind</i>	118
lx. <i>Happiness not founded on wealth</i>	121
lxi. <i>A portrait of mankind</i>	121
lxii. <i>Awkwardness in company</i>	123
lxiii. <i>Description of the Bay of Naples and Mount Vesuvius</i>	124
lxiiii. <i>On honour</i>	125
lxv. <i>Applause</i>	127
lxvi. <i>The hero and the sage</i>	128
lxvii. <i>The funeral</i>	130
lxviii. <i>On Confucius</i>	131

# CONTENTS.

46

Chap.		Page
lxviii.	Filial affection	134
lxix.	On study	135
lxx.	Gen. Washington's letter to President Adams	136
lxxi.	Character of King Alfred	136
lxxii.	An eastern story	139
lxxiii.	Devotion	140
lxxiv.	The partial Judge	142
lxxv.	The picture	ib.
lxxvi.	Affection to parents	143
lxxvii.	A fable	ib.
lxxviii.	The liberty of the press	145
lxxix.	Diverting instance of Indian retaliation	147
lxxx.	Hotspur's soliloquy	148
lxxxI.	The death of the christian	149
lxxxii.	The poor old man	150
lxxxiii.	Laaw case. Bullum versus Boatum	152
lxxxiv.	Honesty and generosity	154
lxxxv.	The ungrateful guest	155
lxxxvi.	The prudent judge	156
lxxxvii.	Of the scripture	158
lxxxviii.	Of Genesis	160
lxxxix.	Of Exodus	162
xc.	Of Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy	163
xcI.	Of Joshua	164
xcii.	Of Job	165
xciii.	Of the Psalms	166
xciv.	Of the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Songs, the Prophecies, and Apocrypha	168
xcv.	Of the new testament	169
xcvi.	Of the example set by our Saviour, &c.	170
xcvii.	Character of St. Paul	172
xcviii.	Of the Epistles	173
xcix.	The Epistles of St. James, St. Peter, and the first of St. John	174
c.	The flatterer	175
ci.	Dialogues, on gaming	177
cii.	Canute's reproof to his courtiers	182
ciii.	The two robbers	184
civ.	Scene from Pizarro	185
cv.	Revenge, a scene from Pizarro	188
cvi.	Continued	192
cvi.	Continued	196
cvi.	Continued	198
cix.	Apparitions	200
cx.	Sir Philip Blandford, Miss Blandford, and Henry	203

Chap.		Page
cx.	<i>Sir Philip Blandford and farmer Ashfield</i>	204
cxii.	<i>Stukely and Mrs. Beverly</i>	206
cxiii.	<i>Stukely and Lewson</i>	209
cxiv.	<i>Lewson and Beverly</i>	211
cxv.	<i>Poetry, The old Beggar of Cumberland</i>	213
cxvi.	<i>Collin's Ode</i>	216
cxvii.	<i>How to read Cotton's fire side</i>	220
cxviii.	<i>Order of nature submission to providence</i>	222
cxix.	<i>Our Saviour's Passion</i>	224
cxx.	<i>Grongar Hill</i>	226
cxxi.	<i>Winter</i>	228
cxxii.	<i>Tenderness of mind</i>	229
cxxiii.	<i>Lydia's birth day</i>	ib.
cxxiv.	<i>Vice and Virtue</i>	230
cxxv.	<i>The fair Lady's wish</i>	231
cxxvi.	<i>Extract from a poem entitled "Agriculture"</i>	ib.
cxxvii.	<i>Extract from Milton's Paradise Lost</i>	232
cxxviii.	<i>Satan's address to the Sun</i>	233
cxxix.	<i>Satan's Lamentation</i>	234
cxxx.	<i>Extract from Milton</i>	235
cxxx.	<i>Eve's speech to Adam</i>	236
cxxxii.	<i>Adam's account of his creation</i>	ib.
cxxxiii.	<i>Eve's address to Adam</i>	237
cxxxiv.	<i>Contemplations on the night</i>	238
cxxxv.	<i>Lines on Gen. Washington</i>	ib.
cxxxvi.	<i>Ode on Gen. Washington</i>	239

# OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

## ART OF READING AND SPEAKING.

---

**T**HE art of reading with propriety, and speaking gracefully, is a matter of so much utility and importance to man, in the various departments of society, that it is greatly to be regretted, so necessary a part of education should be almost totally neglected. That a general inability to read and speak with elegance prevails, is fully evinced both from private and public performances. The source, from which this incapacity arises, is either *natural* or *artificial*.

That the cause of bad reading and speaking is not *natural* will appear evident by considering, that there are few persons, if any, who, in private discourse, do not deliver their sentiments with propriety and force, whenever they speak in earnest. Here then is an unerring standard fixed for reading and speaking justly and forcibly; which is to *adopt the same easy and natural mode to read and speak publicly, as we use in private conversation.*

This natural mode would certainly be adopted, were we not, in early life, taught a different way, with tones and cadences, different from those which are used in common conversation; and this artificial method is substituted instead of the natural one, in all performances at school, as well as in reading. To correct, in some degree, this artificial manner, it will be necessary to unfold the real sources of our errors and faults in the art of reading; partly arising from the ignorance of instructors, and partly from defects and imperfections in the very *art of writing* itself.

Viii.

Chap.  
cxi.  
cxii.  
cxiii.  
cxiv.  
cxv.  
cxvi.  
cxvii.  
cxviii.  
cxix.  
cxx.  
cxxi.  
cxxii.  
cxxiii.  
cxxiv.  
cxxv.  
cxxvi.  
cxxvii.  
cxxviii.  
cxxix.  
cxxx.  
cxxxi.  
cxxxii.  
cxxxiii.  
cxxxiv.  
cxxxv.  
cxxxvi.

Sir Philip Blondsford and Mrs. Be  
Stukely and Mrs. Be  
Stukely and Lewson  
Lewson and Bewer  
Poetry, The old Beggar  
Collin's Ode  
How to read Cotton's first  
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Our Saviour's Passion  
Grongar Hill  
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Lydia's birth day  
Vice and Virtue  
The fair Lady's wish  
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Extract from Milton's  
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Satan's Lamentation  
Extract from Milton  
Eve's speech to Adam  
Adam's account of his creation  
Eve's address to Adam  
Contemplations on the night  
Lines on Gen. Washington  
Ode on Gen. Washington

So. That they cannot suffer the tones preceding pauses and numerous and various, according to the emotions of the mind, each of which would require a presentation by so small a number as used as *signs*. The human call proper tones to their young artificial tones to the boys, to those which are used in English, and colon, are proper; and only differ in point of tone; whilst the period is marked. The one consists in an uniform and as uniform depression of the voice, a disagreeable monotony, which is tedious, and which destroys all feeling.

Source of that unnatural manner of reading, which defeats all elegance and beauty in public reading and speaking, is that which naturally excites the tones of the voice, taught to associate with them, and which excites their pronunciation; and which will only serve to confirm the manner which he has acquired.

the least inquiry, that the most effectual way of producing a good manner of reading is by giving due encouragement to a sufficient number of masters, to teach that art by a few rules, instead of leaving it to the

stupid and most ignorant of the consequence of which, either perverted by false guides, take up any manner of way, or imperceptibly by examples.

The principal objects to be attained by reading are three. 1. To acquire knowledge. 2. To assist the memory to retain this knowledge when acquired, and 3. To communicate it to others. The two first are answered by silent reading; but to communicate knowledge to others, loud reading is necessary. The structure of written language has been sufficiently regarded to answer the ends of acquiring knowledge and assisting the memory; but this written language is by no means calculated to answer the ends of reading aloud, as it contains no visible marks, or articles, which are essential to a just delivery.

Had the *art of writing* a sufficient number of marks and signs to point out the variety of tones and cadences, the *art of reading* with propriety at sight, might be rendered as easy and as certain, as singing at sight. But as the art of writing will probably never admit such a change, it is essential to point out, how the *art of reading* may be improved, whilst that of *writing* continues in its present state.

The general sources of that impropriety and badness of reading, which so generally prevails, are the unskilfulness of masters, who teach the first rudiments of reading; the erroneous manner which the young scholar adopts, through the negligence of the master in not correcting small faults at first; bad habits gained by imitating particular persons, in a certain tone or chant in reading, which is regularly transmitted from one class to another. Besides these, there is one fundamental error in the common method of teaching children to read, which gives a wrong bias, and leads the pupil ever after blindfold from the right path, under the guidance of false rules.

Instead of supplying by oral instruction, and habit, any deficiency or error, which may be in the *art of writing*, with respect to the pauses, and the rests of the voice, masters are negligent in perfecting their pupils in the right use of them, and in their mode of instruction, have laid down false rules, by the government of which, it is impossible to read naturally.

The *art of pointing*, in its present state, has reference to nothing but the grammatical construction of sentences, or to the different proportion of pauses in point of time; through want of others, however, masters have used the

*stops* as marks of *tones* also. That they cannot answer this end is certain, for the tones preceding pauses and rests in discourse, are numerous and various, according to the sense of the words, the emotions of the mind, or the exertions of fancy; each of which would require a distinct, and cannot be represented by so small a number as *four* or *five* which are used as *stops*. The masters have given what *they* call proper tones to their pupils in reading, by annexing artificial tones to the stops, which no way correspond to those which are used in discourse. The comma, semicolon, and colon, are pronounced in the same tone; and only differ in point of time, as two or three to one; whilst the period is marked by a different tone. The one consists in an uniform elevation, and the other in an uniform depression of the voice, which occasions that disagreeable monotony, which so generally prevails in reading, and which destroys all propriety and force in speaking.

Here then is the chief source of that unnatural manner of reading, which necessarily defeats all elegance and gracefulness in private and public reading and speaking, for the *sight* of the *stops*, as naturally excites the *tones* which the pupil was early taught to associate with them, as the sight of the *words* excites their *pronunciation*; and thus the habit of reading will only serve to confirm him in the faulty manner which he has acquired.

It must be obvious on the least inquiry, that the most effectual method of introducing a good manner of reading, would be the giving due encouragement to a sufficient number of skilful masters, to teach that art by a well digested system of rules, instead of leaving it to old women, or the lowest and most ignorant of mankind in the first rudiments; the consequence of which has been, that most boys are either perverted by false rules, or having no rules to guide them, take up any manner which chance throws in their way, or imperceptibly yield to the influence of bad examples.



# RULES

FOR

## READING AND SPEAKING.

---

**A** JUST delivery consists in a distinct *articulation* of words, pronounced in proper *tones*, suitably varied to the sense, and the emotions of the mind; with due attention to *accent*; to *emphasis*, in its several gradations; to *rests* or *pauses* of the voice, in proper places and well measured degrees of time; and the whole accompanied with expressive *looks*, and significant *gestures*. That the pupil may be assisted in forming a correct method of reading and speaking, a few rules shall be laid down, pointing out a proper use of each of those necessary parts of a just delivery. And first of

### ARTICULATION.

#### RULE I.

*Let your articulation be distinct, slow, and forcible.*

A GOOD *articulation* consists in giving every letter in a syllable, its due proportion of sound, according to the most approved custom of pronouncing it; and in making such a distinction between the syllables, of which the words are composed, that the ear shall without difficulty acknowledge their number; and easily perceive to which syllable each letter belongs. Inattention to these points occasions an indistinct, quick, and weak articulation.

The faults of articulation, such as stuttering, hesitation, lisping, and inability to pronounce certain letters, can never be cured by precept alone; these must be remedied by a person skilled in the causes of those faults; who by teaching each individual how to use the organs of speech rightly, and by shewing him the proper position of his *tongue*, *lips*, &c. may gradually bring him to a just articulation.

*Distinctness* is the most essential point in articulation. Indistinctness, the greatest fault, is occasioned by too great a

precipitancy of speech. To this hasty delivery which drops some letters, and pronounces others too faintly; which runs syllables into each other, and clusters words together; is owing that *thick, mumbling, clattering* utterance which so much prevails. Demosthenes laboured under many natural defects, but by his diligence and exertion, he corrected them, and became the greatest orator in the world. (1) This truth is a happy encouragement to all, who have any natural imperfections in utterance, to exhibit the same example of diligence, to perfect themselves in a just delivery.

The best method to correct too quick an utterance, is to read aloud passages chosen for that purpose, (such as abound with long and unusual words,) and to read, at certain stated times, much slower than the sense and just speaking would require. (2)

Learn to speak slow, all other graces  
Will follow in their proper places.

## PRONUNCIATION.

### RULE II.

*Let your pronunciation be bold and forcible.*

**PRONUNCIATION** means the giving to every word that sound which the most polite usage of the language appropriates to it, in opposition to *broad, vulgar, and affected* pronunciation.

*Moderation* in pronouncing is essential to just delivery. **Precipitancy** of speech confounds all articulation, and all meaning. Where there is an uniform rapid utterance, there cannot be any strong *emphasis, natural tones, or just elocution*. In order to acquire a forcible pronunciation, read aloud in the open air, and with all the exertion you can command; let all *consonant sounds* be expressed with a full percussion of the breath, and a forcible action of the organs employed in forming them; and let all the *vowel sounds* have a full and bold utterance. Practise these rules till you have acquired strength and energy of speech.

(1) See Chapter XIII.

(2) See Chapter VIII.

In observing this rule, care must be taken, lest the extreme be adopted. A lifeless, drawling pronunciation renders every performance insipid, flat, and languid, and should be avoided. A speaker without energy, is like a lifeless statue. But the extreme of speaking too fast and too loud must be avoided, as offensive to all elegance and propriety of utterance.

## ACCENT.

### RULE III.

*Let every Word, consisting of more than one Syllable, be pronounced with its proper Accent.*

**ACCENT** is the laying of a peculiar stress of the voice on a certain letter or syllable in a word, that it may be better heard than the rest, or distinguished from them.

Every word of more than one syllable has one accented syllable. When the accent is on the *consonant*, the syllable should be pronounced with a quick and forcible percussion; as, *bat'tle, hab'it, pul'pit*. When the accent is on the *vowel*, the percussion should be less forcible, and the syllable should be lengthened; as, *fäther, boly, glöry*. Monosyllables are also accented; as, *add', led', bid', red'*.

In accenting words, the *general custom* and a *good ear* are the best guides; observing at the same time, that accent should be regulated by the number and nature of simple sounds, and not by any arbitrary rules of quantity. The essence of English words consists in accent; as that of syllables, in articulation. We know that there are as many syllables as we hear articulate sounds, and as many words as we hear accents.

All persons who pronounce words properly, of course lay the accent right, as that is part of pronunciation; and never fail to do so in conversation. But when they come to read or speak in public, transgress the rules of accent. Let this simple and easy rule be adopted by those who read or speak in public, to lay the accent always on the same syllable, and the same letter of the syllable, which they usually do in common discourse, and to take care not to lay any accent or stress, upon any other syllable. (1)

(1) See Chapter VIII.

## OF EMPHASIS.

## RULE IV.

*Let the most significant Words in a Sentence be marked by a natural, forcible, and varied Emphasis.*

EMPHASIS discharges the same office in sentences, as accent does in words. An accent connects syllables together, and forms them into words; so emphasis unites words together, and forms them into sentences, or members of a sentence. Accent dignifies syllables, emphasis ennobles words, and presents them in a stronger light to the understanding. Were there no accents, words would be resolved into their original syllables; were there no emphasis, sentences would be resolved into their original words; and consequently the bearer would be under the necessity of first making out the words, and afterwards their meaning.

The necessity of observing propriety of emphasis is so great, that the true meaning of words cannot be conveyed without it. For the same individual words, arranged in the same order, may have several different meanings, according to the placing of the emphasis. The following sentence may have as many different significations, as there are words in it, by varying the emphasis. "*Shall you walk abroad to-day?*" By placing the emphasis on *shall*, as, *shall* you walk abroad to-day? It implies that the person addressed had an intention, but a doubt in the questioner, whether he be determined, or not, and the answer may be, *Certainly*, or, *I am not sure*. If the emphasis be on *you*, as, *shall* you walk abroad to-day? The answer may be, *No*, but my wife will. If on *walk*, as, *shall* you *walk* abroad to-day? The answer may be, *No*, but I shall ride. If on *abroad*, as, *shall* you walk *abroad* to-day? the answer may be, *No*, I must be about home. If the emphasis be placed on *to-day*, as, *shall* you walk abroad *to-day*? The answer may be, *No*, but I shall to-morrow.

So also in this sentence, "*Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?*" *Betrayest thou*, makes the reproach rest upon the infamy of treachery. *Betrayest thou*, turns the disgrace upon the connexion of Judas with his Master. *Betrayest thou the Son of Man*, rests it on the character and eminence of our Saviour. *Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?* places the reproach upon Judas' prostituting the token of love and friendship, to the purpose of a ma-

of destruction. Such is the importance of rightly placing the emphasis, that the whole life and spirit of reading and speaking depend upon it.

If no emphasis be placed on any words, every performance will be heavy and lifeless, and the meaning unintelligible. Should the emphasis be placed *wrong*, the sense will be entirely confused. (1) Emphasis is either *simple* or *complex*. Simple, when it points out the plain *meaning*; complex, when, besides the *meaning*, it marks also some *affection* or *emotion of the mind*. Simple emphasis belongs to the calm and composed *understanding*; complex, to the *fancy* and *passions*. The following sentence contains an example of *simple* emphasis; "and Nathan said unto David, *thou* art the man." The emphasis on *thou* serves only to point out the *meaning* of the speaker. But in the following sentence, which contains the *complex* emphasis, we perceive an *emotion* of the speaker, superadded to the *simple meaning*; "*Why* will ye die?"

The emphasis often lies on the word that asks the question; as, *Who* said so? *When* will he come? *What* shall I do? *Why* dost thou weep? and when two words are set in contrast, or in opposition to one another, they are both emphatic; (2) as, Washington is the *father*, not the *tyrant*, of the people; he was the *saviour*, not the *traitor*, of America.

In order to know which is the emphatical word in a sentence, consider the *whole design*; the reader or speaker must study to attain a just conception of the force and spirit of the sentiments, which he is to pronounce. To lay the emphasis with exact propriety, is a constant exercise of good sense, and attention. It requires a true and just taste, and will arise from feeling delicately ourselves, and from judging accurately, what will best strike the feelings of others.

Care should be taken not to use emphatical words *too often*. It is only a prudent use of them, that will produce their proper effect.

Let the reader or speaker observe strictly the manner which he uses to distinguish one word from another in conversation; for in familiar discourse we seldom fail to

(1) See Chapter VIII

(2) See Chapter II. for Examples.

express ourselves emphatically, and always place the emphasis right. Let the same natural mode be adopted when reading and speaking in public, and the reader will have an infallible rule of laying the emphasis right in all sentences, the meaning of which he comprehends.

## OF PAUSES OR STOPS.

### RULE V.

*Acquire a just Variety of Pause and Cadence.*

PAUSES, or rests, in speaking and reading, are a total cessation of the voice, during a perceptible, and, in many cases, a measureable space of time.

Pauses are equally necessary to the speaker, and to the hearer. To the *speaker*, that he may breathe; and relieve the *organs of speech* from too long action. To the *hearer*, that the *ear* may be relieved from sound continued too long, and that the understanding may have time to mark the distinction of sentences, and their several members.

There are two kinds of pauses; first, emphatical pauses, and next, such as mark the distinction of the sense. An emphatical pause is made, after something has been said of great importance, and on which the speaker desires to fix the hearer's attention. Such pauses have the same effect as a strong emphasis, and are subject to the same rules, especially that of *not using them too frequently*.

Pauses in reading and public speaking, must be governed by the same manner, in which we utter ourselves in ordinary, sensible conversation, and not upon the stiff, artificial manner, which we acquire, from reading books according to the common punctuation. The points in *printing* are far from marking *all* the pauses which ought to be used in *speaking*. A formal attention to those *resting places*, has been the cause of a tedious monotony, by leading the reader to a similar *tone* at every *stop*, and an uniform *cadence* at every *period*.

To render pauses pleasing and expressive, they must not only be used in the *right place*, but also accompanied with a proper *tone of voice*, by which the nature of these pauses is intimated. Sometimes it is only a slight and simple suspension of voice that is proper; Sometimes a degree

cadence in the voice is required ; and sometimes that peculiar tone and cadence, which denote the sentence to be finished. In all these cases we are to regulate ourselves, by attending to the same manner, in which nature teaches us to speak, when engaged in real and earnest discourse with others.

It is a general rule, that the suspending pause should be used when the sense is incomplete ; and the closing one, when it is finished. But there are phrases, in which, although the sense is not completed, the voice takes the *closing*, rather than the *suspending* pause ; and others, in which the sentence finishes by the pause of suspension. (1)

Nothing is more destructive to energy and propriety than the habit of confounding the *closing pause*, with that fall of the voice, or *cadence*, with which many readers uniformly finish a sentence. The tones and inflexions of the voice, at the close of a sentence, should be varied according to the general nature of the discourse, and the particular construction and meaning of the sentence. In plain *narrative* and *argumentation*, attention to the manner, in which we relate a fact, or maintain an argument, in conversation, will show, that it is frequently more proper to raise the voice, than to fall it, at the end of a sentence.

In *pathetic pieces*, especially those of the *plaintive*, *tender*, or *solemn kind*, the tone of the passion will often require a still greater cadence of the voice. The best method of correcting a uniform cadence, is frequently to read *select sentences*, (2) in which *antitheses* are introduced ; and *argumentative pieces*, (3) or such as abound with *interrogatives*, (4) or earnest *exclamations*. (5)

## OF THE PITCH AND MANAGEMENT OF THE VOICE.

### RULE VI.

*Pitch your Voice in your ordinary Speaking Key.*

The first attention of every one who reads or speaks in public, is to be clearly understood by all who hear him.

(1) See Chapter XI.

(2) See Chapter II. and XXXVIII.

See Chapter XIV. and LIII.

(4) See Chapter IX. and VII.

(5) See Chapter X. and XI.

Much depends for this purpose on the proper pitch, and management of the voice. Every person has three pitches in his voice, the *high*, the *middle*, and the *low* one. The *middle* pitch is that, which is used in ordinary discourse, from which he either rises or falls, as the matter of his discourse, or emotions of his mind may require. This *middle* pitch therefore is what ought to be used, for two reasons; first, because the organs of the voice are stronger, and more pliable in this pitch, from constant use; and the second reason is, because it is more easy to rise or fall from that pitch, to *high* or *low* with regular proportion.

The quantity of sound, necessary to fill even a large space, is much smaller than is generally imagined; and to the being well heard, and clearly understood, a good and distinct articulation contributes more, than power of voice. Possessed of *that*, a man with a *weak* voice, has infinite advantages over the *strongest* without it. If the voice be *weak*, and the *articulation good*, the attention and silence of the hearers will be proportionably greater, that they may not miss any thing that is said.

The best rule for a speaker to observe is, never to utter a greater quantity of voice than he can afford without pain to himself, or any extraordinary effect. Whilst he does this, the other organs of speech will be at liberty to discharge their several offices with ease; and he will always have his voice under command. But when he transgresses these bounds, he gives up the reins, and has no longer any management of it.

To acquire the power of changing the key on which you speak, at pleasure, accustom yourself to pitch your voice in different keys, from the lowest to the highest notes you can command. Many of these would neither be proper or agreeable in speaking; but such a practice will give you such a command of voice, as is scarcely to be acquired by any other method. Having gained the power to speak with ease at several heights of the voice, read, as exercises on this rule, such compositions as have a variety of speakers, (1) or such as relate dialogues, (2) observing the height of voice which is proper to each, and endeavour to change them as nature directs.

(1) See Chapter XII. for Examples.

(2) See Dialogues.



Different species of speaking require different heights of voice. Nature instructs us to relate a *story*, to *support* an *argument*, to *command* a *servant*, to utter exclamations of *anger* or *rage*, to pour forth *lamentations* and *sorrows*, not only with different *tones*, but with different *elevations* of voice. The *vagrant*, when he *begs*; the *soldier*, when he gives the word of *command*; the *watchman*, when he announces the hour of the night; the *sovereign*, when he issues his *edict*; the *senator*, when he *harangues*; the *lover*, when he *whispers* his tender tale, do not differ more in the *tones*, which they use, than in the *key* in which they speak. Reading and speaking, therefore, in which all the variations of expression in *real life* are copied, must have continual variations in the height of the voice.

Sometimes the height of the voice may be altered, in the same composition, in passing from one part to another, without any change of person.

## TONES.

### RULE VII.

*Let the Emotions and Passions, which your Words express, be accompanied with correspondent Tones, Looks, and Gesture.*

TONES are different both from emphasis and pauses; consisting in the modulation of the voice, the notes or variations of sound which we employ, in expressing our sentiments.

There is not an act of the mind, an exertion of the fancy, or an emotion of the heart, which has not its peculiar *tone*, or note of the voice, by which it is to be expressed; and which is suited exactly to the degree of internal feeling. It is chiefly in the proper use of these *tones*, that the life, spirit, beauty, and harmony of delivery consist.

If we enter into the spirit of the author's sentiments, as well as into the meaning of his words, we shall not fail to deliver the *words* in suitably varied *tones*. There are very few, who have not an accurate use of *emphasis*, *pauses*, and *tones*, when they utter their sentiments in earnest discourse; and the reason that they have not the same use of them in reading aloud the sentiments of others, may be

traced to the very defective and erroneous method in which the art of reading is taught ; whereby all the *various, natural, expressive tones* of speech are suppressed, and a few *artificial, unmeaning, reading notes*, are substituted for them.

Gestures are the motions of the hands, or the body, corresponding with the sentiments which the speaker designs to express. It is quite unnatural in a public speaker, and inconsistent with that earnestness and seriousness which he ought to discover in all affairs of moment, to remain unmoved in his outward appearance, and to let the words drop from his mouth without any expression of meaning, or warmth in his gesture. The general rule, in the use of gestures, is to be natural and easy. Attend to the *looks and gestures* in which *earnestness, indignation, compassion*, or any other *emotion*, discovers itself to the best advantage in the common intercourse of men ; and let an imitation of these be your model, with care, however, that you "*o'erstep not the modesty of Nature.*"

The tone of the voice expresses the various emotions and passions, more emphatically than mere words. *Lamentation* and *sorrow* are expressed by a *low tone* ; a *spirited command* by a much *higher* ; when a *pathetic address* is made, the tone of the voice must be on the *middle key*, not *too low*, nor *too high* ; but in a *manly, firm, and yet plaintive* tone. (1) Finally, in reducing every part of a just delivery to practice, guard against every appearance of affectation, as a certain ruin of good reading or speaking. Let your manner, whatever it is, be your own ; whatever is natural, though accompanied with defects, is likely to please, because it has the appearance of coming from the heart. To attain a graceful, forcible, and persuasive manner, is in the power of most persons, if they will follow nature, and will speak in public as they do in private, when they speak in earnest and from the heart.

#### OF THE STOPS OR POINTS AND OTHER CHARACTERS USED IN WRITING.

THE use of punctuation is designed, first to assist the reader to discern the grammatical construction, and next

(1) See Chapter XII. for Examples.

to regulate his pronunciation. (1) The several stops, as they are used in printing, shall be mentioned, with particular reference, however, to the observations under the fifth Rule.

The points are the *comma*, the *semicolon*, the *colon*, the *period*, the note of *interrogation*, and the note of *admiration* or *exclamation*.

A *comma* [,] denoting, especially in long sentences, a little elevation of the voice, is the *shortest* pause, and may be held while you count *one*.

A *semicolon* [;] denoting for the most part an *evenness* of the voice, may be held while you count *two*.

A *colon* [:] marks a little depression of the voice, and requires a pause while you count *three*. The *colon* and *semicolon* are often used promiscuously.

A *period* [.] is a full stop, denoting a greater depression of the voice, than the *colon*, and may be held while you count *four*.

A *note of interrogation* [?] is used when a question is asked, and denotes an elevation of the voice, attended with a forcible pronunciation.

A *note of admiration* [!] is used after a sentence expressing surprise or emotion, and denotes a tone of voice suited to the sentiment. *This* and the *note of interrogation* require a pause while you count *five*.

A *quotation* ['—' or "—"] includes a sentence, taken from an author.

A *parenthesis* [] (to be avoided as much as possible) includes a sentence, which may be omitted without injuring the sense, and denotes a depression of the voice, and a quick pronunciation.

A *caret* [^] denotes an interlineation, and shows where to bring in what was omitted in the first writing.

A *hyphen* [-] joins the parts of a word together, especially such as are written partly in one line, and partly in another. The word in this case must be divided accord-

ing to the most approved rules of a good pronunciation. (1)

An *apostrophe* ['] is a sign of the possessive case, and contracts words ; as, *lov'd* for *loved*.

A *paragraph* [¶] is sometimes used to distinguish a new subject.

A *diæresis* [¨] divides two vowels which otherwise would be sounded together ; as, *Raphaël*.

A *section* [§] divides a discourse, or chapter into less parts.

An *index* or *band* [☞] points out a remarkable passage, or something that requires particular attention.

An *Asterisk* or little *star* [\*] directs the reader to the margin, or to the bottom of the page. Two or more asterisks generally denote the omission of some letters in a word, or of some bold or indelicate expression, or some defect in the manuscript.

An *ellipsis* [—] is also used, when some letters in a word, or some words in a verse, are omitted ; as, "*k—g*" for king.

An *obelisk* [†] *parallels* [||] and the letters of the alphabet, and figures, are used to refer the reader to the margin, or to the bottom of the page.

(1) The best and easiest rule, for dividing the syllables in spelling is to divide them as they are naturally divided in a right pronunciation. See Staniford's Grammar, page 6th.

## CHAPTER I.

## SENTIMENTS.

**I**F the mind is well cultivated, it produces a store of fruit ; if neglected, it is overrun with weeds.

A wise man carries all his treasure within himself. What fortune gives, she may take away ; but a wise man does not depend upon her mercy, and is therefore beyond her reach.

'Tis education forms the common mind,  
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge ; but fools despise wisdom and instruction.

A great, a good, and a right mind, is a kind of divinity within us, and may be the blessing of the *slave* as well as the *prince*.

A good conscience is both the testimony and reward of a good life.

Human society resembles an arch of stone ; all would fall to the ground, if one piece did not support another.

Of all the felicities attached to human nature, that of a firm and tender friendship ranks the first ; it sweetens cares, dispels sorrows, and is an antidote against the severest calamities.

To know how to support adversity, is to deserve prosperity. Afflictions are sent for the exercise of virtue.

We are all surrounded and beset with evils ; and as they cannot be avoided, the mind ought to be prepared to encounter them.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,  
Charms strike the sight ; but *merit wins the soul*.

Beauty, as a flowery blossom, soon fades ; but the divine excellences of the mind, like the medicinal virtues of a plant, remain in it when all *those charms* are withered.

The desire of pleasing may be termed the happiest of all desires, because it seldom fails of attaining its end, when not disgraced by affectation.

'Tis a fair step towards virtue and happiness, to delight in the society of the good and wise ; and if those cannot be met with, the next point is to keep *no company at all*.

It requires time to deliberate upon friendship; but the resolution once taken, my friend is entitled to the secrets of my heart; and I look upon my thoughts to be as safe in *his* breast as in my *own*.

Never condemn a friend *unheard*, without letting him know both his *accuser* and his *crime*.

Ingratitude is more baneful than a pestilential vapour, and more destructive to society than a band of *robbers*.

Ingratitude is so dangerous to itself, and so detestable to others, that one would imagine that nature had sufficiently provided against the practice of it, without the necessity of enforcing it by law. Not to return one good office for another, is absolutely *inhuman*; but to return *evil* for *good*, is *diabolical*.

When a man loses his *integrity*, he loses the foundation of his *virtue*.

There is so wonderful a grace attached to *virtue*, that even the worst of characters, acknowledge its power though they are incapable of feeling its effects.

So powerful is the influence of *virtue*, and so gracious the designs of Providence, that every man has a guide within his own bosom for the practice of it.

A contented mind is a continual feast; and the pleasure of the banquet is greatly augmented by knowing that each man may become his own entertainer.

Our passions are a disease, which, by frequency and neglect, becomes fatal.

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## CHAPTER II. (1)

**I**T costs us more to be *miserable*, than would make us *perfectly happy*. How *cheap* and *easy* is the service of *virtue*; and how *dear* do we pay for our *vices*.

There is nothing *honourable*, that is not *innocent*; and nothing *mean*, but what has *guilt* in it.

Anger may *glance* into the bosom of a *wise* man; but *rests* only in the bosom of *fools*.

The temperate man's pleasures are *durable*, because they are regular; and his life *calm* and *serene*, because it is *innocent*.

A good *conscience* is to the *soul*, what *health* is to the *body*.

(1) See Rule V. page 17.

It costs more to *revenge* injuries than to *bear* them.

It often happens, that those are most desirous of governing *others*, who are least able to govern *themselves*.

When much *gratitude* is found in a *poor* man, it may be taken for granted there would be as much *generosity*, if he were a *rich* man.

When you see the anger of a friend begin to kindle, if you would do good, throw *water* thereon to *cool*, not *wood* to *inflame* it.

*Virtue* is the greatest ornament; it is necessary to the young, comfortable to the aged, serviceable to the poor, an ornament to the rich, an honour to the fortunate, a support to the unfortunate. She enobles the *slave*, and exalts *nobility* itself. In short, let it be remembered, that none can be disciples of the *graces* but in the school of *virtue*; and that those who wish to be *lovely*, must learn to be *good*.

The chest of a miser might as well contain *brass* as *gold*, unless *benevolence* should pour it into the lap of *distress*, or *generosity* place it in the hands of *merit*.

That friendship, which makes the *least* noise, is often the *most* useful; and a *prudent* friend is generally of more service than a *zealous* one.

A man of virtue is an honour to his country, a glory to humanity, a satisfaction to himself, and a benefactor to the world. He is *rich* without *oppression*, *charitable* without *ostentation*, *courteous* without *deceit*, and *brave* without *vice*.

The greatest wisdom of speech is to know *when*, and *what*, and *where* to *speak*; the time, matter and manner; the next to it is *silence*. As we should never construe that in *earnest* which is spoken in *jest*, so we should not *speak* that in *jest*, which may be construed in *earnest*.

As, amongst *wise* men, he is the *wisest* who thinks he knows *least*, so, amongst *fools*, he is the *greatest* who thinks he knows *most*.

Virtue's the friend of life, the soul of health,  
The poor man's comfort, and the rich man's wealth.

*Clearness* is the rule of *speaking*, as *sincerity* is the rule of *thinking*. Too bright sallies of wit, like flashes of lightning, rather *dazzle* than *illuminate*.

Order is Heaven's first law, and 'tis confess,  
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;  
More rich more wise—but who infers from hence,  
That such are *happier*, shocks all common sense.

The immortal mind, perhaps, will quit a *cottage* with less regret than it would the splendour of a *palace*; and the breathless dust sleep as quietly beneath the *grassy turf*, as under the parade of a *costly monument*. These are insignificant circumstances to a spirit doomed to an endless duration, of *miser*y or *bliss*.

### CHAPTER III.

**N**O trees bear fruit in autumn, unless they blossom in the spring. To the end that our age may be profitable, and laden with ripe fruit, let us all endeavour, that our youth may be studious, and flowered with the blossoms of learning and observation.

When a man is in company with his betters, it is more advisable to hear, than to speak; it is better to reap than to sow.

A woman of true sense, will be always ambitious not of gaining admiration, but of deserving it.

Count that day lost, whose low descending sun  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

Of all the virtues, there are none ought more to be inculcated into the mind of a young girl than *modesty* and *meekness*.

We must, *in this world*, gain a relish for truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy *in the next*.

The thought of immortality, the hope of endless happiness, is enough to animate the soul with the noblest ambition; and yet make it look, with the humblest compassion, upon that part of the creation, that wants so divine a hope. All who would please the great, must be flatterers; but the true province of friendship is, to put us in mind of our own faults.

Among the Romans, it was not the *house* which honoured the *master*, but the *master* the *house*. A cottage with them became as august as a temple, when *justice*, *generosity*, *probity*, *sincerity*, and *honour*, were lodged in it: and how can a house be called *small*, which contains *so many* and such *great virtues*?



An extraordinary merit may lie hid under a mean habit, as a rich garment may cover enormous vices.

Silence is sometimes more significant and sublime, than the most noble and most expressive eloquence; and is, on many occasions, the indication of a great mind.

Cruel sports were thought very high reflections on the *politeness* of the Romans. Are they not much greater on the *mercy* and *humanity* of Christians?

Every wise man will consider *this* life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the *other*, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a *few years* to those of *eternity*.

Money, like manure, does no good, till it is spread; there is no real use of riches, except in the distribution; the rest is all conceit.

Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature.

*Beauty* and *wit* will die, *learning* will vanish away, and all the *arts* of life be soon forgotten; but *virtue* will remain for ever.

This is the state of man; *to-day* he puts forth:  
The tender leaves of hope; *to-morrow* blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;  
The *third day* comes a frost, a *killing frost*,  
And—*nips his root*.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

1. **W**E complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with; for our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, in doing nothing to the purpose, or else, in doing nothing that we ought to do.

2. Melancholy as this picture appears, and disgraceful as it certainly is, to a rational and reflecting being, I fear, if we were to take an impartial view of our lives, too many of us would have reason to acknowledge the justness of the censure.

3. Every fool, says Chesterfield, who flatters away his whole time in *nothings*, has some trite observation at hand, to prove both its value and its fleetness; and though they feel the necessity of employing it *well*, they squander it away, without considering that its loss is irrecoverable.

4. There are two sorts of understanding, which prevent a man from ever becoming considerable; the one is a *lazy*, the other a *frivolous*, mind. The lazy mind will not take the trouble to search to the bottom of any thing, but, discouraged by the slightest difficulties, stops short, and contents itself with easy and superficial knowledge, rather than submit to a small degree of trouble.

5. Whatever you pretend to learn, you ought to have ambition enough to desire to excell in; for *mediocrity* is a proof of weakness; and *perfection* may always be purchased by application. Knowledge, says an elegant writer, is a comfortable and necessary shelter for us in an advanced age; but if we do not plant it while young, it will afford us no shade when we grow old.

6. Yet too close an application to the improvement of your mind is not to be expected, so as to exclude pleasure, or banish recreation. Be careful to remember that your foundation of knowledge must be established before you are eighteen; for when you are once introduced into the world, your application will be incessantly interrupted, and your studies suspended. All difficulties may be overcome by perseverance; and even the defects of nature may be conquered.

7. A remarkable instance of the power of perseverance is demonstrated in the conduct of Demosthenes, an Athenian orator, who, anxious to obtain perfection in the art of speaking, not only conquered an absolute impediment of speech, but from being one of the most *ungraceful*, became one of the most *graceful* orators of Athens.

8. In the distribution of your time, let the first hour of the day be devoted to the service of your *Maker*. Accustom yourselves to the practice of religious homage, as a natural expression of gratitude to *him* for all his bounty and benevolence. Consider it as the service of the God of your fathers; of *him*, to whom your parents devoted you; of *him* whom, in former ages, your ancestors honoured, and by whom they are now rewarded and blessed in heaven.

9. Seneca tells us, that the *first* petition we offer to God, ought to be a *good conscience*; the *second* for health of mind; and the *third* for health of body. After these petitions, it will be necessary you should accustom yourselves to make a regular distribution of time, for the different av-

ocations which are to occupy it ; this will be found one of the best methods that can be adopted, both for the practice of youth, and those of a more advanced period.

## CHAPTER V.

### INGRATITUDE.—STORY OF INKLE AND YARICO.

1. **A** MIDST the various vices to which human nature is prone, and which mark the degradation it has suffered, none more strikingly evince its debasement than the practice of *ingratitude*. For other vices, and other failings, reason may be able to assign a cause ; but for *that* she must search in vain. That *kindness* should ever be returned with *cruelty*, or *affection* be treated with *neglect* is *humanity's shame*, and *man's disgrace*.

2. Mr. Thomas Inkle, a young London merchant, was the third son of a wealthy citizen, who had carefully instilled into his mind a love of gain, and a desire of acquiring wealth ; and this propensity, which he had imbibed from precept, and felt from nature, was the grand inducement for him to try his fortune in the West-Indies. Inkle's person was absolutely the reverse of his mind ; the former was manly and noble ; but the latter mean and contracted.

3. During the voyage, the *Achilles*, the name of the vessel in which he embarked, put into a creek to avoid the fury of a storm ; and young Inkle, with several of the party, went on shore, to take a view of a scene so entirely new. They had not walked far up the country before they were observed by a party of Indians, and fear and apprehension lent wings to their flight. Inkle outran his companions, and breathless with terror, sought security in the thicket of a forest.

4. He had not been long in that forlorn situation, when his astonishment was called forth by the appearance of a young female, whose benignant countenance seemed instantly to compassionate his forlorn situation. The name of the female was Yarico. Gentleness and sweetness were displayed in every feature ; and when Inkle, by signs, acquainted her with his forlorn situation, she evidently proved that *sympathy* was confined to no particular clime, and that *humanity* depends not upon the colour of the skin.

5. The generous Indian was a woman of high birth; and knowing that the tenderness she felt for the unfortunate stranger would be displeasing to her parents, she felt the necessity of disguising it. She carried Inkle to a remote cave, supplied his wants, and daily administered to his comforts. Her affection in time became so strong, that she scarcely could exist but in his presence.

6. Fearful that he would grow weary of his confinement, she used to watch the opportunities of her parents' absence, and then conduct him into the beautiful groves, with which that country abounds; then persuade him to lie down and slumber, and anxiously watch by him for fear he should be disturbed! His little dwelling was adorned with all the art that native elegance could suggest, and unsuspecting innocence employ, to make it appear pleasing to her lover's eyes.

7. At length Yarico had the happiness of finding Inkle understand her language, and had the felicity of hearing him express the strength of his gratitude, and power of his love. Inkle was constantly representing the joys that would await them, if they could once return to England, and painted the excess of his passion in such glowing colours, that the unsuspecting Yarico could not doubt its sincerity, and at length promised not only to become the partner of his flight, but daily watch the arrival of some vessel to promote it.

8. The wished for object soon appeared; the unsuspecting Yarico left the abode of her doating parents, and, forgetful of her duty, thought only of her affection. The ship, in which they had embarked was bound for Barbadoes, and all Inkle's ideas of acquiring wealth returned with double force. Love, which had been a transitory passion, and which had acquired its foundation in interest, now yielded to a superior claim. His freedom once obtained, the means were totally forgotten, and the unfortunate Yarico considered as a tax upon his bounty.

9. As soon as the vessel arrived at Barbadoes, the merchants crowded round it for the purpose of purchasing their slaves. The despicable Inkle was animated at the sight, and resolving to relieve himself of what he considered as a burden, offered the beautiful Yarico, his amiable deliverer, to the highest bidder! It was in vain that she threw herself on her knees before him, or pleaded her

*tendernefs and affection; the heart that could be dead to gratitude was left to love; and the unfortunate Yarico was doomed to a life of flavery!!*

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## CHAPTER VI.

### STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

1. **A**LCANDER and Septimius were two Athenian fludents, whose taste for the arts and sciences became the foundation of their future friendship, and they were fcarcely ever feen apart. Although Alcander's breaſt was animated by that tender ſentiment, a ſtill more lively one found entrance, and the fair Hypatia became the object of his love: He declared his paſſion and was accepted.

2. Septimius happened to have left the city, when his friend firſt ſaw the blooming fair one, and did not return until the day fixed upon for his marriage. The moment that introduced him to the view of ſuch perfection, was fatal to his peace; and the ſtruggle between love and friendſhip became too violent for his reſolution. A ſudden and dangerous fever attacked him; and the unſuſpicious Alcander introduced the object of his affection to aſſiſt him in his unwearied care of his friend.

3. The moment the phyſicians beheld Hypatia enter, they were no longer at a loſs to account for their patient's illneſs; and calling Alcander aſide, they informed him of the nature of it, and alſo expreſſed their fears that Septimius' recovery was impoſſible! Tortured between the dread of loſing the friend of his heart, and agonized at the idea of relinquishing the object of his affection, his anguiſh for ſome time deprived him of utterance; but recovering that fortitude which had ever marked his conduct, he flew to the bedſide of his apparently dying friend, and promiſed to renounce his claim to Hypatia, if ſhe conſented to a union with Septimius.

4. Whether Hypatia had not been ſtrongly attached to the amiable Alcander, or whether compaſſion urged her to accept the hand of his friend, is uncertain; but they were united, quitted Athens, and went directly to Septimius' houſe at Rome. Hypatia's friends, imagining Alcander had relinquished his betrothed bride for the ſake of a

rich reward, commenced an action against him for a breach of promise; and the judges, biassed by the representations of his enemies, ordered that he should pay a heavier fine than his whole property amounted to.

5. The wretched Alcander was now reduced to the most melancholy situation; his friend absent, the object of his love lost, and his own character stigmatized with baseness! Being absolutely unable to pay the demand, his person became the property of his oppressors, and he was carried into the market place and sold as a common slave. A Thracian merchant became his purchaser, and for several years he endured a life of torment. At length liberty presented itself to his view, and the opportunity of flight was not to be rejected. Alcander ardently embraced it, and arrived at Rome in the dusk of the evening.

6. Friendless, hopeless, and forlorn, the generous Alcander had no place of shelter, and necessity compelled him to seek a lodging in a gloomy cavern. Two robbers, who had long been suspected to frequent that spot, arrived there soon after midnight, and disputing about their booty, fortunately did not perceive his presence. One of them at length was so exasperated against his companion, that, drawing a dagger from his side, he plunged it into his heart, and left him, weltering in his blood at the mouth of the cave.

7. Alcander's miseries had been so accumulated, and his distresses so undeserved, that his mind at last was worn down by his afflictions, and he became indifferent to every thing around him. In this situation he was discovered, and dragged to a court of justice, as the murderer of the man whose body had been found in the cave. Weary of existence, he did not deny the charge; and sentence was going to be pronounced against him, when the murderer, smitten with a pang of conscience, entered the court, and avowed the fact!

8. Astonishment seized every mind, but particularly that of the judge who was going to condemn him, who, examining the countenance of a man capable of such singular conduct, discovered the features of his beloved friend Alcander! Rising from the throne of justice, and flying to the bar of guilt, he caught his suffering Alcander in his arms, and, after shedding over him tears of joy and compassion, presented him to the Senators, as a man whose disinterested conduct had been the means of preserving his own existence.

## CHAPTER VII.

## CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND. (1)

1. **C**ONCERNING the man you call your friend, tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions for which others are ridiculing, or censuring you behind your back? Will he dare stand forth in your defence, when censure is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention, in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship?

2. If misfortunes and losses should oblige you to retire into the walk of life, in which you cannot appear with the same distinction, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society? And instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connexion, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your afflictions?

3. When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, and listen with attention to your tale of woe? Will he administer the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned? The man who will not do *all this*, may be your companion, your flatterer, your seducer—but, believe me, *he is not your friend*.

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 CHAPTER VIII.

## ON ELOCUTION.

1. **Y**OUR very bad enunciation, my son, gives me real concern; and I congratulate both you and myself, that I was informed of it, as I hope, in time, to prevent it; and shall ever think myself, as hereafter you will, I am sure, think yourself, infinitely obliged to your friend, for informing me of it. If this *ungraceful* and *disagreeable*

(1) See Rule V. page 17.

manner of *speaking* had, either by your negligence or mine, become habitual to you, as in a couple of years more it would have been, what a figure would you have made in company, or in a public assembly! who would have liked you in the one, or attended to you in the other?

2. Read what Cicero and Quintilian say of enunciation, and see what a stress they lay upon the gracefulness of it; nay, Cicero goes further, and even maintains that a good figure is necessary for an orator; and, particularly, that he must not be overgrown and clumsy. He shows by it, that he knew mankind well, and knew the powers of an agreeable figure and a *graceful manner*. Men are much oftener led by their hearts than by their understandings. The way to the heart is through the senses; please their eyes and their ears, and the work is half done.

3. I have frequently known a man's fortune decided for ever by his first address. If it is pleasing, people are hurried involuntarily into a persuasion that he has a merit, which possibly he has not; as, on the other hand, if it is *ungraceful*, they are immediately prejudiced against him, and unwilling to allow him the merit, it may be he has.—Nor is this sentiment so unjust and unreasonable as at first it may seem; for, if a man has parts, he must know of how much consequence it is to him to have a *graceful manner of speaking*, and a genteel and pleasing address; he will cultivate and improve them to the utmost.

4. What is the constant and just observation, as to all actors upon the stage? Is it not, that those who have the most sense always speak the best, though they may not have the best voices? They will speak *plainly, distinctly*, and with a *proper emphasis*, be their voices ever so bad. Had Roscius spoken *quick, thick, and ungracefully*, I will answer for it, that Cicero would not have thought him worth the oration which he made in his favour.

5. Words were given us to communicate our ideas by; and there must be something inconceivably absurd in uttering them in such a manner, as that either people cannot understand them, or will not desire to understand them. I tell you truly and sincerely, that I shall judge of your parts by your speaking *gracefully* or *ungracefully*. If you have parts, you will never be at rest till you have brought yourself to the habit of speaking the *most gracefully*; for I aver, that it is in your power.



6. You will desire your tutor, that you may read aloud to him, every day; and that he will interrupt and correct you, every time you read *too fast*, do not observe the proper *stops*, or lay a *wrong emphasis*. You will take care to open your teeth when you speak; to *articulate every word distinctly*; and to beg of any friend you speak to, to remind you, and stop you, if ever you fall into the *rapid and unintelligible mutter*.

7. You will read aloud to yourself, and tune your utterance to your own ear; and read at first *much slower* than you need do, in order to correct that shameful habit of speaking *faster* than you ought. In short, you will make it your business, your study, and your pleasure to *speak well*, if you think right. Therefore what I have said is more than sufficient, if you have sense; and ten times more would not be sufficient, if you have not: so here I rest it.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### VIRTUE OUR HIGHEST INTEREST. (1)

1. **I** FIND myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion.—Where am I? What sort of a place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every instance, to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself?

2. No, nothing like it; the farthest from it possible.—The world appears then not originally made for the private convenience of me alone? It does not—but is it possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry? If to accommodate man and beast, Heaven and Earth; if this be beyond me, it is not possible.—What consequence then follows? Or can there be any other than this? If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence.

3. How then must I determine? Have I no interest

at all?—If I have not, I am a fool for staying here. It is a smoky house, and the sooner out of it the better. But why no interest? can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached?—Is a social interest joined with others such an absurdity, as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me, that the thing is, somewhat at least, possible.

4. How then am I assured, that it is not equally true of man? Admit it; and what follows? If so, then *honour* and *justice* are my interest; then the whole train of *moral virtues* is my interest; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

5. But further still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest, as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, dispersed throughout the earth—Am I not *related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce?* by the general intercourse of arts and letters? by that common nature, of which we all participate? Again—I must have food and clothing; without a genial warmth, I must instantly perish. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself; to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? To that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on? Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common welfare.

6. What then have I to do, but to enlarge *virtue* into *piety*? Not only *honour* and *justice*, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but *gratitude* also, *acquiescence*, *resignation*, *adoration*, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governor, our common Parent.

7. But if all these moral and divine habits be my interest, I need not surely seek for a better. I have an interest compatible with the spot on which I live; I have an interest which may exist, without altering the plan of Providence; without mending or marring the general order of events. I can bear whatever happens with man-like magnanimity; can be contented, and feel happy in

the good which I possess; and can pass through this turbid, this fickle, fleeting period without bewailings, envyings, murmurings, or complaints.

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## CHAPTER X.

### SENSIBILITY. (1)

1. **D**EAR sensibility! Source inexhaustible of all that is precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! Thou chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw, and it is thou who liftest him up to heaven!

2. Eternal fountain of our feelings! It is here *I trace thee, and this is thy divinity which stirs within me*; not, that in some sad and sickening moments, "my soul shrinks back upon herself and startles at destruction"—mere pomp of words! But that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself—all comes from thee, *great, great sensorium of the world!* which vibrates, if a hair of our head but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation.

3. Touched by thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish; hears the tale of my symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant, who traverses the bleakest mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock.

4. This moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it.—O! had I come one moment sooner!—it bleeds to death! his gentle heart bleeds with it!—Peace to thee, generous swain! I see thou walkest off with anguish; but thy joys shall balance it: for happy is thy cottage, and happy is the sharer of it, and happy are the lambs which sport about you.

(1) See Rule V. page 17.

## CHAPTER XI.

## ON CRITICISM.

1. **A**ND how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night ? Oh, against all rule, my lord, most ungrammatically ! Betwixt the substantive and adjective, which should agree together in number, case, and gender, he made a breach thus——stopping as if the point wanted settling ;——and betwixt the nominative case, which your lordship knows, should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three fifths by a stop watch, my lord, each time.

2. Admirable grammarian !—But in suspending his voice—was the sense suspended likewise ? Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm ?—Was the eye silent ? Did you narrowly look ?—I looked only at the stop watch, my lord.—Excellent observer !

3. And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about ? Oh ! it is out of all plumb, my lord, quite an irregular thing ! not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle. I had my rule and compasses, my lord, in my pocket.—Excellent critic !

4. And for the epic poem your lordship bid me look at ; upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's—it is out, my lord, in every one of its dimensions !

5. Admirable connoisseur !—And did you step in to take a look at the *grand picture* in your way back ? it is a melancholy daub ! my lord ; not one principle of the pyramid in any one group ! and what a price !—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—The expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido—or the grand contour of Angelo !

6. Grant me patience, just heav'n !—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting !

7. I would walk fifty miles on foot, to kiss the hand of *that man*, whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased, he knows not *why*, and cares not wherefore.

## CHAPTER XII.

## DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN. (1)

1. **I**T came to pass on the third day, that, behold, a man came out of the camp from Saul, with his clothes rent, and earth upon his head; and so it was, when he came to David, that he fell to the earth, and did obeisance. And David said unto him, from whence comest thou? And he said unto him, out of the camp of Israel am I escaped.

2. And David said unto him, how went the matter? I pray thee, tell me. He answered, that the people are fled from the battle, and many of them also are fallen and dead, and Saul, and Jonathan, his son, are dead also. And David said unto the young man, who told him, how knowest thou that Saul, and Jonathan, his son, be dead?

3. The young man that told him said, as I happened by chance upon mount Gilboa, behold, Saul leaned upon his spear; and lo, the chariots and horsemen followed hard after him. And when he looked behind him, he saw me, and called after me; and I answered, *here am I*. And he said unto me, Who art thou? And I answered him, I am an Amalekite. He said unto me again, stand, I pray thee, upon me, and slay me; for anguish is come upon me, because my life is yet whole in me.

4. So I stood upon him, and slew him, because I was sure that he could not live after he was fallen; and I took the crown that was upon his head, and the bracelet that was on his arm, and have brought them hither unto my lord.—Then David took hold on his clothes, and rent them, and likewise all the men that were with him. And they mourned, and wept, and fasted until even, for Saul, and for Jonathan, his son, and for the people of the Lord, and for the house of Israel; because they were fallen by the sword.

5. And David said unto the young man, who told him, Whence art thou? And he answered, I am the son of a stranger, an Amalekite. And David said unto him, How wast thou not afraid to stretch forth thine hand to destroy the Lord's anointed? And David called one of the young men, and said, go near, and fall upon him. And he

smote him that he died. And David said unto him, thy blood be upon thine head ; for thy mouth hath testified against thee, saying, I have slain the Lord's anointed.

6. And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul, and over Jonathan, his son. (1) "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places ; how are the mighty fallen ! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon ; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

7. "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings ; for there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil. From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty. Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel.

8. "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle ! O, Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan ; very pleasant hast thou been unto me ; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen ! and the weapons of war perished !"

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### INDUSTRY OF DEMOSTHENES.

1. **D**EMOSTHENES had a weak voice, a thick way of speaking, and a very short breath ; notwithstanding which, his periods were so long, that he was often obliged to stop in the midst of them for respiration. This occasioned his being hissed by the whole audience. As he withdrew, hanging down his head, and in the utmost confusion, Satyrus, one of the most excellent actors of those times, who was his friend, met him ; and having learnt from himself the cause of his being so much dejected, he assured him that the evil was not without remedy, and that the case was not so desperate as he imagined.

(1) See Rule VII. page 20.

2. He desired him to repeat some of the verses of Sophocles or Euripides to him, which he accordingly did. Satyrus spoke them after him, and gave them such tone, gesture, and spirit, with which he pronounced them, that Demosthenes himself found them to be quite different from what they were in his own manner of speaking. He perceived plainly what he wanted, and applied himself to the acquiring of it.

3. His efforts to correct his natural defect of utterance, and to perfect himself in pronunciation, of which his friend had made him understand the value, seem almost incredible, and proves that an industrious perseverance can surmount all things. He stammered to such a degree, that he could not pronounce some letters; among others the letter R, with which the art he studied begins; and he was so short breasted, that he could not utter a whole period without stopping.

4. He overcame these obstacles at length, by putting pebble stones into his mouth; and pronouncing several verses in that manner without interruption, and with walking and going up steep and difficult places, so that at last no letter made him hesitate, and his breath held out through the longest periods. He went also to the sea shore; and whilst the waves were in the most violent agitation, he pronounced harangues, to accustom himself, by the confused noise of the waters, to the roar of the people, and the tumultuous cries of public assemblies.

5. Demosthenes took no less care of his action than his voice. He had a large looking glass in his house, which served to teach him gesture, and at which he used to declaim, before he spoke in public. To correct a fault which he had contracted by an ill habit of shrugging up his shoulders, he practised standing upright in a very narrow pulpit, over which hung a sword, in such a manner, that if, in the heat of the action, that motion escaped him, the point of the weapon might serve at the same time to admonish and correct him.

6. His application to studies was no less surprising. To be the more removed from noise, and less subject to distraction, he caused a small room to be made for him under ground, in which he shut himself up sometimes for whole months, shaving on purpose half his head and face, that he might not be in a condition to go abroad. It was

there, by the help of a small lamp, he composed his admirable orations, which were said by those, who envied him, to smell of the oil, to imply they were too elaborate.

7. His pains were well bestowed; for it was by these means that he carried the art of declaiming to the highest degree of perfection, of which it was capable! Whence it is plain he well knew its value and importance. When he was asked three several times which quality he thought most necessary in an orator, he answered each time, "*Pronunciation.*"

8. By making the reply three times successively, he insinuated that *pronunciation* is the only qualification of which the want could least be concealed, and which is the most capable of concealing other defects; and that alone could give considerable weight even to an indifferent orator, when without it the most excellent could not hope the least success. As to Demosthenes, Cicero tells us, that his success was so great, that all Greece came in crowds to Athens to hear him speak; and he adds, that merit so great as his could not but have the desired effect.

#### CHAPTER XIV. (1)

PROOFS OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, AND A FUTURE STATE.

1. **Y**OU acknowledge there is one self-existent Being, and that from him all derive their existence, whether *rational, animal, vegetable, or inanimate*; from what we see and know from his works, may we not reason with some degree of precision, by analogy, to what is less certainly understood? Amongst all the works of creation, that come under our observation, is there any waste of *powers, abilities, qualities, or properties*? Every plant can receive from that single spot, to which it is confined, all that is necessary for its support and nourishment; the power of motion which would have been injurious, is therefore wisely denied.

2. Observe the various animals, see how their different *powers, forms, qualities, and clothing* are proportioned to their different natures, and the different occupations, or climates, to which they are destined. Of what use to the *mole* would have been the *eagle's eye*, or to the *horse* the *tyger's claw*, feet to the *fish*, or *fins*, to *birds*? Not one

(1) See Rule V. page 17.



superfluous gift is bestowed, but each species has exactly that *form*, *construction*, and those *powers* which are most useful, necessary, and best suited to itself.

3. Let us go on, then to examine *man* upon the same plan. Compare him with all the different kinds of animals, over which he claims, and exerts a sovereign power. Some of these are made his *food*, others necessary to the *comfort* and *convenience* of his life in different capacities; neither of which could be obtained by the corporeal qualities he is endowed with, the brute creation being all, either by strength, swiftness, or the region they inhabit, beyond the reach of his arm.

4. The superior sagacity, therefore, which has enabled him to supply, by various arts, this natural defect of corporeal powers, was undoubtedly necessary to his subsistence; because, without it, he would have been the most defenceless of all animals, equal to himself in size; unable to procure the smallest kinds for his food, and an easy prey to the larger. Supposing his whole duration to end with *this* life, or, at least, that no after consciousness remains; was not this sort of sagacity, by which he braves the lions' force, binds to the yoke the stubborn bullock's neck, breaks to the curb the foaming steed, overtakes with sudden death the distant bird, or from the rapid stream drags to the shore the scaly fry; was not, I say, on such a supposition, this sort of sagacity, by which he reigns acknowledged lord of this planet, sufficient to answer all the ends of his creation?

5. Wherefore then this waste of *rational powers*? This capacity of diving into the philosophical difference between matter and spirit? Of tracing *effects* up to their probable *causes*, and accounting rationally for almost all the phenomena of nature? To what end is he endowed with the reasoning faculty in a degree so superior to his fellow mortals here, as to feel his derivation from some eternal existence, and form to himself not only a *wish*, but even a probable *prospect* of immortality? And that this is the result of the natural powers of his mind, exclusive of any supposed revelation, is evident from the constant, tho' doubtful hope of philosophers, in the earliest ages of the world, from all the accounts that have been transmitted to us.

6. Of what use to man, if consciousness ends with respiration, is it to see and admire the eternal beauty of truth, the fitness of things, the unalterable difference

between right and wrong actions, or moral good and evil; the beauty of virtue, and the deformity of vice? And is it reasonable to suppose, that in a world wherein we see every creature below us exactly suited to the manifest end of its creation, possessing just what is necessary and useful to it, and not a superfluous gift bestowed, that the Creator should have been thus wantonly lavish in the formation of *man* alone; and stored his mind with useless faculties, in contradiction to the general plan of creation, which is evidently calculated for the utility, convenience, and happiness of every other species?

7. Admitting this to be the whole duration, how eminently wretched is he made by the superior power of which he boasts! Every animal, in the different scales below himself, enjoys the present moment, unconscious of futurity; indulges every rising wish, and fearless revels in every joy to which his inclination leads; whilst man, *unhappy man!* for no end restrains his every passion by the rigid rules of reason; and almost from the cradle to the grave, treads with trembling steps, as every moment, on the verge of ruin; in the delusive hope of bringing his mind to a state of such perfection, as will qualify it for immortal happiness, in that future existence he is formed to expect. Should his expectation be vain, can the Being who interwove it in his nature be justly deemed benevolent, kind, or good? If not, what are the attributes of the God you pretend to own?

8. By the consciousness which the immortal mind expects to carry with it into another world, and either to *suffer*, or *enjoy* for ever in some future state of existence, is meant an exact and indelible remembrance of all the passions, affections, propensities, actions, and inclinations of the mind, during the whole period in which it was united to matter. According to the nature of this retrospect it must unavoidably be productive of perfect happiness or extreme misery; the remembrance of having checked every propensity, or rising inclination to vice, and so regulated every affection, as to bring the mind into an habitual state of conscious purity, even in sentiment; must afford that uninterrupted felicity, which conscious rectitude alone is capable of enjoying.

9. Should the mind, thus supremely blessed, behold the object of its tenderest love rendered irretrievably wretched, by a retrospect directly opposite to its own, the deformity of the character must raise a just abhorrence; while grateful pleasure would be more strongly excited at the thought of being removed to a state of existence, where vice no more could hide its hateful form beneath the fair semblance of a virtuous garb.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### THE INDIAN AND BRITISH OFFICER.

1. **D**URING the last American war, a company of Delaware Indians attacked a small detachment of the British troops, and defeated them. As the Indians had greatly the advantage of swiftness of foot, and were eager in pursuit, very few of the fugitives escaped; and those who fell into the enemy's hands were treated with a cruelty of which there are not many examples even in the country.

2. Two of the Indians came up with a young officer, and attacked him with great fury; as they were armed with a kind of battle ax, which they call a tomahawk, he had no hopes of escape, and thought only of selling his life as dearly as he could; but just at this time another Indian came up, who seemed to be advanced in years, and was armed with a bow and arrows. The old man instantly drew his bow; but after having taken his aim at the officer, he suddenly dropped the point of his arrow, and interposed between him and his pursuers, who were about to cut him in pieces—they retired with respect.

3. The old man then took the officer by the hand, soothed him into confidence by caresses, and, having conducted him to his hut, treated him with a kindness which did honour to his professions. He made him less a slave than a *companion*, taught him the language of the country, and instructed him in the rude arts that are practised by the inhabitants. They lived together in the most cordial amity; and the young officer found nothing to regret, but that sometimes the old man fixed his eyes upon him, and, having regarded him for some minutes, with a steady and silent attention, burst into tears.

4. In the mean time the spring returned ; and the Indians having recourse to their arms, again took the field. The old man, who was still vigorous, and well able to bear the fatigues of war, set out with them, and accompanied by his prisoner. They marched above two hundred leagues, across the forest, and came at length to a plain where the British forces were encamped. The old man showed his prisoner the tents at a distance, at the same time remarking his countenance with the most diligent attention.

5. "There," says he, "are your countrymen ; there is the enemy who wait to give you battle. Remember that I have saved thy life, that I have taught thee to construct a canoe, and to arm thyself with a bow and arrows ; to surprise the beaver in the forest, to wield the tomahawk, and to scalp the enemy. What wast thou when I first took thee to my hut ? Thy hands were those of an infant ; they were fit neither to procure thee sustenance nor safety. Thy soul was in utter darkness ; thou wast ignorant of every thing ; and thou owest every thing to me. Wilt thou then go over to thy nation and take up the hatchet against us ?"

6. The officer replied : "I would rather lose my own life, than take away that of my deliverer." The Indian then bending down his head, and covering his face with both his hands, stood some time silent ; then looking earnestly at his prisoner, he said, in a voice that was at once softened by tenderness and grief. "hast thou a father ?"—"My father," said the young man, "was alive when I left my country."—"Alas," said the Indian, "how wretched must he be !" He paused a moment, and then added, "Dost thou know that I have been a father ? I am a father no more. I saw my son fall in battle ; he fought at my side ; I saw him expire ! but he died like a man. He was covered with wounds when he fell dead at my feet ; but I have revenged him !"

7. He pronounced these words with the utmost vehemence ; his body shook with an universal tremor ; and he was almost stifled with sighs that he would not suffer to escape him. There was a keen restlessness in his eye ; but no tear would flow to his relief. At length he became calm by degrees and turning towards the east, where the sun was then rising, "Dost thou see," said he to the young officer, "the beauty of that sky, which sparkles with prevailing day ? And hast thou pleasure in the sight ?"—"Yes,"

replied the young officer, "I have pleasure in the beauty of so fine a sky."—"I have none!" said the Indian, and his tears then found their way.

8. A few minutes after, he showed the young man a tree in full bloom. "Dost thou see that beautiful tree?" says he; "and dost thou look upon it with pleasure?"—"Yes," replied the officer. "I *do* look with pleasure upon that beautiful tree."—"I have pleasure in looking upon it *no more*," said the Indian hastily; and immediately added, "Go, return to thy countrymen, that thy father may still have pleasure when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring."

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### TRUE PLEASURE.

1. **T**HE man whose heart is replete with pure and unaffected piety, who looks upon the great Creator of the universe, in that just, and amiable light, which all his works reflect upon him, cannot fail of tasting the sublimest pleasure, in contemplating the stupendous and innumerable effects of his infinite goodness.

2. Whether he looks abroad on the moral or natural world, his reflections must still be attended with delight; and the sense of his own unworthiness, so far from lessening will increase his pleasure, while it places the forbearing kindness and indulgence of his Creator in a still more interesting point of view.

3. Here his mind may dwell upon the present, look back to the past, or stretch forward into futurity, with equal satisfaction; and the more he indulges contemplation, the higher will his delight arise. Such a disposition as this seems to be the most secure foundation, on which the fabric of true pleasure can be built.

4. Next to the veneration of the Supreme Being, the love of human kind seems to be the most promising source of pleasure. It is a never failing one to him, who, possessed of this principle, enjoys all the power of indulging his benevolence; who makes the superiority of his fortune, his knowledge, or his power, subservient to the wants of his fellow-creatures.

5. It is true there are few whose power or fortune are so adequate to the wants of mankind, as to render them capable of performing acts of *universal* beneficence ; but a *spirit* of universal benevolence may be possessed by all ; and the bounteous Author of Nature has not proportioned the pleasure to the greatness of the effect, but to the greatness of the cause.

6. The contemplation of the beauties of the universe, the cordial enjoyments of friendship, the tender delights of love, and the rational pleasures of religion, are open to all ; and each of them seem capable of giving real happiness. These being the only foundations, from which true pleasure springs, it is no wonder that many should be compelled to say they have not found it ; and still cry out, "*Who will show us any good ?*" They seek it in every way but the right way ; they want a heart for *devotion, humanity, and love*, and a taste for what is truly *beautiful and admirable*.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE DISPLAYED IN THE SEASONS.

1. **I**N contemplating on the various scenes of life, the vicissitudes of the seasons, the perfect regularity, order, and harmony of nature, we cannot but be filled with wonder and admiration, at the consummate wisdom and beneficence of the all wise and gracious Creator. His consummate wisdom and goodness have made the various seasons of the year perfectly consonant to the refined feelings of man, and peculiarly adapted them to the universal preservation of nature.

2. Dreary winter is past ; its severe cold is mitigated ; the returning zephyrs dissolve the fleecy snow, and unlock the frozen streams, which overflow the extensive meadows, and enrich the teeming earth. At length, the rapid streams begin to glide gently within their banks ; the spacious meadows soon receive their usual verdure, and the whole face of nature assumes a cheerful aspect. By the refreshing showers, and vivifying power of the genial sun, we behold the rapid and amazing progress of vegetation.

3. What is more pleasing to the eye, or grateful to the

imagination, than the agreeable and delightful return of spring? The beauties of nature at once expel the gloomy cares of a dreary winter. The benign influence of the sun gives a brisk circulation to the animal fluids, and happily tend to promote the propagation of animated nature. In the spring we behold the buds putting forth their blossoms; in summer we meet the charming prospect of enamelled fields, which promise a rich profusion of autumnal fruits.

4. These delightful scenes afford to man a pleasing anticipation of enjoying the bounties of Providence, cheer him in adversity, and support him under the various misfortunes incident to human life. In the spring, when we behold plants and flowers peeping out of the ground, reviving and flourishing at the approach of the vernal sun; when we behold the seed, which the laborious husbandman casts into the earth, starting into life, and rising into beauty, from the remainder of that which perished in the preceding autumn, we are filled with the most pleasing sensations of the universal reanimation of nature.

5. The warm and invigorating sun produces myriads of insects, which have been lifeless through the hoary frosts of winter. The herds go forth to graze on the verdant plains. The numerous flocks quit their folds, with their young, to feed on the distant mountains. The matin lark, with all the charming choir, whom nature wakes to cheerfulness and love, tune their melodious voices to hail the welcome return of spring. The busy bee flies over the fields, and extracts the liquid sweets from every flower.

6. How pleasing! how wonderful! how delightful are the scenes presented to our view! The spring of the year is strikingly emblematical of that grand and universal resurrection, which shall commence at the final consummation of all things. May its beauties therefore raise our affections to those superior regions of bliss, into which the truly virtuous shall then enter, and for ever enjoy an un fading and eternal spring.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

AN INDIAN KING'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

1. **M**Y son, said the expiring monarch, the angel of death is now approaching, and in a few moments a breathless corpse will be all that remains of the once pow-

erful Kalahad. Remember, therefore, my son, that thou must now govern this mighty empire alone. Remember, O youthful monarch of Indostan, that thy example will influence multitudes of people; it will constitute either their happiness or misery.

2. If thou art careful to direct thy paths by the precepts of *reason*, and to listen to the dictates of *conscience*; if thou art indefatigable in punishing oppressors, and those who wallow in wickedness, and careful to encourage virtue and merit, wherever they are found; then shall happiness dwell in thy palaces, and plenty smile around thy habitations.

3. Treachery shall be banished from the empire of *Indostan*, and rebellion seek refuge in the dark caverns of the mountains. The tongue of the hoary sage shall bless thee, and the shepherd, as he tends his flocks in the pastures of the Ganges, rehearse the glories of thy reign.

4. Thus shall thy life glide on serenely; and when the angel of death receives his commission to put a period to thine existence, thou shalt receive the summons with tranquility, and pass without fear the gloomy valley, that separates time from eternity; for remember, my son, this life is nothing more than a short portion of duration, a prelude to another, which will never have an end.

5. It is a state of trial, a period of probation; and as we spend it either in the service of virtue or vice, our state in the regions of eternity will be happy or miserable. Farewell, my son, I am arrived at the brink of the precipice that divides the regions of spirits from those inhabited by mortals. Treasure up the instructions of thy dying father in thy breast; *practise them*, and be *happy*.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### RELIGION.

1. **R**ELIGION is the daughter of heaven, parent of our virtues, and source of all true felicity; she alone giveth peace and contentment, divests the heart of anxious cares, bursts on the mind a flood of joy, and sheds unmingled and perpetual sunshine in the pious breast. By her the spirits of darkness are banished from the earth



and angelic ministers of grace thicken unseen the regions of mortality. She promotes love and good will among men, lifts up the head that hangs down, heals the wounded spirit, dissipates the gloom of sorrow, sweetens the cup of affliction, blunts the sting of death, and wherever seen, felt and enjoyed, breathes around her an everlasting spring.

2. Religion raises men above themselves; irreligion sinks them beneath the brutes; the one makes them angels, the other makes them evil spirits; *this* binds them down to a poor pitiable speck of perishable earth; *that* opens up a vista to the skies, and lets loose all the principles of an immortal mind, among the glorious objects of an eternal world.

3. Lift up thy head, O Christian, and look forward to yon calm unclouded regions of mercy, unsullied by vapours, unruffled by storms; where celestial friendship, the loveliest form in heaven, never dies, never changes, never cools! Soon thou shalt burst this brittle earthly prison of the body, break the fetters of mortality, spring to endless life, and mingle with the skies.

4. Corruption has but a limited duration. Happiness is just now in the bud; a few days, weeks, or years, at most, and that bud shall be in full bloom. Here virtue droops under a thousand pressures; but, like the earth with returning spring, shall then renew her youth, renew her verdure, rise and reign in never fading undiminished lustre.

5. It does not signify what thy prospects now are; or what thy situation now is. In the present world, thy heart indeed may sob, and bleed its last, before thou shalt meet with one, who has either the generosity to relieve, or humanity to pity thee. Thou hast, however, in the compassionate parent of creation, a most certain resource in the deepest extremity.

6. Cast thine eyes but a little beyond this strange, mysterious, and perplexing scene, which at present intercepts thy views of futurity. Behold a bow stamped in the darkest clouds that lowers in the face of heaven, and the whole surrounding hemisphere brightening as thou approachest! Say, does not yon blessed opening which overlooks the dark dominions of the grave, more than compensate all the sighs and sufferings, which chequer the present intervening scene?

7. Lo! there thy long lost friend, who still lives in thy

remembrance, whose presence gave thee more delight than all that *life* could afford, and whose absence costs thee more groans and tears than all that *death* can take away—beckons thee to him, that where he is thou mayest be also. “Here,” says he, “dwell unmingled pleasures, unpolluted joys, inextinguishable love, immortal, unbounded, and unmolested friendship.”

8. “All the sorrows and imperfections of mortality are to us as though they had never been; and nothing lives in heaven, but pure, unadulterated devotion. Our hearts, swelled with rapture, cease to murmur; our breasts, warm with gratitude, to sigh; our eyes, charmed with celestial visions, to shed tears; our hands, enriched with palms of victory, to tremble; and our heads, encircled with glory, to ache.

9. “We are just as safe as infinite power, as joyful as infinite fullness, and as happy as infinite goodness can make us. Ours is peace without molestation, plenty without want, health without sickness, day without night, pleasure without pain, and life without the least mixture or dread of dissolution.”

10. Happy thou, to whom the present life has no charm, for which thou canst wish it to be protracted! Thy troubles will soon vanish like a dream, which mocks the power of memory; and what signify all the shocks which thy delicate and feeling spirit can meet with in this transitory world? A few moments longer, and thy complaints will be for ever at an end; thy diseases of body and mind shall be felt no more; the ungenerous hints of churlish relations shall distress, fortune frown, and futurity intimidate no more.

11. Then shall thy voice, no longer breathing the plaintive strains of melancholy, but happily attuned to songs of gladness, mingle with the hosts of heaven, in the last and sweetest anthem that ever mortals or immortals sung, “O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ;—blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto Him that sits on the throne, and unto the lamb, for ever and ever.”

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE CHOICE OF RELIGION.

1. **W**OULD you wish, amidst the great variety of religious systems in vogue, to make a right distinction, and prefer the *best*? Recollect the character of Christ; keep a steady eye on that universal and permanent good will to men, in which he lived, by which he suffered, and for which he died. What now would you expect from a mind so purely and habitually benign? Is it possible to suppose, that a heart thus warm and wide could harbour a narrow wish, or utter a partial sentiment? Most luckily, in this point, the fullest satisfaction is in every man's power.

2. Go, search the religion he has left, to the bottom; not in those artificial theories, which have done it the most essential injury; nor in their manner who assume his name, but overlook his example, and who are for ever talking about the merits of his death, at the expense of those virtues which adorn his life; not in those wild and romantic notions, which, to make us *christians*, would make us *fools*; but in those inspired writings, and in those alone, which contain his genuine history and his blessed gospel; and which, in the most peculiar and extensive sense, are the words of *eternal life*.

3. Read the scriptures then as you would read the **LAST WILL** of some deceased friend, in which you expected a large bequest; and tell me in the sincerity of your soul, what you see there to circumscribe the social affections, to crush the risings of benevolence, or to check the generous effusions of humanity. Littleness of mind and narrowness of temper were certainly no parts of our Saviour's character; and he enjoins nothing which he did not uniformly and minutely exemplify.

4. Strange! that an institution, which begins and ends in benignity, should be prostituted to countenance the workings of malevolent passions, should produce animosities among those whom it was intended to unite! but there is not a corruption in the human heart, which has not sometimes borrowed the garb of religion. Christianity however is not less precious to the honest, because knaves and fools have abused her; and let bigots and sceptics say, what they please, she softens and enlarges the heart, warms and impregnates the mind of man, as certainly, and essentially, as the sun does the earth.

5. This *criterion* is as obvious as it is decisive. True humility and benevolence are always acceptable; and always known. Whoever would be thought pious, without these genuine signatures of piety; be his behaviour as formal, and his face as sad and sanctimonious as he will, mark him down for nothing but a *hypocrite*. He alone whose bosom swells with the milk of human kindness, who would not say or do any thing to hurt another for a world; whose daily aim and disposition is to live soberly, righteously, and goddily, whatever system he may adopt, lives under the visible influence of true goodness. Esteem him as a brother, and kinsman; the same spirit which lives in *you*, lives in *him*; the divine image is stamped on *him*, as well as upon *you*; and he copies that amiable pattern and example, which leads all its followers to immortality and everlasting bliss.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### AN ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

1. **Y**OUTH is the season proper to cultivate the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connexions which you form with others, it is of high importance, that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connexions comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities.

2. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule, of "doing in all things to others as you wish they would do unto you." For this end, impress yourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them with an ostentatious superiority. Leave the subordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. At present it becomes you to act among your companions as a man with man.

3. Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years. Compassion is an emotion of which you ought never to be stran-

ed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe.

4. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life ; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress in any of your amusements, nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### CONTENTMENT—OR THE HERMIT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

1. **T**HE sun had long since sunk behind the adjacent mountains, and the sage Ibrahim was returning to rest, when a knocking at the door of his hermitage drew him thither ; he opened it, and there stood before him a youth, whose care-marked visage spoke him to be the child of grief. “Sire,” said the youth, “permit a stranger to pass the night beneath your friendly roof, till the returning morn enables him to pursue his way with safety.” The hermit bid him welcome to his cot, and spread his homely board before him.

2. Roots supplied the place of costly viands, and water from a neighbouring spring, the place of blood inflaming wine. The sigh the starting tear, and all the behaviour of his guest, filled the sage with emotions of compassion ; and desiring, if possible to alleviate the pains of the stranger, he thus addressed him.

3. “In a face so young, in a breast so untutored in this world’s cares, it seems to me a wonder that sorrow is a guest ; and might it not be thought a bold intrusion, I would know the spring of these your cares ; perhaps you mourn the pangs of *disappointed love*, the loss of some *dear friend* or *earthly joy*. Say, if your grief be of the common course, perchance my riper years may speak the wished for comfort.” “Sire,” said the youth, “your kind intentions demand at once my thanks and my compliance.”

4. “My father was a merchant ; in point of wealth, Bagdat held not his equal ; early he left me to possess his fortunes ; the loss of my father was soon forgotten amidst

the riches, flatteries, and friends, that now surrounded me. But when reflection took place, happiness became my desire, and I vainly thought, that to be *rich* was to be *happy*. I enlarged my merchandize, I trafficked to all parts of the globe, and not a wind blew into port but it brought an increase to my store; but yet I was not happy; my desires increased with my possessions, and I was yet miserable.

5. "I then determined to apply to *honour*, and there seek the happiness, which riches would not afford me. I sold off my wares, and by dint of friends and wealth, I soon obtained a commission, and on several occasions gave proofs of my valour, till I was sent by the sovereign to oppose a rebellion that had broken out in a distant province. I went, was successful, and returned in triumph, laden with *honours*; and so much was the sultan possessed in my favour, that he offered me his daughter in marriage.

6. "Awhile I thought myself *happy*; but the envy of some and the artifice of others, soon convinced me of my error. I now resolved to quit public life, and to seek in *pleasure* the happiness hitherto unknown. My palace now became the scene of continued delights; the richest viands were daily on my table, the most costly liquors sparkled in my bowl, and the beauties of all nations adorned my seraglio; in short, my life was a continued round of pleasure. But alas! frequent excesses impaired my health, and the diversions of the night embittered the reflections of the morning.

7. "I was now determined to quit my home and seek in *solitude* and *retirement*, that happiness. I had hitherto sought in vain, and which I am at times inclined to believe, is no more than an object of creative fancy. For this purpose I consigned to the care of a friend, all my possessions, and was on the search after a proper place of retirement, when night overtook me, and I implored the shelter of your hospitable roof." Here paused the youth, and thus the sage began.

8. "The object of your pursuit, my son, indeed is good, and your not attaining it hitherto, arises not from its non-existence, but from your errors in the pursuit of it.—Happiness, my son, has not its seat in *honour*, *pleasure*, or *riches*. To be happy is in the power of every individual;

to all, the great *Supreme* has given wisely ; and those who receive what he gives with *thankfulness* and *content*, are the only happy."

9. "Return then, my son, to thy possessions, employ the power of doing good lent by thy Creator, and know that *contentment* is the *substance*, and *happiness* her *shadow* ; those who possess the one, have the other also." The words of the sage sunk deep in the breast of the stranger. He retired to rest in peace, and in the morning he returned again to his house, where he witnessed the truth of Ibrahim's advice ; and embracing every method to do good, he lived in peace and tranquillity ; and experienced, that to be *content* is truly to be *happy*.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

### AFFECTING SCENE OF HENRY AND ELIZA.

1. **T**HE tolling of the dreadful bell, summoning the miserable to pay their forfeited lives to the injured laws of their country, awoke Henry from the first sleep he had fallen into, since he entered the walls of a dismal prison.

2. Henry had been a merchant, and married the beautiful Eliza in the midst of affluence ; but the capture of our West-India fleet, in the late American war, was the first misfortune his house felt. His creditors, from the nature of the loss, were for some time merciful ; but to satisfy some partial demands, he entered into a dishonorable treaty, which being found out, Henry was thrown into prison. He had offended against the laws, and was condemned to die.

3. Eliza possessed Roman virtues. She would not quit his side, and with her infant son, she preferred chafing away his melancholy in a dungeon, to her father's house, which was still open to receive her. Their hopes of a reprieve from day to day, had fled ; but not before the death warrant arrived. Grief overpowered all other senses ; *sleep*, the balmy charmer of the woes of humanity, in pity to their miseries, extended her silken embraces over them, and beguiled the time they had appropriated for prayer ; and Eliza, with the infant, still continued under her influence.

4. "Father of mercies!" exclaimed Henry, "lend thine ear to a supplicating penitent. Give attention to my short prayer. Grant me forgiveness, endue me with fortitude to appear before Thee; and, O God! extend thy mercies to this injured, this best of thy servants, on whom I have entailed undeserved, heart-felt woe. Chase not sleep from her, until I am dead."

5. The keeper interrupted his devotion, by warning him of his fate. "If there be mercy in you," replied Henry, "make no noise, for I would not have my dear wife and child awaked till I am no more." He wept—even he, who was insured to misery—He, who with apathy had till now looked upon distress, shed tears at Henry's request—Nature predominated in the gaoler.

6. At this instant the child cried! "O heavens," said Henry, "I am too guilty to have my prayer heard!" He took up his infant, and fortunately hushed it again to rest, while the gaoler stood petrified with grief and astonishment. At last he thus broke out—"This is *too* much, my heart bleeds for you, I would I had not seen this day."—"What do I hear?" replied Henry. "Is this an angel, in the garb of my keeper? Thou art indeed unfit for thy office—This is more than I was prepared to hear—Hence, and let me be conducted to my fate."

7. These words awoke the unhappy Eliza; who, with eagerness to atone for lost time, began to appropriate the few moments left, in supplicating for her husband's salvation. Side by side the unhappy couple prayed, as the Ordinary advanced to the dismal cell.—They were too intent upon their devotion to observe him. The holy man came with more comfort than what his function alone could administer. It was a *reprieve*; but with caution he communicated the glad tidings to the *loving*, but *hapless* pair.

8. The effect it had on them was too affecting to be expressed. Henry's senses were overpowered, while Eliza became frantic with joy. She ran to the *man of God*, then to *her child*, ere she perceived her husband apparently lifeless. He soon inhaled life from her tender kisses, while the humane gaoler gladly knocked off his fetters.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

## ROLLA'S PATRIOTIC ADDRESS. (1)

1. **M**Y brave associates, partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No—you have judged as *I* have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you.—Your generous spirit has compared, as *mine* has, the motives, which in a war like this, can animate *their* minds, and ours.

2. *They*, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for *power*, for *plunder*, and *extended rule*—*we*, for our *country*, our *altars*, and our *homes*.—*They* follow an adventurer whom they *fear*, and obey a power which they *hate*—*we* serve a *monarch* whom we *love*—a *God* whom we *adore*.

3. Whenever they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Whenever they pause in amity, affliction mountrns their friendship! They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes—they *will* give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride.

4. They offer us their protection—Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise. Be our plain answer this:—

5. The *throne* we honour, is the *people's choice*—the *laws* we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy—the *faith* we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die in hopes of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this; and tell them too, we seek no change; and least of all, such change as *they* would bring us.

(1) Rolla addressed his patriotic sentiments to the Peruvian warriors preparatory to their engaging the Spaniards.

## CHAPTER XXV.

EXTRACT FROM PRESIDENT ADAMS' SPEECH BEFORE  
CONGRESS, BEING AN EXTRAORDINARY SESSION, MAY,  
15, 1797.

Gentlemen of the Senate, and

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

1. **T**HE present situation of our country imposes an obligation on all the departments of government, to adopt an explicit and decided conduct. In my situation, an exposition of the principles upon which my administration will be governed, ought not to be omitted.

2. It is impossible to conceal from ourselves, or the world, what has been before observed, that endeavours have been employed to foster, and establish a division between the government and people of the United States. To investigate the causes which have encouraged this attempt, is not necessary; but to repel by decided and united councils, insinuations so derogatory to the honour, and aggressions so dangerous to the constitution, union, and even independence of the nation, is an indispensable duty.

3. It must not be permitted to be doubted, whether the people of the United States will support the government, established by their voluntary consent, and appointed by their free choice; or whether, by surrendering themselves to the direction of foreign or domestic factions, in opposition to their own government, they will forfeit the honorable station, they have hitherto maintained.

4. For myself, having never been indifferent to what concerned the interests of my country; devoted the best part of my life to obtain and support its independence, and constantly witnessed the *patriotism, fidelity, and perseverance* of my fellow citizens on the most trying occasions, it is not for me to *hesitate, or abandon a cause in which my heart has been so long engaged.*

5. Convinced that the conduct of the government has been *just and impartial to foreign nations*, that those internal regulations which have been established by laws for the preservation of peace, are in their *nature proper*, and that they *have been fairly executed*; nothing will ever be done by me, to impair the national engagement, to innovate upon principles which have been so deliberately and uprightly

established ; or to surrender, *in any manner, the rights of the government.* To enable me, to maintain this declaration, I rely with entire confidence, *under God,* on the firm and enlightened support of the national legislature, and upon the *virtue and patriotism* of my fellow citizens.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

### CHARACTER OF WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

1. **T**HE secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original, and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardness of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought majesty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery—no narrow system of vicious politics—no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great—but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his *object* was England, his *ambition* was fame.

2 Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the House of Bourbon, and wielded in the other, the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite, and his schemes were to affect, not England—not the present age only—but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished—always seasonable—always adequate—the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

3. The ordinary feelings which made life amiable and indolent—these sensations which soften, allure, and vulgarize, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties—no domestic weakness reached him—but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.

4. A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the Treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this Statesman, and talked much of the inconsis-

tency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories—but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered, and refused her.

5. Nor were his political abilities his only talents. His eloquence was an æra in the Senate peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instructive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtlety of argumentation. Nor was he, like Townsend, for ever on the rack of exertion, but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of his mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt but could not be followed.

6. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could *create, subvert, or reform*—an understanding—a spirit and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through its universe.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE AFFECTIONATE DOG.

1. A FEW days before the overthrow of Robespierre, a Revolutionary Tribunal in one of the departments of the north of France, condemned to death M. des R\*\*\*\*, an ancient magistrate, and a most estimable man, *guilty*, at a hundred and fifty miles from Paris, of a conspiracy which had not existed at St. Lazare. He had a water spaniel, ten or twelve years old, of the small breed, which had been brought up by him, and had never quitted him.

2. Des R\*\*\*\* in prison saw his family dispersed by a system of terror. Some had taken flight; others, themselves arrested, were carried into distant gaols; his domestics were dismissed; his house was buried in the solitary of the seals; his friends either abandoned him, or concealed

themselves ; every thing in the world was silent to him, *except his dog.*

3. This faithful animal had been refused admittance into the prison. He had returned to his master's house, and found it shut. He took refuge with a neighbour, who received him ; but that posterity may judge rightly of the times, in which we have existed, it must be added, that this man received him trembling, in secret, and dreaded lest his humanity for an animal should conduct him to the scaffold.

4. Every day, at the same hour, the dog left the house, and went to the door of the prison. He was refused admittance ; but he constantly passed an hour before it, and then returned. His fidelity, at length, gained upon the porter, and he was one day allowed to enter. The dog saw his master. It was difficult to separate them ; but the gaoler carried him away, and the dog returned to his retreat. He came back the next morning, and every day ; and once each day he was admitted. He licked the hand of his friend, looked at him, licked his hand again, and went away of himself.

5. When the day of sentence arrived, notwithstanding the crowd, and the guard, he penetrated into the hall, and crouched himself between the legs of the unhappy man, whom he was about to lose for ever. The judges condemned the man ; and, may my tears be pardoned the expression, which escapes from them, *they condemned him in the presence of his Dog !*

6. They reconducted him to the prison, and the dog for that time did not quit the door. The fatal hour arrives ; the prison opens ; the unfortunate man passes out ; it is the dog that receives him at the threshold. He clings upon his hand. Alas ! that hand will never be spread upon thy caressing head ! he follows him. The axe falls, the master dies ; but the tenderness of the dog cannot cease. The body is carried away, he walks by its side ; the earth receives it ; he lays himself upon the grave.

7. There he passed the first night, the next day, and the second night. The neighbour, in the mean time, unhappy at not seeing him, risks himself, searching for the dog, guesses by the extent of his *fidelity* the asylum he has chosen, finds him, caresses him, brings him back, and *lets him eat.* An hour afterwards, the dog escaped, and

regained his favourite place. Three months passed away, each morning he came to seek his food; and then returned to the ashes of his master; but each day he was more sad, more meagre, more languishing, and it was plain that he was gradually reaching his end.

8. They endeavoured, by chaining him up, to wean him; but you cannot triumph over nature! He broke, or bit through his bonds; escaped; returned to the grave, and never quitted it more! It was in vain they endeavoured to bring him back. They carried him food, but he ate no longer! For four and twenty hours he was seen employing his weakened limbs in digging up the earth that separated him from the remains of the man he had *so much loved*. Passion gave him strength, and he gradually approached the body; his *labour of affection* then vehemently increased; his efforts became convulsive! *he shrieked in his struggles; his faithful heart gave way*, and he breathed out his *last gasp*, as if he knew that he had found his master.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### ON THE SABBATH.

**T**HE sabbath and its ordinances, have ever been the great means of all moral good to mankind. The faithful observation of the sabbath is, therefore, one of the chief duties and interests of men; but the present time furnishes reasons, peculiar, at least in degree, for exemplary regard to this divine institution. The enemies of God have by private argument, ridicule and influence, and by public decrees, pointed their especial malignity against the sabbath; and have expected, and not without reason, that, if they could annihilate it, they should overthrow Christianity.

2. From them we cannot but learn its importance. Enemies usually discern, with more sagacity, the most probable points of attack, than those who are to be attacked. In this point are they to be peculiarly opposed. Here in particular are their designs to be baffled. If they fail here, they will finally fail. Christianity cannot fail, but by the neglect of the sabbath.

3. A French directory cannot govern, a nation cannot be made *slaves*, nor *villians*, nor *atheists*, nor *beasts*. 'To destroy us, therefore, in this dreadful scene; our enemies must first destroy our sabbath, and seduce us from the house of God. Religion and liberty are the two great objects of defensive war. Conjoined, they unite all the feelings, and call forth all the energies of man.

4. In defence of them, nations contend with the spirit of the Maccabees; "*one will chace a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.*" Religion and liberty are the meat and the drink of the body politic. Withdraw one of them, and it languishes, consumes, and dies. If indifference to either, at any time, becomes the prevailing character of a people, one half of their motives to vigorous defence is lost, and the hopes of their enemies are proportionably increased; here eminently, they are inseparable. Without religion, we may possibly retain the freedom of *savages*, *bears*, and *wolves*; but not the freedom of America.

5. If our religion were gone, our states of society would perish with it; and nothing would be left, which would be worth defending. Our children, of course, if not ourselves, would be prepared, as the ox for the slaughter, to become the victims of conquest, tyranny and atheism. The sabbath, with its ordinances, constitutes the bond of union to christians; the badge by which they know each other; their rallying point, the standard of their host. Beside public worship they have no means of effectual discrimination. To preserve this to us is a prime interest and duty. In no way can we so preserve, or so announce to others, our character as christians; or so effectually prevent our nakedness and shame from being seen by our enemies.

6. Now, more than ever, we are "*not to be ashamed of the gospel of Christ.*" Now, more than ever, are we to stand forth to the eye of our enemies, and of the world, as *open*, *determined* christians; as the *followers* of *Christ*; as the *friends* of *God*. Every man, therefore, who loves his country, or his religion, ought to feel, that he *serves*, or *injures* both, as he *celebrates* or *neglects* the sabbath.

7. By the devout observation of this holy day he will reform himself, increase his piety, heighten his love to his country, and confirm his determination to defend all that merits his regard. He will become a *better man*, and a *better citizen*.

8. The house of God is also the house of prayer. Here nations meet with God, to *ask*, and to *receive*, national blessings. On the sabbath, and in the sanctuary, the children of the Redeemer will, to the end of the world, assemble for this glorious purpose. Here he is ever present to give *more* than we can ask. If we faithfully unite here, in seeking his protection, “no weapon formed against us will prosper.”

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE OCEAN AND THE RIVERS.—A FABLE.

F. **T**HE Rivers, having long paid their voluntary tribute to the Ocean, were at length spirited up to opposition by some stagnant pools, which being formed into canals, had found their way to the grand reservoir of waters. These upstart gentlemen, with a characteristic pride began to exclaim, “What! shall we, who have been collected with so much care, and conducted hither with so much expense and art, lose our freshness in the briny wave?”

2. “Were we rivers of magnitude, like the Nile, the Danube, the Ganges, the Mississippi and de la Rio Plata, we would soon teach the Ocean to be a little more reasonable and polite; and, instead of converting every thing to its own filthy purposes without acknowledgment, we would make it known to whom it is indebted for its consequence; for our parts we are ashamed of such tameness. Does not the Ocean deprive us of our sweetness and purity, and yet monopolize the gratitude of surrounding nations, which is due to us alone? If it will not allow us to assert our natural rights in the scale of social union, we are determined immediately to withdraw our support from the voracious abyss, that swallows us up without mercy and without thanks.”

3. From this mean source, the murmurs of discontent arose. These collected puddles had influence enough to spread disaffection among the noble streams. Some of the latter hoped to usurp the dominion of the whole, and



therefore sided in the quarrel. Each had his private views in what he did, or wished to do. Committees were formed, resolutions were passed, and deputations appointed. Memorials, remonstrances, and all the artillery of political manoeuvres were determined to be played off against the venerable head:

4. The Ocean heard of these meditated attacks; but heard them unmoved. It knew the general good, even the order of nature, had factiomed, and would maintain its supremacy; and on this account it did not fear the blind malice of impotent opposition. When deputations, however, arrived from the principal Rivers to state grievances, and to demand redress, they were respectfully received. The firmness that will not yield to idle murmurs of discontent, and the pride that despises them, are very different qualities.

5. Having patiently listened to futile and unmeaning complaints, the mighty chief thus tried to silence them; "Gentlemen," said the ocean, "after having enjoyed the uninterrupted liberty of falling into my bosom, where, by my chemical power, I preserve you from corruption, and render you not only harmless but useful in promoting the intercourse of nations—it is with surprise I hear your claims. Were I to refuse taking you under my protection, what would be the consequence?—you must, in that case, overflow your banks, and deluge the countries you now beautify and delight. Your streams would run counter one to the other; you would become tainted; and mankind would be destroyed by your unbridled violence, or your pestilential effluvia."

6. "What is mankind to us!" exclaimed a little scanty stream. "Hold!" replies the Ocean; "it is useless I see to waste words. If argument and mildness cannot bring you to reason; force, however unpleasant to me, must. Till you agree to flow in your accustomed channels, I will cut off every secret communication that supplies your springs and thus feeds your pride. Know, you are entirely in my power; the favours I receive from you are amply and gratefully repaid. From me at first you came; and to me you must again return."

## CHAPTER XXX.

## THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

1. **M**AN must have something for his affections to anchor on ; there is no getting forward pleasantly in the journey of life, without having certain pre eminent objects to which the thoughts may recur, whenever we grow languid by the way, or our path becomes rugged and perplexed.

2. The *past* appertains to the dominion of memory ; the *future* is the inheritance of hope ; and the *present*, which only is our own, by that property of the mind which we term *imagination*, may be pushed aside to make way for its own illusions, when she wishes to enliven the prospect, and spread a sunshine which the *present* does not offer.

3. Sweet illusions ! amiable deceivers ! how cheerfully have ye led my eager steps through the state of youth, and solaced me as I journeyed forward with a thousand visionary scenes from the classic page ! Having gained the ascent of life, and shut up my books to read the more complicated volume of the world ; when I have found hope disappointed—confidence betrayed—kindness forgotten—and seen around me characters that convinced me *vice* was not *fiction* ; then have ye been as a lantern to my feet, dissipated the gloom that darkened my course, by lighting me on to new objects of pleasure, glowing with the alluring graces of undissembled *virtue*.

4. Bounteous imagination ! be still my guide, my companion, my friend ! Thy sensibility may sometimes blacken the storm, or give added strength to the blow of affliction ; but thou bestowest in counterpoise a thousand beams of radiant joy which are ever playing round minds thou inhabitest—they feel them reflected from each delicacy of sentiment—each act of humanity—each triumph of honour ! every thing, from the summit of the mountain to the depth of the vale, lives and blossoms for them ; the immense round of creation is theirs !

5. It is by thy power, now sitting among my fellow mortals, far separated from the object I once adored, as the fond partner of my joys, that I can place her image

before me, as I last beheld it, without losing one tint of colouring—I see the look of tenderness with which she bid me adieu—hear the last accents of her voice—still feel the impression of her last sad, and affectionate embrace—nor wilt thou suffer a single line of the picture to be effaced, till our re-union shall give thee a happier subject.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### ADVENTURES OF A HALF-PENNY.

SIR,

1. “**I** SHALL not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baseness of my extraction; and, though I seem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my birth at Birmingham not six months ago. Hence I was transported, with many of my brethren of different dates, characters, and configurations, to a Jew pedlar in Duke’s place, who paid for us in specie scarce a fifth part of our nominal and intrinsic value.

2. “We were soon after separately disposed of, at a moderate profit, to coffee houses chop-houses, chandler’s shops, and gin-shops. I had not been long in the world before an ingenious transmuter of metals laid violent hands on me; and observing my thin shape, and flat surface, by the help of a little quick-silver, exalted me into a shilling. Use, however, soon degraded me again to my native low station; and I unfortunately fell into the possession of an urchin just breeched, who received me as a christmas box of his god-mother.

3. “A love of money is ridiculously instilled into children so early that, before they can possibly comprehend the use of it, they consider it of great value; I lost therefore the very essence of my being in the custody of a hopeful disciple of avarice and folly; and was kept only to be looked at and admired; but a bigger boy after a while snatched me from him, and released me from my confinement.

4. “I now underwent various hardships among his playfellows, and was kicked about, hustled, tossed up, and knocked into holes; which very much battered and im-

paired me; but I suffered most by the pegging of tops, the marks of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this state the unwitting cause of rapacity, strife, envy, rancor, malice, and revenge, among the little apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurse of those passions which disgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children in innocent pastimes. At length I was dismissed from their service by a throw with a barrow woman for an orange.

5. "From her, it is natural to conclude, I posted to the gin shop; where, indeed, it is probable I should have immediately gone, if her husband, a foot-soldier, had not wrested me from her, at the expense of a bloody nose, black eye, scratched face, and torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall in St. James' Park, where I am shamed to tell how I parted from him; let it suffice that I was soon after deposited in a night-cellar.

6. "Hence I got into the coat pocket of a blood, and remained there with several of my brethren for some days unnoticed. But one evening as he was reeling home from the tavern, he jerked a whole handful of us through a sash window into the dining-room of a tradesman, who he remembered had been so unmannerly to him the day before as to desire payment of his bill. We reposed in soft ease on a fine Turkey carpet till the next morning, when the maid swept us up; and some of us were allotted to buy tea, some to purchase snuff, and I myself was immediately trucked away at the door for the sweet-heart's delight.

7. "It is not my design to enumerate every little accident that has befallen me; but suffice it to say, that the poor acknowledge me as their constant friend; and the rich, though they affect to slight me, and treat me with contempt, are often reduced by their follies to distresses which it is even in my power to relieve.

8. "I shall conclude, Sir, with informing you by what means I came to you in the condition you see. A choise spirit, a member of Hill-Care Club, broke a link boy's pate with me last night, as a reward for lighting him across the kennel; the lad wasted half his tar flambeau in looking for me, but I escaped his search, being lodged snugly against a post. This morning a parish-girl picked me up, and carried me in raptures to the next baker's

shop to buy a roll. The master, who was church-warden, examined me with great attention, and then threatened her with bridewell for putting off bad money, knocked a nail through my middle, and fastened me to the counter; but the moment the poor hungry child was gone, he whipt me up again, and, sending me away with others in charge to the next customer, gave me this opportunity of relating to you my adventures."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### EARTH AND HER CHILDREN.

1. **I**N a certain district of the Globe, things one year went on so ill, that almost the whole race of living beings, animals, and vegetable, carried their lamentations and complaints to their common mother, *the Earth*.

2. First came *Man*. "O Earth," said he, "how can you behold unmoved the intolerable calamities of your favorite offspring! Heaven shuts up all the sources of its benignity to us, and showers plagues and pestilence on our heads—storms tear to pieces all the works of human labour; the elements of fire and water seem let loose to devour us; and in the midst of all these evils, some demon possesses us with a rage of injuring and destroying one another; so that the whole species seems doomed to perish. O, intercede in our behalf, or receive us again into thy maternal bosom, and shelter us from these our accumulated distresses!"

3. The other animals then spoke by their deputies, the horse, the ox, and the sheep. "O pity, indulgent Earth, those of your children that repose on your breast, and derive their subsistence from your fruitful bosom! we are parched with drought, we are scorched by lightning, we are beaten by pitiless tempest, salubrious vegetables refuse to nourish us; we languish under disease, and unfeeling man treats us with unusual severity. Never, without thy speedy succour, kind parent, can we survive another year."

4. The vegetables next, those that form the verdant carpet of the earth, that cover the waving fields of harvest, and that spread their lofty branches in the air, sent forth their complaint. "O, our common mother, to whose breast we cleave, and whose vital juices we drain, have compassion upon us! see how we wither and droop under the baleful gales that sweep over us! how we thirst in vain for the gentle dew of heaven! how immense tribes of noxious insects pierce and devour us! how the famishing flocks and herds tear us up by the roots, and how *man*, through spite, lay waste and destroy us, while yet immature. Already whole nations of us are desolated. Save us, kind parent, save thy children from ruin, or another year will witness our total destruction.

5. To whom Earth, the common parent of all, replied: "My children, I have existed now some thousand years; and scarcely one of them have passed in which similar complaints have not arisen from one quarter or another. Nevertheless, every thing has remained nearly in the same state, and no species of created beings has been finally lost. The injuries of one year are repaired by the succeeding. The growing vegetables may be blasted, but the seeds of others lie secure in my bosom, ready to receive the vital influence of more favourable seasons.

6. "Animals may be thinned by want and disease, but a remnant is always left, in whom survive the principle of future increase. As to *man*, who suffers not only from natural causes; but from the effects of his own follies and vices, *his miseries* rouse within him the latent powers of remedy, and bring him to his reason again; while experience continually goes with him to improve his means of happiness, if he will but listen to its dictates."

7. "Have patience, then, my children! You were born to suffer as well as to enjoy, and you must submit to your lot. But console yourselves with *this* thought, that you have a kind master above, who created you for benevolent purposes, and will not withhold his protection when you stand most in need of it."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE LETTER OF CONDOLENCE FROM THE SENATE TO THE  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ON THE DEATH  
OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

**T**HE Senate of the United States respectfully take leave, Sir, to express to you their deep regret for the loss their country sustains in the death of General GEORGE WASHINGTON.

This event, so distressing to all our fellow citizens, must be peculiarly heavy to you, who have long been associated with him in deeds of patriotism. Permit us, Sir, to mingle *our tears with yours*; on this occasion it is *manly to weep*. To lose such a man, at such a crisis, is no common calamity to the world; our country mourns her father.—The Almighty disposer of human events has taken from us our greatest *benefactor* and *ornament*. It becomes us to submit with reverence to him, who “maketh darkness his pavilion.”

With patriotic pride we review the life of our WASHINGTON, and compare him with those of other countries who have been pre-eminent in fame. Ancient and modern names are diminished before him. *Greatness* and *guilt* have too often been allied; but *his fame* is *whiter* than it is *brilliant*. The destroyers of nations *flood abashed at the majesty of his virtue*. It reproved the intemperance of their ambition, and *darkened the splendour of victory*. The scene is closed, and we are no longer anxious lest misfortune should sully his glory; he has travelled on to the end of his journey, and carried with him an increasing weight of honour; he has deposited it safely, where misfortune cannot tarnish it, where *malice* cannot blast it. Favoured of heaven, he departed without exhibiting the weakness of humanity; *magnanimous in death, the darkness of the grave could not obscure his brightness*.

Such was the man whom we deplore. Thanks to God *his glory is consummated*; WASHINGTON yet lives on earth in *his spotless example—his spirit is in heaven*.

Let his countrymen consecrate the memory of the heroic general, the patriotic statesman, and the virtuous sage; let them teach their children never to forget that “the fruits of *his labour*, and *his example* are *their inheritance*.”

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## THE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER.

Gentlemen of the Senate,

**I** RECEIVE with the most respectful and affectionate sentiments, in this impressive address, the obliging expressions of your regret, for the loss our country has sustained, in the death of her most esteemed, beloved and admired citizen.

In the multitude of my thoughts and recollections, on this melancholy event, you will permit me only to say, that I have seen him in the days of adversity, in some of the scenes of his deepest distress and most trying perplexities; I have also attended him in his highest elevation and most prosperous felicity; with uniform admiration of his wisdom, moderation and constancy.

Among all our original associates, in that memorable league of the Continent in 1774, which first expressed the Sovereign Will of a free nation in America, he was the only one remaining in the General Government. Although, with a constitution more enfeebled than his, at an age when he thought it necessary to prepare for retirement, I feel myself alone, bereaved of my *last brother*; yet I derive a strong consolation from the unanimous disposition, which appears in all ages and classes, to mingle their sorrows with mine, on this common calamity to the world.

The life of our WASHINGTON cannot suffer by a comparison with those of other countries, who have been most celebrated and exalted by fame. The attributes and decorations of royalty could have served only to eclipse the majesty of those virtues, which made him, from being a modest citizen, a more resplendent luminary. Misfortune, had he lived; could hereafter have sullied his glory only with those *superficial minds*, who, believing that *characters, and actions are marked by success alone*, rarely deserve to enjoy it.—*Malice* could never *blast his honour*, and *Envy* made him a *singular exception* to her universal rule.

For *himself* he had lived enough, to *live* and to *glory*. For his *fellow citizens*, if *their prayers* could have been answered, he would have been *immortal*. For *me* his departure is at a most unfortunate moment. Trusting, how-



ever, in the wise and righteous dominion of Providence over the passions of men, and the results of their counsels and actions, as well as over their lives, nothing remains for me, but *humble resignation*.

His example is now *complete*, and it will teach *wisdom* and *virtue* to *magistrates, citizens, and men*, not only in the *present age*, but in *future generations*, as long as our history shall be read. If a *Trajan* found a *Pliny*, a *Marcus Aurelius* can never want *biographers, eulogists, or historians*.

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## CHAPTER XXXV.

### EXTRACT FROM MAJOR GENERAL LEE'S FUNERAL ORATION ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Delivered before both Houses, at the request of Congress, December 26, 1799.

1. **I**N obedience to your will, (1) I rise your humble organ, with the hope of executing a part of the system of public mourning, which you have been pleased to adopt commemorative of the death of the most illustrious and most beloved personage this country has ever produced; and which, while it transmits to posterity your sense of the awful event, faintly represents your knowledge of the consummate excellence you so cordially honour.

2. *Desperate* indeed is any attempt on earth to meet correspondently this dispensation of heaven; for, while with pious resignation we submit to the will of an all gracious Providence, we can never cease lamenting in our finite view of omnipotent wisdom, the heart-rending privation for which our *nation weeps*. When the civilized world shakes to the centre; when every moment gives birth to strange and momentous changes; when our peaceful quarter of the globe, exempt as it happily has been from any share in the slaughter of the human race, may yet be compelled to abandon her pacific policy, and to risque the doleful casualties of war: what limit is there to the extent of our loss?—None within the reach of my words to express; none which your feelings will not disavow.

3. The founder of our federal republic—our bulwark in war, our guide in peace, is no more! O that *this were*:

(1) The two Houses of Congress.

but *questionable*! Hope, the comforter of the wretched, would pour into our agonizing hearts its balmy dew. But, alas! *there is no hope for us!* Our *WASHINGTON* is removed *forever*! Possessing the stoutest frame, and purest mind, he had passed nearly to the age of sixty eight years, in the enjoyment of high health, when, habituated by his care of us to neglect *himself*, a slight cold, disregarded, became inconvenient on Friday, oppressive on Saturday, and, defying every medical interposition, before the morning of Sunday, put an end to the best of men! An end did I say?—his fame survives! bounded only by the limits of the earth, and by the extent of the human mind. He survives in our hearts, in the growing knowledge of our children, in the affection of the good throughout the world; and when our monuments shall be done away; when nations now existing shall be no more; when even our young and far spreading empire shall have perished, still will our *WASHINGTON's* glory unfaded shine, and die not, until love of virtue cease on earth, or earth itself sink into chaos.

4. How, my fellow citizens, shall I single out to your grateful hearts his pre-eminent worth? where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime? shall I speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's *will*—all directed to his country's good?

5. Moving in his own orbit, he imparted *heat* and *light* to his most distant satellites; and combining the *physical* and *moral force* of all within his sphere, with irresistible weight he took his course, commiserating *folly*, disdaining *vice*, dismaying *treason*, and invigorating *despondency*; until the auspicious hour arrived, when he brought to submission the *since Conqueror of India*; thus finishing his long career of military glory, with a lustre corresponding to his great name, and in this his last act of war, affixing the *seal of fate to our nation's birth*.

6. To the horrid din of battle, sweet peace succeeded; and our virtuous Chief, mindful only of the common good, in a moment tempting personal aggrandisement, hushed the discontents of growing sedition; and, surrendering his power into the hands from which he had received it, converted his sword into a ploughshare, teaching an admiring world, that to be *truly great*, you must be *truly good*.

7. Was I to stop *here*, the picture would be incomplete, and the task imposed, unfinished—*Great* as was our *WASHINGTON* in war, and as much as did *that greatness* contribute to produce the *American Republic*, it is not in *war alone* his pre-eminence stands conspicuous. His various talents, combining all the capacities of a *statesman* with those of a *soldier*, fitted him alike to *guide the councils* and the *armies* of our nation. Scarcely had he rested from his martial toils, while his invaluable parental advice was still sounding in our ears, when *he* who had been our *sword* and our *shield*, was called forth to act a less *splendid*, but *more important* part.

8. Possessing a clear and penetrating mind, a sound and strong judgment, calmness and temper for deliberation, with invincible firmness and perseverance in resolutions maturely formed, drawing information from all, acting from himself, with incorruptible integrity and unvarying patriotism; his own superiority, and the public-confidence alike marked him as the man designed by heaven to lead in the *political* as well as *military* events which have distinguished the *era* of his life.

9. The finger of an overruling Providence, pointing at *WASHINGTON*, was neither mistaken nor unobserved; when, to realize the vast hopes to which our revolution had given birth, a change of political system became indispensable. How novel; how grand the spectacle! Independent States stretched over an immense territory, and known only by common difficulty, clinging to their union as the rock of their safety, deciding by frank comparison of their relative condition, to rear on that rock, under the guidance of reason, a *common government*, through whose commanding protection, *liberty* and *order*, with their long train of  *blessings*, should be *safe to themselves* and the *sure inheritance* of their *posterity*.

10. This arduous task devolved on citizens selected by the people, from *knowledge* of their *wisdom*, and *confidence* in their *virtue*. In this august assembly of sages and patriots, *WASHINGTON*, of course, was found; and, as-if acknowledged to be the most wise, where *all were wise*, with *one voice*, he was declared their *CHIEF*. How well he merited this rare distinction, how faithful were the labours of *himself* and his *compatriots*, the work of their hands, and

dur union, strength, and prosperity, the fruits of that work, best attest.

11. But, to have essentially aided in presenting to his country this consummation of her hopes, neither satisfied the claims of his fellow citizens on his talents, nor those duties which the possession of those talents imposed. Heaven had not infused into his mind such an uncommon share of its *etherial spirit* to remain unemployed, nor bestowed on him his *genius*, unaccompanied with the corresponding duty of devoting it to the common good. To have framed a constitution, was *showing* only, without *realizing*, the general happiness. This great work remained to be done; and America, steadfast in her preference, with *one voice* summoned her beloved WASHINGTON, unpractised as he was in the duties of civil administration, to execute this last act in the completion of the *national felicity*. Obedient to her call, he assumed the high office with that *self-distrust* peculiar to his innate modesty, the constant attendant of pre-eminent virtue.

12. What was the burst of joy, through our anxious land, on this exhilarating event, is known to us all. The aged, the young, the brave, the fair, rivalled each other in demonstrations of gratitude; and this high wrought, delightful scene was heightened in its effect, by the singular contest between the *zeal* of the *bestowers* and the *avoidance* of the *receiver* of the honours bestowed. Commencing his administration, what heart is not charmed with the recollection of the pure and wise principles announced by himself, as the basis of his political life. He best understood the indissoluble union between *virtue* and *happiness*, between *duty* and *advantage*, between the *genuine maxims* of an honest and magnanimous *policy*, and the *solid rewards* of public prosperity and individual *felicity*; watching with equal and comprehensive eye over this great assemblage of communities and interests, he laid the foundations of our national policy in the *unerring, immutable principles of morality, based on religion*, exemplifying the *pre-eminence* of a *free government*, by all the attributes which win the affections of its citizens, or command the respect of the world.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

LAW CASE. DANIEL, VERSUS DISHLOUT.

1. **W**E shall now consider the law, as our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and number, according as the statutes declare; *considerandi, considerando, considerandum*; and are not to be meddled with by those who don't understand 'em. Law also expresses itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding modes, cases, or genders, except indeed when a *woman* happens to be slain, *then* the verdict is always brought in *man* slaughter. The essence of the law is altercation, for the law can altercation, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate; now the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts. The first, is the *beginning*, or *incipiendum*; the second, the *uncertainty*, or *dubitendum*; the third, *delay*, or *puzzliendum*; fourthly, *replication*, without end; and fifthly, *monstrum et horrendum*.

2. All which was exemplified in the case of *Daniel, versus Dishclout*. Daniel was groom in the same family wherein Dishclout was cook-maid, and Daniel returning home one day fuddled, he stooped down to take a sop out of the dripping pan; which spoiled his clothes, and he was advised to bring his action against the cookmaid; the pleadings of which were as follows.

3. The first person who spoke was Mr. Sergeant Snuffle. He began, saying, "Since I have the honour to be pitched upon to open this cause to your lordship, I shall, I will, I design to come to the point at once, and shew what damages my client has sustained hereupon, whereupon and thereupon. Now, my Lord, my client being a servant in the same family with Dishclout, and not being at board wages, imagined he had a right to the fee simple of the dripping pan, therefore he made an attachment on the *sop* with his right hand, which the defendant replevied with her left, tripped us up, and tumbled us into the dripping pan. Now in *Broughton's* reports, *Slack, versus Smallwood*, it is said, that *primus ictus sine Jokus, absolutus est provokus*; now who gave the *primus ictus*? who gave the first offence? Why the cook; she brought the dripping pan there; for, my Lord, though we will allow, if we had

not been there, we could not have been thrown down there; yet, my lord, if the dripping pan had not been there for us to tumble into, we could not have tumbled upon the dripping pan."

4. The next counsel on the same side began with, "My Lord, he who makes use of many words to no purpose, has not much to say for himself, therefore I shall come to the point at once, and immediately I shall come to the point. My client was in liquor, or rather the liquor was in him, which served an ejectment upon his understanding, and his common sense was nonsuited, and he was a man besides himself, as Dr. *Biblibus* declares, in his dissertation upon bumpers, in the 139th folio volume of the abridgment of the statutes, page 1286, he says, that a drunken man is *homo duplicans*, or a double man. Not only because he sees things double, but also because he is not as he *should be*, profecto *ipse* he, but he is as he *should not be*, defecto *ipse* he."

5. The counsel on the other side rose up gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily, and tossing the *tyer* of his wig emphatically. He began with, "My Lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, I humbly do conceive, I have the authority to declare, that I am counsel in this case for the defendant; therefore, my Lord, I shall not flourish away in words; words are no more than filagree works. Some people may think me an embellishment, but to them it is matter of astonishment, how any one can be so impertinent to the detriment of all rudiment."

6. "But, my lord, this is not to be looked at through the medium of right and wrong; for the law knows no medium, and right and wrong are but its shadows. Now, in the first place, they have called a kitchen my client's premises; now, a kitchen is nobody's premises; a kitchen is not a ware-house, a wash-house, a brew-house, nor a bake-house, an in-house, nor an out-house, nor a dwelling-house: no, my lord, 'tis absolutely and *bona fide* neither more nor less than a kitchen, or, as the law more classically expresses, a kitchen is, *camera necessaria pro usus cookare; cum sauce-pannis, stew-pannis, scullero, dressero, coal boiler, stovio, smoke-jacko, pro roastandum, boilandum, fryandum, et plum pudding-mixandum, pro turtis soupas, calve's head bashibus, cum calipee et cali-pashibus.*

7. "But we shall not avail ourselves of an *alibi*, but admit of the existence of a cook maid; now, my Lord, we shall take it upon a *new* ground, and beg a *new* trial; for as they have curtailed our name, from plain *Mary* into *Moll*, I hope the court will not allow of this; for if they were to allow of mistakes, what would the law do? for when the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of the law to make them." Therefore the court allowed them the liberty of a new trial; for the law is our liberty, and it is happy for us we have the liberty to go to law.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

EXTRACT FROM THE ANSWER OF THE SENATE TO THE  
SPEECH OF THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

1. **S**CARCE had the tear, which had bedewed the cheek of patriotism upon the death of our much honoured Chief Magistrate, been dried away; his passing knell was but just expiring in our ears, when our feelings were again agonized with the afflictive intelligence of the loss of our country's *Father, Protector, and its first, best, human friend.* The eloquence of unaffected grief is silence; and were we to indulge the feelings of our hearts, we should mourn in *forcible but dumb expression.* But to the prejudices and usages of mankind, we owe some respect, and, therefore, in language as *brief, as it is incompetent,* we will speak his *Eulogy.*

2. To call WASHINGTON a *Hero,* would be a debasement of him; for heroism has hitherto been too often allied with crime. To call him merely a *great soldier,* would be injustice; for HE fought not to *destroy,* but to *preserve.* To denominate him simply a *great statesman,* would be inadequate; for *his* politics were not like those of most Statesmen, *subservient to ambition.* In war he united the coolness of FABIUS with the spirit of CÆSAR, and the humility of CINCINATUS. In peace, he blended the virtues of TRAJAN with the wisdom of SOLON, and the sublime, prophetic ken of CHATHAM.

3. Uniform and consistent in his political conduct, with equal severity he frowned on the intrigues of domestic fac-

tion and the insidious wiles of foreign artifice. Equally ready to draw his *sword* in his ripened *manhood*, to establish the Independence of his country, and in his *declining years*, to snatch it from its sleeping scabbard to avenge its insulted *honour* and violated *rights*. The watchful *Father* and illustrious *Founder* of a great empire, he did not strive to invest himself with the insignia of Nobility, the ordinary ambition of vulgar greatness; but by *his talents and virtues he has ennobled his country*.

4. The mortal part of WASHINGTON is consigned to the silent cemetery, but he hath bequeathed to his beloved fellow citizens a glorious *Legacy*, in *his example, his character and his virtues*, which ought to render them *pure and virtuous* in their *morals*, *devout* in their *religion*, *servent* in their *patriotism*, *just* in the *cabinet*, and *invincible* in the *field*. Four million of freemen, with melancholy hearts, are living statues to thy memory, thou sainted patriot! *unsfading laurels, fair as thy virtues, and imperishable as thy Fame, shall bloom around thy monument, and protect, from unhallowed touch, thy consecrated Urn!*

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

EXTRACT FROM JUDGE MINOT'S EULOGY ON GENERAL WASHINGTON, WHO DIED DECEMBER 14th, 1799.

Delivered before the Inhabitants of Boston.

1. **O**UR duty, my fellow townsmen, on this distressing occasion, is dictated by the dignity and resplendent virtue of the beloved man whose death we deplore. We assemble to pay a debt to departed merit, a debt, which we can only pay by the sincerity of our grief, and the respectful effusions of gratitude; for the highest *Eulogy* left us to bestow upon our lamented WASHINGTON, is the strict narration of the truth, and the loftiest character which we can assign to him, is *the very display of himself*. When *ambition* allies itself to *guilt*, when *power* tramples upon *right*, when *victory* triumphs in *blood*, when *piety* sits clouded in *superstition*, when *humility* is affected by *cunning*, when *patriotism* is founded on *selfishness*; then let adulation spread her prostituted mantle, to screen the disgraces of her patrons, and amuse with the falsehoods of



her imagination. But, to our political Father, the faithful page of history is *panegyric*, and the *happiness of his country* is the *monument of his fame*.

2 Come, then, Warriors ! Statesmen ! Philosophers ! Citizens ! assemble round the tomb of this favourite son of Virtue ! with all the luxury of sorrow recollect the important events of his life ; and partake of the greatest legacy which a mortal could bequeath you, in the contemplation of *his example*. Your anniversaries have long celebrated the birthday of our illustrious chief, and the parish of his own name in Westmoreland county, in Virginia, boasts itself the place of his nativity. But to souls like *his*, local restrictions are not attached. Where Liberty was, *there* would be *his country* ; happy for us, the Genius of Liberty, responsive to *his afflictions*, resolved that where WASHINGTON was, *there* also should be *her abode*.

3. Educated by private instruction, his virtue grew with his knowledge, and the useful branches of literature occupied the whole powers of his mind. Exemplary for solidity of thought, and chastity of morals, he was honoured by the government of Virginia, with an important mission, at an age when the levities of the human character seldom yield to the earliest operation of reason.

4. To trace this *Protector of our Liberties*, through his unrivalled career, from his gloomy retreat through the Jerseys, to his several victories and his splendid triumph at Yorktown, would be to narrate the varying history of our revolution. To *him*, public labour was *amusement*, suffering in the cause of freedom was a *luxury*, and every hour as it flew carried an *offering to his country*.

5 As obedience to the voice of his oppressed fellow-citizens drew his sword on the approach of war, so at the declaration of peace, by the same respected voice he restored it to its scabbard. He left them *his blessing* and *their liberties*. O human Nature, how hast thou been traduced ! With thee, has it been said, is essentially connected that lust of power which is insatiable ; which restores not voluntarily what has been committed to its charge ; which devours all rights, and resolves all laws into its own authority ; which labours not for others, but seizes the fruits of their labours for itself ; which breaks down all barriers of religion, society, and nature, that obstruct its course ; *now art thou vindicated ! Here* we behold thee allied to virtue, worn

*from* the service of mankind, superior to the meanness of compensation, *humbly hoping* for the *thanks* of thy country alone, faithfully surrendering the sword, with which thou wast entrusted, and *yielding up power* with a *promptness* and *facility* equalled only by the *diffidence* and *reluctance* with which thou received'st it.

6. Now, will the future inquirer say, this Hero has finished the task assigned him, *the measure of his glory is full. A world is admitted to freedom—a nation is born.* Favoured beyond the leader of Israel, not only with the *prospect*, but with the *fruition* of the promised blessing, he has retired, like that prince of meekness, to the *Mount, whence he is to ascend*, unseen by a weeping people, to the *reward of all his labours*. No, he is to live *another life* upon this globe; he is to reap a double harvest in the field of perennial honour. The people whom he has saved from external tyranny, suffer from the agitations of their own unsettled powers. The tree of Liberty which he has planted, and so carefully guarded from the storms, now flourishes beyond its strength; its lofty excrescences threaten to tear its less extended roots from the earth, and to prostrate it fruitless on the plain. But, he comes! *In convention he presides over counsels, as in war he had led the battle.* The CONSTITUTION, like the rainbow after the flood, appears to us now just emerging from an overwhelming commotion; and we know *the truth of the pledge from the sanction of his name.*

7. The production was worthy of its authors, and of the magnanimous people whom it was intended to establish. You adopt it, you cherish it, and you resolve to transmit it, with the name of WASHINGTON, to the latest generation, who shall prove their just claim to such an illustrious descent.

8. Who was so worthy, as our great legislator, to direct the operations of government which *his counsels and his sword* had laboured to erect? By an unanimous suffrage he was invited to the exalted station of President of the United States. The call was too sacred to admit of doubt; it superseded the *happiness of retirement*, the *demands of private interest*, the *sweet attractions of domestic society*, and the *hazard* (forgive it, WASHINGTON! for thou wast mortal) the *hazard of public reputation*. Be-

hold the man on this occasion so *mighty* in the eyes of *all the world*, so *humble* in his own.

9. Did the occasion admit of it, how pleasing would be the review of his administration, as our *Supreme Executive Magistrate*! His *talents* and his *virtues* increased with his *cares*. His soul seemed not to bear the limits of office, a moment after the obligations of duty and patriotism withdrew their restraints from his universal love. When the misguided savages of the wilderness, after feeling his chastisement, had sued for peace, he seemed to labour for their happiness as the *common representative of mankind*. *Insurrection* was so struck at his countenance, that it fled from the *shock of his arm*. *Intrigue* attempted to entangle him in her poisonous web, but he *burst* it with gigantic strength, and *crushed* her labours. *Anarchy* looked out from her cavern, and was  *dashed* into oblivion, as we trust, *forever*. The nations of Europe saw the *wisdom* of our laws, the *vigor* of our measures, the *justice* of our policy, the *firmness* of our government, and acquiesced in the neutrality of our station.

10. The dangers of the Commonwealth having subsided at the close of his *second* administration, he felt himself justified, after dedicating forty-five years of his valuable life to her service, in withdrawing, to receive with resignation the great change of nature, which his age and his toils demonstrated to be near. When he declined your future suffrages he left you a *Legacy*. What! Like Cæsar's to the Romans, money for your sports? Like Attalus's a kingdom for your tyranny? *No*; he left you not *such baubles*, nor for *such purposes*. He left you the *RECORDS* of *wisdom* for your government; a *MIRROR* for the faithful *representation* to your own view, of *yourselves*, your *weakness*, your *advantages*, your *dangers*; a *MAGNET* which points at the secret *mines* and *windings* of *party spirit*. *faction*, *foreign influence*; a *PILLAR* to the unity of your republic; a *BAND* to *enclose*, *conciliate* and *strengthen* the whole of your wonderful and almost boundless communities: *Read*, *preserve the sacred deposit*; and lest posterity should forget the truth of its maxims, engrave them on his tomb, that they may read them when they weep before it.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION. (1)

1. **M**Y heart stops me to drop the tear of sensibility, thou *great, thou venerable Patriot, Hero, Sage*, due to the Majesty of thy departed greatness! Retire!—the world, and all its vanities, shut out!—I venerate the character of him, whose life was glorious in the cause of virtue, humanity, and his God!

2. Great, Immortal WASHINGTON! Too soon for man, hast thou ascended to glory! Humanity mourns! virtue rejoices in thy worth! Angels shout, “Welcome! great Hero, to thy home!” Thy benevolence embraced mankind; thy services blessed the world. Too good for earth, to heaven art fled, and left the world in tears!

3. Weep, generous Nations! weep the sad, the swift remove of *him, whom heaven, indulgent, sent to man: recalled from earth, adorned with bright religion’s gems!* Thou favorite Child of heaven! stripped of thy mortal form, clad in thy native divinity, hast thou ascended to heaven, there to enjoy the presence of thy God!

4. Come, Patriots, Statesmen, Citizens, come! drop the honest tear of sensibility on the tomb of *him* whose virtues shall survive the marble monuments of fame! whose glories shall be revered as long as goodness itself shall be beloved, and innocence and worth by heaven approved!

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 CHAPTER XL.

## LECTURES ON THE HEAD OF A COMICAL FELLOW.

1. **H**ERE’s a head full charged with fun, (shews the head) a comical half foolish face, what a great many people upon the stage can put on, and what a great many people, not upon the stage, can’t put off. This man always laughed at what he said himself, and he imagined a man of wit must always be upon the broad grin; and

Whenever he was in company he was always teasing some one to be merry, saying, *Now you Muster what do you call'em? do now say something to make us all laugh; come do now be comical a little.*

2. But if there is no other person will speak, he will threaten to *tell you a story to make you die with laughing,* and he will assure you, *it is the most bestest and the most comicallest story that ever you heard in all your born days;* and he always interlards his narration with, *so as I was a saying, says I, and so as he was a saying, says he; so says he to me, and I to him, and he to me again,—did you ever hear any thing more comical in all your born days?* But after he had concluded his narration, not finding any person even to smile at what he said, struck with the disappointment, he puts on a sad face himself, and looking round upon the company, he says, *it was a good story when I heard it too; why then, so, and so, and so, that's all, that's all, gentlemen.*

## CHAPTER XLI.

### STORY OF THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

1. **E**DWARD the III. after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens under count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After suffering unheard of calamities, they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and after a long and desperate engagement, count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates.

2. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted him to

depart with life and liberty. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the Plebeians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance. To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly.

3. "My friends, we are brought to great straits this day, we must either yield to the terms of our cruel and enslaving conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives and daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiers. Is there any expedient left whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you, on the one hand; or the desolation and horror of a sacked city, on the other? There is, my friends; there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power, who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind."

4. He spoke—but an universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed, "I doubt not but there are many as ready, nay more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be; though the station to which I am raised, by the captivity of Lord Vienne, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?" "Your son," exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity. "Ah, my child!" cried St. Pierre, "I am then twice sacrificed. But, no; I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends?"

"This is the hour of heroes." "Your kinsman," cried John de Aire. "Your kinsman," cried James Wissant. "Your kinsman," cried Peter Wissant.

5. "Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "Why was I not a citizen of Calais?" the sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens with their families, through the camp of the English. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their adieu of their deliverers. What a parting! - What a scene! They crowded, with their wives, and children, about St. Pierre and his fellow prisoners. They embraced; they clung around; they fell prostrate before them. They groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamor of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp. The English by this time were apprized of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and they were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.

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## CHAPTER XLII.

### THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. **A**T length St. Pierre and his fellow victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire, this little band of patriots as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue, which they could not but revere, even in ene-

emies; and they regarded those ropes which they voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter.

2. As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauney," says the Monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?" "They are," says Mauney; "they are not only the principal men of Calais, but they are the principal men of France, my Lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling." "Were they delivered peaceably," says Edward? "Was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?" "Not in the least, my Lord; the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your Majesty. They are self-delivered, self devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads, as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

3. Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the priviledge of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," says he, "has ever shown, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary, to compel subjects to submission, by punishment and example. "Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution." At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The Queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauney flew to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

4. As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. "My Lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon, is not touching the lives of a few mechanics—it respects the honour of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, and my king. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage on which they would suffer, would be to them a stage of honour, but a stage of shame to Edward; a reproach on his conquests; an indelible disgrace to his name."



5. "Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them short of their desires; in place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confusion with applauses. We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion, which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue." "I am convinced; you have prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward; "prevent the execution; have them instantly before us."

6. They came; when the Queen, with an aspect and accent diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them! "Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, you have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just, natural inheritance; but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment; and we admire and honour in you that valor and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You, noble burghers! You, excellent citizens! Though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us, that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions.

7. "You are now free to depart to your friends, relatives and countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gift, and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue; we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons." "Ah, my country!" exclaimed St. Pierre; "it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our cities, but Philippa conquers hearts."

## CHAPTER XLIII.

*ALONZO AND ELVIRA.*

1. **T**HERE was an old man whose name was Sophronius, who had two children, a son and a daughter. The name of the son was Alonzo, the daughter was called Elvira. It happened one day, as these two were playing together, they found a looking glass in their mother's bed chamber; looking into it, they discovered that Alonzo was extremely handsome, but Elvira very deformed.

2. Alonzo was not a little proud of this; he began immediately to entertain a very high opinion of himself, and to despise his sister. He was always talking of his own beauty, and putting Elvira in mind of her deformity. He would run to the glass every minute, and call upon his sister to observe how differently they appeared in it; in short, he omitted nothing which might create a mortification to his sister, or improve the opinion which he thought every one entertained of the comeliness of his person. Elvira, grieved to find herself the constant subject of her brother's mirth, at length complained to her father of his behaviour.

3. The old man who had a tender affection for them both, and was sorry to find there was any quarrelling between his children, thought this was a proper occasion to bestow some good advice upon them. After having kissed them both; "If," said he, "Alonzo, you find, by looking in the glass, that nature has bestowed a handsome face upon you, I would have you, by all means, endeavour to render your inward accomplishments answerable to such an outside. Let your actions be as handsome as your person. And you," said he, "my dear Elvira, if you cannot recommend yourself by your beauty, may procure a more lasting commendation by your behaviour. The world will overlook the defects in your person, if they find you are not wanting in the perfections of the mind."

## CHAPTER XLIV.

## CURIOSITY.

1. **T**HE love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same, or at least a sister passion to it, seems woven into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forward the mind to fresh inquiry and knowledge. Strip us of it, the mind would doze for ever over the present page; and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

2. It is to this spur, which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of the desire of travelling. The passion is no way bad but as others are, in its mismanagement or excess; order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are, to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interests of other nations, to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse.

3. It leads us from the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the track of nursery mistakes; and by shewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments, by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, and to know what is good; by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what is *sincere*; and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners, to look into ourselves and form our own.

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 CHAPTER XLV.

## GENEROUS REVENGE.

1. **A**T the period when the Republic of Genoa was divided between the faction of the nobles and the people, *Uberto*, a man of low origin, but of an elevated mind and superior talents, and enriched by commerce, having raised himself to be the head of a popular party, maintained for a considerable time, a democratical form of government.

2. The nobles at length, uniting all their efforts, succeeded in subverting this state of things, and regained their former supremacy. They used their victory with considerable rigor; and in particular, having imprisoned *Uberto*, proceeded against him as a traitor, and thought they displayed *sufficient lenity* in passing upon him a sentence of *perpetual banishment*, and the confiscation of all his *property*.

3. *Adorno*, who was then possessed of the first magistracy, a man haughty in temper, and proud of ancient nobility, though *otherwise* not void of generous sentiments, in pronouncing this sentence on *Uberto*, aggravated its severity by the insolent terms in which he conveyed it. "You (*said he*)—you, the son of a base mechanic, who have dared to trample upon the nobles of Genoa, you, by their clemency, are only doomed to shrink again into the *nothing* from which you sprung."

4. *Uberto* received his condemnation with respectful submission to the court; yet, stung by the manner in which it was expressed, he could not forbear saying to *Adorno* "*that perhaps he might hereafter find cause to repent the language he had used to a man capable of sentiments as elevated as his own*" He then made his obeisance and retired; and, after taking leave of his friends, embarked in a vessel bound for Naples, and quitted his native country without a tear.

5. He collected some debts due to him in the Neapolitan dominions and with the wreck of his fortune went to settle on one of the islands in the Archipelago, belonging to the state of Venice. Here his industry and capacity in mercantile pursuits raised him, in a course of years, to more wealth than he had possessed in his most prosperous days at Genoa; and his reputation for honour and generosity equalled his fortune.

6. Among other places which he frequently visited as a merchant, was the city of Tunis, at that time in friendship with Venice, though hostile to most of the other Italian states, and especially to Genoa. As *Uberto* was on a visit to one of the first men of that place at his country house, he saw a young christian *slave* at work, in irons, whose appearance excited his attention. The youth seemed oppressed with labor to which his delicate frame had not been accustomed, and while he leaned at intervals upon

the instrument with which he was working, a sigh burst from his full heart, and a tear stole down his cheek.

7. *Uberto* eyed him with tender compassion, and addressed him in Italian. The youth eagerly caught the sound of his native tongue, and replying to his inquiries, informed him he was a Genoese. "And what is your name, young man?" said *Uberto*. "You need not be afraid of confessing to me your birth and condition." "Alas!" he answered, "I fear my captors already suspect enough to demand a large ransom. My father is indeed one of the first men in Genoa. His name is *Adorno*, and I am his only son." "*Adorno!*" *Uberto* checked himself from uttering more aloud, but to himself he cried, "thank heaven! then shall I be nobly revenged!"

8. He took leave of the youth and immediately paid the captors for his ransom. With his own hands he took off his fetters and helped him to change his dress, and mount on horseback. The youth thought all a dream, and the flutter of emotion almost deprived him of the power of returning thanks to his generous benefactor. He was soon, however, convinced of the reality of his good fortune, by sharing the lodging and table of *Uberto*.

9. After a stay of some days at Tunis to despatch the remainder of his business, *Uberto* departed homeward, accompanied by young *Adorno*, who by his pleasing manners had highly ingratiated himself with him. *Uberto* kept him some time at his house, treating him with all the respect and affection he could have shown for the son of his dearest friend. At length, having a safe opportunity of sending him to Genoa, he gave him a faithful servant for a conductor, fitted him out with every convenience, slipped a purse of gold into one hand, and a letter into the other, and thus addressed him:

10. "My dear youth, I could with much pleasure detain you longer in my humble mansion, but I know your impatience to revisit your friends, and I am sensible that it would be cruelty to deprive them longer than necessary of the joy they will receive in recovering you. Deign to accept this provision for your voyage, and deliver this letter to your father. He probably may recollect somewhat of me, though you are too young to do so. Farewell! I shall not soon forget you, and I will hope you will not for-

get me." *Adorno* poured out the effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart, and they parted with mutual tears and embraces.

11. The young man had a prosperous voyage home; and the transport with which he, was again beheld by his almost heart-broken parents may more easily be conceived than described. After learning that he had been a captive in Tunis (for it was supposed that the ship, in which he sailed, had foundered at sea) "and to whom," said *old Adorno*, "am I indebted for the inestimable benefit of restoring you to my arms?" "This letter," said his son, "will inform you." He opened it, and read as follows.

12. "That son of a vile mechanic, who told you that one day you might repent the scorn with which you treated him, has the satisfaction of seeing his prediction accomplished. For know, proud noble! that the deliverer of your only son from slavery is—the banished *UBERTO*."

13. *Adorno* dropped the letter, and covered his face with his hand, while his son was displaying in the warmest language of gratitude the virtues of *Uberto*, and the truly paternal kindness he had experienced from him. As the debt could not be cancelled, *Adorno* resolved, if possible, to repay it. He made such powerful intercessions with the other nobles, that the sentence pronounced on *Uberto* was reversed, and full permission given him to return to Genoa. In apprising him of this event, *Adorno* expressed his sense of the obligations he lay under to him, acknowledged the genuine nobleness of his character, and requested his friendship. *Uberto* returned to his country, and closed his days in peace, with the universal esteem of his fellow citizens.

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## CHAPTER XLVI.

### VICE.

1. **W**E all of us talk so loud against vicious characters, and are so unanimous in our cry against them, that an inexperienced man, who only trusted his ears, would imagine the whole world was in an uproar about it,

and that mankind were all associating together, to hunt vice utterly out of the world.

2. Shift the scene, and let him behold the reception which vice meets with, he will see the conduct and behaviour of the world towards it so opposite to their declarations; he will find all he heard so contradicted by what he saw, as to leave him in doubt which of his senses he is to trust; or in which of the two cases mankind were in earnest.

3. Was there virtue enough in the world to make a general stand against this contradiction; that is, was every one, who deserved to be ill-spoken of, sure to be looked on too; was it a certain consequence of the loss of a man's character, to lose his friends—to lose the advantages of birth and fortune, and thenceforth be universally shunned, universally slighted, there would be hopes of a reformation.

4. Was no quality a shelter against the indecorum of the other sex, but was every woman, without distinction, who had justly forfeited her reputation—from that moment was she sure to forfeit likewise all claim to civility and respect;—or, in a word, could it become a law in our ceremonial that wherever characters of either sex were become notorious, it should be deemed infamous, either to pay or receive a visit from them, and that the door should be shut against them in all public places, till they had satisfied the world, by giving testimony of a better life; a few such plain and honest maxims, faithfully put in practice, would force us upon some degree of reformation. Till this is done it avails little that we have no mercy upon them with our tongues, since they escape without feeling any other inconvenience.

5. We all cry out that the world is corrupted, and I fear too justly; but we never reflect what we have to thank for it, and that our open countenance of vice, which gives the lie to our private censures of it, is its chief protection and encouragement. To those, however, who still believe that evil-speaking is some terror to evil-doers, one may answer, as a great man has done upon the occasion—that after all our exhortations against it—it is not to be feared but that there will be evil-speaking enough left in the world to chastise the guilty, and we may safely trust them to an ill-natured world, that there will be no want of justice upon this score.

6. The passions of men are pretty severe executioners, and to them let us leave this ungrateful task ; and rather ourselves endeavour to cultivate a friendly one, recommended by the Apostle—of letting all bitterness, wrath and clamour, and evil-speaking, be put away from us ; and of being kind to one another, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake forgave us.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### SCHEMES OF LIFE DEFEATED BY IRRESOLUTION.

#### *An Eastern Tale.*

1. **O** MAR, the son of *Hassan*, had passed seventy-five years in honour and prosperity. The favor of three successive Califfs had filled his house with riches, and whenever he appeared, the benediction of the people proclaimed his approach.

2. Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel, and the fragrant flower passing away in its own odours. The vigor of *Omar* began to fail, the curls of beauty fell from his head, strength departed from his hands, and agility from his feet. He gave back to the Califf the keys of trust, and the seals of secrecy ; and sought no other pleasure for the remainder of his days, than the converse of the wise, and the gratitude of the poor whom he relieved.

3. The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by visitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. *Calid*, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late ; he was beautiful and eloquent ; *Omar* admired his wit, and loved his docility. " Tell me," said *Calid*, " Thou to whose voice nations have listened with admiration, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me how I may resemble *Omar* the prudent. The arts by which thou hast gained power, and preserved it, are no longer necessary, or useful to thee ; impart to me therefore the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan on which thy wisdom has built thy fame."



4. "Young man," said Omar, "it is of little use to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my *twentieth* year, having considered the various conditions of mankind, in an hour of solitude I said thus to myself, leaning against a cedar which spread its branches over my head, *seventy* years are allowed to man ; I have yet *fifty* remaining ; *ten* years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and *ten* I will pass in foreign countries.

5. "I shall be learned, and consequently honoured ; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my acquaintance. Twenty years thus passed will store my mind with images, which will be employment for me through the rest of my life, in combining and comparing. I shall revel in fresh accumulations of intellectual wealth. I shall find new pleasures for every moment, and shall never more be weary of myself."

6. "I will, however, not deviate too far from the beaten track of common life, but will try what can be found in *female* conversation. I will marry a wife beautiful as the *Houries*, and wise as *Zobida*. With her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdat, in every pleasure that wealth can purchase, and fancy can invent. I will then retire to a rural dwelling, and pass my last days in obscurity and contemplation ; and lie silently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my settled resolution, never to depend on the smiles, nor stand exposed to the artifices of courts ; I will never pant for public honours, nor disturb my quiet with affairs of state. Such was my scheme of life in my *younger* days.

7. "The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediments without, nor suffered any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as my highest honour and most engaging pleasure ; yet day stole on day, and month glided after month, till I found that *seven* years of the first *ten* had vanished, and left nothing behind them.

8. "I now postponed my purpose of travelling ; for why should I go *abroad*, while so much remained to be learnt at *home* ? I therefore immured myself at home for four years, and studied the laws of the empire. The

same of my knowledge reached even the judges; I was found able to speak upon doubtful questions, and was commended to stand at the foot-stool of the supreme Califf. I was heard with attention. I was consulted with confidence, and the love of praise fastened on my heart.

9. "I still wished to see distant countries, listened with rapture to the relations of travellers, and resolved to ask my dismissal, that I might feast my soul with novelty; but my presence was always necessary, and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was afraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude; but I proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage.

10. "In my *fiftieth* year I began to suspect that the time of travelling was past, and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and indulge myself in *domestic* pleasures. But at *fifty* no man finds a woman *beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobida*. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the *sixty second* year made me ashamed of gazing upon the *fair*. I had now nothing left but retirement, and for retirement I never found a time, till disease forced me from public employment.

11. "Such was my scheme, and such have been its consequences. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trifled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I have always resided in the same city; with the highest expectation of connubial felicity, I have lived unmarried; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bagdat."

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## CHAPTER XLVIII.

### PRIDE.

**P**RIDE is a vice which grows up in society so insensibly; steals in unobserved upon the heart on so many occasions; forms itself upon such strange pretensions, and when it has done, veils itself under such variety of unsuspected appearances, sometimes even under that of

humility itself ; in all which cases, self-love, like a false friend, instead of checking, most treacherously feeds this humour, points out some excellence in every soul to make him vain, and think more highly of himself than he ought to think ; that, upon the whole, there is no one weakness into which the heart of man is more easily betrayed ; or which requires greater helps of good sense and good principles to guard against.

2. Thou art well born ; then trust me, it will not pollute one drop of thy blood to be humble. Humility calls no man down from his rank ; divests not princes of their titles ; it is in life what the *clear obscure* is in painting. It makes the hero step forth in the canvas, and detaches his figure from the group in which he would stand confounded for ever.

3. If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune, or what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation ; condescend to men of low estate ; support the distressed, and patronise the neglected. Be great ; but let it be in considering riches as they are, as *talents committed to an earthen vessel* ; thou art but the receiver, and that to be obliged and to be vain too, is but the old solecism of *pride* and *beggary*, which, though they often meet, yet ever make an absurd society.

4. If thou art powerful in interest, and standest deified by a servile tribe of dependants, why shouldst thou be proud, because they are hungry ? Scourge me such sycophants ; they have turned the heads of thousands as well as thine. But it is thy own dexterity and strength which have gained thee this eminence ; allow it ; but art thou proud that thou standest in a place where thou art the mark of one man's envy another man's malice, or a third man's revenge ; where good men may be ready to suspect thee, and whence bad men will be ready to pull thee down ? I would be proud of nothing that is uncertain ; *Haman* was so, because he was admitted alone to *Queen Esther's* banquet ; and the distinction raised him, but it was fifty cubits higher than he ever dreamed, or thought of.

5. If thou hast pretensions to a little learning, thou wilt be proud of it in course ; if thou hast much, and good use along with it, there will be no reason to dispute

against the passion. A beggarly parade of remnants is but a sorry object of pride at the best ; but more so, when we can cry out upon it, as the poor man did of the hatchet—*Alas ! master, for it was borrowed. (1)*

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## CHAPTER XLIX.

### DISHONESTY PUNISHED.

1. **A**N usurer, having lost an hundred pounds in a bag, promised a reward of ten pounds to the person who should restore it. A man having brought it to him, demanded the reward. The usurer, loth to give the reward, now that he had gotten the bag, alleged, after the bag was opened, that there was an hundred and ten pounds in it, when he lost it.

2. The usurer, being called before the judge, unwarily acknowledged that the seal was broken open in his presence, and that there were no more at that time, but an hundred pounds in the bag. "You say," says the judge, "that the bag you lost, had an hundred and ten pounds in it." "Yes, my lord." "Then," replied the judge, "this cannot be your bag, as it contained but an hundred pounds ; therefore, the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears ; and you must look for your bag where you can find it."

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## CHAPTER L.

### PROVIDENCE ; OR, THE SHIPWRECK.

1. **I**T was a dreadful storm. The wind blowing full on the sea shore, rolled tremendous waves on the beach, while the half sunk rocks at the entrance of the bay, were enveloped in a mist of white foam. A ship appeared in the offing, driving impetuously under her bare poles, to land ; now tilting aloft on the surging waves, now plunging into the intervening hollows.

(1) 2 Kings, vi. 5.

2. Presently she rushed among the rocks and there stuck, the billows beating over her deck and rolling up her shattered rigging. "Mercy! mercy!" exclaimed an ancient *Solitary*, as he viewed from a cliff the dismal scene. It was in vain. The ship fell on her side, and was seen no more.

3. Soon, however, a small dark object appeared coming from the rocks towards the shore; at first dimly descried through the foam, then quite plain as it rode on the summit of a wave, then for a time totally lost. It approached, and showed itself to be a boat with men in it rowing for their lives. The *Solitary* hastened down to the beach, and in all the agonizing vicissitudes of hope and fear watched its advance. At length, after the most imminent hazards, the boat was violently thrown on the shore, and the dripping, half dead mariners, crawled out to the dry land.

4. "Heaven be praised!" cried the *Solitary*; "what a providential escape!" And he led the poor men to his cell, where, kindling a good fire, and bringing out his little store of provision, he restored them to health and spirits. "And are you six men the only ones saved?" said he. "We are," answered one of them. Threescore and fifteen men, women and children, were in the ship when she struck. You may think what a clamour and confusion there was; women clinging to their husband's necks, and children hanging about their clothes, all shrieking, crying, and praying!

5. "There was no time to be lost. We got out the small boat in a twinkling; jumped in without staying for our captain, who was fool enough to be minding the passengers; cut the rope, and pushed away just time enough to be clear of the ship as she went down; and here *we* are, all alive and merry!" An oath concluded his speech. The *Solitary* was shocked, and could not help secretly wishing that it had pleased Providence to have saved some of the innocent passengers, rather than these reprobates.

6. The sailors having gotten what they could, departed, scarcely thanking their benefactor, and marched to the country. Night came on. They descried a light at some distance, and made up to it. It proceeded from the window of a poor looking house, surrounded with a farmyard and garden. They knocked at the door, and in a

Supplicating tone made known their distress, and begged relief. They were admitted, and treated with compassion and hospitality. In the house were the mistress, her children, and women-servants, an old man, and a boy. The master was abroad.

7 The sailors sitting round the kitchen fire, whispered to each other that here was an opportunity of making a booty that would amply compensate for the loss of clothes and wages. They settled their plan; and on the old man's coming with wood to the fire, one of them *broke his skull with the poker and laid him dead.* Another took up a knife which had been brought with the loaf and cheese, and running after the boy, who was making his escape out of the house, *stabbed him to the heart!* The rest locked the doors, and after tying all the women and children, began to ransack the house. One of the children continuing to make loud exclamations, a fellow went and *strangled it!*

8 They had nearly finished packing up such of the valuable things as they could carry off, when the master of the house came home. *He was a smuggler* as well as a farmer, and had just returned from an expedition, leaving his *goods and companions* at a neighbouring public house. Surprised at finding the doors locked, and at seeing lights moving about in the chambers, he suspected somewhat amiss; and upon listening, he heard strange voices, and saw some of the sailors through the windows.

9 The smuggler hastened back to his companions, and brought them with him just as the robbers opened the door and were coming out with their pillage, having first set fire to the house in order to conceal what they had done. The *smuggler* and friends let fly their blunderbusses in the midst of them, and then rushing forward, seized the survivors and secured them. Perceiving flames in the house, they ran and extinguished them. The villains were next day led to prison amidst the reproaches of the neighbourhood.

10. The good Solitary, on hearing the event, at first exclaimed, "What a wonderful interference of Providence to *punish guilt and protect innocence!*" Pausing a while, he added, "yet had Providence thought fit to have drowned these sailors in their passage from the ship, where they left so many better people to perish, the lives of three

innocent persons would have been saved, and these wretches would have died without such accumulated guilt and ignominy. On the other hand, had the master of the house been at home, instead of following a lawless and desperate trade, he would perhaps have perished with all his family, and the villains have escaped with their booty. *What am I to think of all this?* Thus pensive and perplexed, he laid himself down to rest, and, after some time spent in gloomy reflections, fell asleep.

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## CHAPTER LI.

### THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

1. **I**N his dream the Solitary fancied himself seated on the top of a high mountain, where he was accosted by a venerable figure in white long garments, who asked him the cause of the melancholy expressed on his countenance. "It is," said he, "because I am unable to reconcile the decrees of Providence with my ideas of wisdom and justice." "That," replied the stranger, "is probably because thy notions of Providence are narrow and erroneous. Thou seekest it in *particular events*, and dost not raise thy survey to the *great whole*."

2. "Every occurrence in the universe is *providential*, because it is the consequence of those laws which divine wisdom has established as most productive of the general good. But to select individual facts as more directed by the hand of Providence than others, because we think we see a particular good purpose answered by them, is an infallible inlet to error and superstition. Follow me to the edge of this cliff."

3. "Now look down," said the stranger, "and tell what thou seest." "I see," replied the Solitary, "a hawk darting amidst a flock of small birds, one of which he has caught, while the others escape." "And canst thou think," rejoined the stranger, "that the single bird, of which the hawk made a prey, lies under any particular doom of Providence, or that those which fly away are more the objects of divine favour than it?"

4. "Hawks by nature were made to feed upon living prey, and were endowed with strength and swiftness to en-

able them to overtake and master it. Thus life is sacrificed to the support of life. But to this destruction limits are set. The small birds are much more numerous and prolific than the birds of prey; and though they cannot resist his force, they have dexterity and nimbleness of flight sufficient in general to elude his pursuit. It is in this *balance* that the wisdom of Providence is seen; and what can be a greater proof of it, than that both species, the *destroyer* and his *prey*, have subsisted together from their first creation? Now look again, and tell me what thou seest."

5. "I see," said the Solitary, "a thick black cloud gathering in the sky. I hear the thunder rolling from side to side of the vault of heaven. I behold the red lightning darting from the bosom of darkness. Now it has fallen on a stately tree and shattered it in pieces, striking to the ground an ox sheltered at its foot. Now it falls again in a flock of timorous sheep, and several of them are left on the plain; and see! the shepherd himself lies extended by their side. Now it strikes a lofty spire, and at the same time sets in a blaze an humble cottage beneath. It is an awful and terrible sight!"

6. "It is so," returned the stranger, "but what dost thou conclude from it? Dost thou not know, that from the genial heat, which gives life to plants and animals, and ripens the fruits of the earth, proceeds this electrical fire, which, ascending to the clouds, and charging them beyond what they are able to contain, is launched again in burning bolts to the earth? Must it leave its direct course to strike the tree rather than the dome of worship, or to spend its fury on the herd, rather than the herds-men?"

7. Millions of millions of living creatures have owed their birth to this active element; and shall we think it strange if a few meet their death from it? Thus the mountain torrent that rushes down to fertilize the plain, in its course may sweep away the works of human industry, and man himself with them; but could its benefits be purchased at another price?"

8. "All this," said the Solitary, "I tolerably comprehend; but may I presume to ask whence have proceeded



the *moral evils* of the painful scenes of yesterday? (1) What good ends is answered by making man the scourge of man, and preserving the guilty at the cost of the innocent?"

9. "That too," replied the venerable stranger, "is a consequence of the same wise laws of Providence. If it was right to make man a creature of habit, and render those things easy to him with which he is most familiar, the *sailor* must of course be better able to shift for himself in a shipwreck than the passenger; while that self-love, which is essential to the preservation of life, must, in general, cause him to consult his own safety preferably to that of others.

10. "The same force of habit in a way of life, full of hardship and peril, must conduce to form a *rough, bold, and unfeeling* character. *This*, under the direction of principle, will make a brave man; without it, a robber, and a murderer. In the latter case, human laws step in to remove the evil which they have not been able to prevent. *Wickedness* meets with the fate which sooner or later always awaits it; and innocence, though occasionally a sufferer, is proved in the end to be the surest path to happiness."

11. "But," resumed the Solitary, "can it be said that the lot of innocence is *always* preferable to that of guilt in this world?" "If it cannot," replied the other, "thinkest thou that the Almighty is unable to make retribution in a future world? Dismiss then from thy mind the care of SINGLE EVENTS, secure that the GREAT WHOLE is ordered for the best. Expect not a particular interposition of Heaven, because such an interposition would seem to thee seasonable. Thou, perhaps, wouldst *stop the vast machine of the universe to save a fly* from being crushed under its wheels. But innumerable *flies* and *men* are crushed every day, yet the grand motion goes on, and will go on, to fulfil the benevolent intentions of its Author."

12. He ceased, and sleep on a sudden left the eyelids of the Solitary. He looked abroad from his cell, and beheld all nature smiling around him. The rising sun shone on a clear sky. Birds were sporting in the air, and fish glancing on the surface of the waters. Fleets were pursuing their steady course, gently wafted by the pleasant

Breeze. Light fleecy clouds were sailing over the blue expanse of heaven. His soul sympathised with the scene, and peace and joy filled his bosom.

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## CHAPTER LX.

### JUSTICE.

1. **T**HERE is no virtue so truly great and godlike as Justice. Most of the other virtues are virtues of created beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in its perfections by none but him. Omniscience and omnipotence are requisite for the full exertion of it. The one to discover every degree of uprightness in thoughts, words, and actions. The other, to measure out, and impart suitable rewards and punishments.

2. As to be perfectly just is an attribute in the divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man. Such an one who has the public administration in his hands, acts like the representative of his Maker, in recompensing the virtuous, and punishing the offender. By the extirpating of a criminal he averts the judgments of heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious people.

3. When a nation once loses its regard to justice; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront or terrify those who have the distribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cause may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce *that such a nation is hastening to its ruin.*

4. It is happy for a nation, as well as for individuals, that a tribunal is filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who in the execution of his country's laws can overcome all private fear, resentment, solicitation, and even pity itself. Whenever passion enters into a sentence or decision, so far will there be in it a tincture of injustice. In short, justice discards party, friendship, kindred, and is therefore always represented as blind, t

we may suppose her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of the cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

5. As one of the Persian Sultans lay encamped on the plains of *Avala*, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house and grossly violated the rules of justice against his family. The peasant complained the next morning to the Sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal. The Sultan, who was much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might visit his house again, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it.

6. Accordingly, in a few days, the offender again entered the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The Sultan went in person with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the Sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death.

7. This was immediately done, and the corpse laid out upon the floor by the Sultan's command. He then bid every one to light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The Sultan approaching it, looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the peasant to set before him what ever food he had in his house: the peasant brought out a great quantity of coarse fare, of which the Emperor ate very heartily.

8. The peasant, seeing him in good humour, presumed to ask him, why he ordered the flambeaus to be put out before he had commanded the offender to be slain? Why upon lighting them again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down in prayer? And why, after this, he had meat set before him, of which he now ate so heartily? The Sultan being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him as follows.

9. "Upon hearing the greatness of the offence, which had been committed by one of the army, I had reason to think it might have been one of my own sons, for who

else would have been so audacious and presuming? I gave orders therefore for the lights to be extinguished, that I might not be led astray by partiality and compassion, from doing justice on the criminal. Upon lighting the flambeau a second time, I looked upon the face of the dead person, and to my unspeakable joy, found it was not my son. It was for this reason that I fell upon my knees and gave thanks to God. As for my eating heartily, you will cease to wonder at it, when you know that the great anxiety of mind I have been in, upon this occasion, since the first complaint you brought me, has hindered my eating any thing from that time till this *moment*."

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### CHAPTER LIII. (1)

#### THE SCRIPTURES.

1. **T**O persuade men to believe the scriptures, I only offer this to their consideration. If there be a God, whose providence governs the world, and all the creatures in it, is it not reasonable to think, that he hath a particular care of men, the noblest part of this visible world? and seeing he hath made them capable of eternal duration; that he hath provided for their eternal happiness, and sufficiently revealed to them the way to it, and the terms and conditions of it!

2. Now let any man produce any book in the world, that pretends to be from God, and to do this; that for the matter of it is worthy of God, the doctrines thereof are so useful, and the precepts so reasonable, and the arguments so powerful, the truth of all which was confirmed by so many great and unquestionable miracles, the relation of which has been transmitted to posterity in public and authentic records, written by those who were eye and ear witnesses of what they wrote, and free from suspicions of any worldly interest or design.

3. Let any produce a book like this, in all these respects; and which over and besides, hath by the power and reasonableness of the doctrines contained in it, prevailed so miraculously in the world, by weak and inconfid-

erable means, in opposition to all the wit and power of the world, and under such discouragement as no other religion was ever assaulted with ; let any man bring forth such a book, and he hath my leave to believe it as soon as the bible.

4. But if there be none such, as I am well assured there is not, then every one who thinks God hath revealed himself to men, ought to embrace and entertain the doctrine of the holy scriptures, as revealed by God.

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## CHAPTER LIV.

“HOW SHOULD I WORK IT ?”—*Addressed to Parents.*

1. **A**RE you a parent ? then you have a hard task to be both the *friend* and the *master* of your children ; and if you are not *both*, you do not work it right. Sometimes you are the fond, indulgent parent ; nothing is too good for the *darling* ; he may pout and strike, or kick over the tea kettle, cups and glasses ; and you would just moderately say, “Why, Billy, how you behave ; that is not pretty ; I shan’t love you for that.”

2. At other times you are in a pet, and the child by accident, in mere play, or in attempting to drink, lets fall a tumbler, or a tea-cup ; you fly at him, fall on him like a mastiff, cuff his ears, and shake him to a jelly. In the *first case*, you are the *weak, silly dupe* of your child ; in the *last*, you are the *tyrant, the madman* ; thus you do not work it right.

3. Hear what the Prompter says. Never strike in a *passion* ; never punish him for *accidental mischief* ; never fail to punish him for *obstinate disobedience*, and *wilful mischief* ; and a word to you in particular ; when you have real cause to correct him, never cease, till his temper gives way, and he becomes *really submissive*. A single blow or two only raises his anger and increases wilful obstinacy ; if you quit him then, you do *hurt*, rather than good. But if you continue to apply the rod, till his mind bends and softens down to humble supplication, believe me, that child will rarely or never want a second correction ; the Prompter has tried it in repeated instances.

4. But, say some folks, the rod should be sparingly used. , but as most people use it, one correction only makes

way for another, and frequent whippings harden the child till they have no effect. Now mind the Prompter. *Two simple rules*, if observed, will prevent this. 1st. *Never punish a child when he does not deserve it.* 2d. *When he does deserve it, make the first punishment EFFECTUAL.* If you strike a child for *accidental* mischief, or for what he does *ignorantly*, or in *good humour*, the child is not conscious he has done wrong; he is *grieved* at first; if such punishment is frequent, it excites indignation; he is angry with his parent, and thinks him cruel; then correction does more hurt than good, and all this because parents *do not work it right.*

5. I sincerely believe that *nine* times out of *ten*, the bad conduct of children is owing to parents! yet parents father most of it upon Adam and old Nick. Parents then *do not work it right*; they work it thus—a child wants an apple, and a child is governed by *appetite*, not by *reason*; the parent says *he must not have it*; but he says it with a simple, unmeaning tone of voice, that makes no impression upon the child. The child cries for the apple; the parent is angry, and tells him, *he sha'nt have the apple*; the child bawls, and perhaps strikes his little brother, or throws down a glass in anger. At this the parent is tired with the noise, and to appease the child, gives him the apple. *Does this parent work it right?*

6. So far from it, that he loses the little authority he had over the child. The order of things is changed. The child is the *master*; and when the child has been master a few months, you may as well break his *neck* as his *will*. *A thousand lashes* on a young *master's* back will not do so much as *one decisive command*, before he becomes *master* of his parents.

7. Now listen to my advice, the idea is *new*. A child does not regard so much *what* a parent says, as *how* he says it. A child looks at a parent's eye, when he speaks, and then he reads intuitively *what* his parent means, and *how much* he means. If a parent speaks with an *air of indifference*, *without emphasis*, or looks another way when he speaks, the child pays but little, or no regard to what he says. I speak of a child over whom a parent has not yet established an authority. But if a parent, when he commands a child *to do or not to do*, looks at him with the *eye*

of *command*, and speaks with a tone and an air of decision and authority, the child is impressed with this *manner* of commanding, and will seldom venture to disobey.

8. A steady, uniform authority of this kind, which never varies from its purpose, which never gives way to the caprices or appetites of children, which carries every command *into effect*, will prevent the necessity of a rod. I am bold to say, that a parent, who has this steady authority, will never have occasion to correct a child of *common sensibility*; and *never but once*, a child of *uncommon obstinacy*. *This is the way every parent and master should work it.*

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## CHAPTER LV.

### PLEASURE AND PAIN.

1. **T**HERE were two families, which from the beginning of the world were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in Paradise, the other in the regions below. The youngest descendant of the first family was *Pleasure*, who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in paradise. The youngest of the opposite family was *Pain*, who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in the lower regions.

2. The middle station of nature between these two opposite extremes was the *Earth*, which was inhabited by creatures of the middle kind, neither so virtuous as the *one*, nor so vicious as the *other*, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of these two opposite families. *Jupiter*, considering that the species commonly called *man*, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a distinction between the *good* and the *bad*, ordered the two youngest of the above mentioned families, *Pleasure*, who was the daughter of Happiness, and *Pain*, who was the son of misery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half-way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share mankind between them.

3. *Pleasure* and *Pain* were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon *this point*, that *Pleasure* should take possession of the *virtuous*, and *Pain* of the  *vicious* part of that species, which is given up to them. But upon examining, to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen, in their old places of residence, there was no person so *vicious* who had not some *good* in him, nor any person so *virtuous* who had not in him some *evil*. The truth of it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most *vicious man* pleasure might lay claim to an hundredth part, and that in the most *virtuous man* Pain might come in for at least two thirds.

4. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded. By this means it is that we find *Pleasure* and *Pain* to be such constant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If *Pain* comes into an heart, he is quickly followed by *Pleasure*; and if *Pleasure* enters, you may be sure *Pain* is not far off.

5. But notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of *Jupiter* in sending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently, upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of *Evil*, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from *Pain*, there to dwell with *Misery*, *Vice*, and the *Furies*. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of *Good*, he should be dispatched into heaven by a passport from *Pleasure*, there to dwell with *Virtue*, *Happiness*, and the *Gods*.

## CHAPTER LVI.

NATURE AND EDUCATION—*A Fable.*

I. **N**ATURE and Education were one day walking together through a nursery of trees. See, says Nature, how straight and fine those *firs* grow; that is my do-



ing ! But as to those *oaks*, they are all stunted and crooked ; *that*, my good sister, is *your* fault. You have planted them too close, and not pruned them properly. Nay, sister, said *Education*, I am sure I have taken all possible pains about them ; but you gave me bad acorns, so how should they ever make fine trees ?

2. The dispute grew warm ; and at length, instead of blaming one another for negligence, they began to boast of their own powers, and to challenge each other to a contest for the superiority. It was agreed that each should adopt a favorite, and rear it up in spite of all the ill-offices of her opponent. *Nature* fixed upon a vigorous young pine, the parent of which had grown to be the main-mast of a man of war. Do what you will to this plant, said she to her sister, I am resolved to push it up as straight as an arrow. *Education* took under her care a crab-tree. This, said she, I will rear to be at least as valuable as your pine.

3. Both went to work. While *Nature* was feeding her pine with plenty of nutritive juices, *Education* passed a strong rope round its top, and pulling it downwards with all her force, fastened it to the trunk of a neighbouring oak. The pine laboured to ascend, but not being able to surmount the obstacle, it pushed out to one side, and presently became bent like a bow. Still, such was its vigor, that its top, descending as low as its branches, made a new shoot upwards ; but its beauty and usefulness were quite destroyed.

4. The crab-tree cost *Education* much toil and trouble. She pruned and pruned again, and endeavoured to bring it into shape, but all in vain. *Nature* thrust out a bough this way, and a knot that way, and would not push a single shoot upwards. The trunk was, indeed, kept tolerably straight by constant efforts ; but the head grew awry and ill-fashioned, and made a shabby figure. At length *Education*, despairing to make a sightly plant of it, ingrafted the stock of an apple, and brought it to bear good fruit.

5. At the end of the experiment, the sisters met to compare their respective success. Ah ! sister, said *Nature*, I see it is in your power to spoil the best of my works. Ah ! sister, said *Education*, it is a hard matter to contend against you ; however, something may be done by taking pains enough.

## CHAPTER LVII.

## THE FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.

1. **A** JEWELLER, a man of reputation and considerable wealth, having occasion in the way of his business to travel at some distance from the place of his abode, took with him a servant, in order to take care of his portmanteau. He had with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy; the master having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant watching his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot; then rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal.

2. With this booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known. There he began to trade in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation, and in the course of several years, seemed to rise by the natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration; so that this good fortune appeared at once the effect and reward of industry and virtue.

3. Of these he counterfeited the appearance so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a reputable family, and by laying out his sudden stores discreetly, as he saw occasion, and joining to all an universal affability, he was admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at length he was chosen chief magistrate. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as Governor and as a Judge; till one day as he sat on the bench with some of his fellow judges, a criminal was brought before him, who was accused of murdering his master.

4. The evidence came out full, the jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited for the sentence of the President of the court (which he happened to be that day) with great suspense. Meanwhile he appeared to be in unusual disorder.

and agitation of mind, his colour often changed ; at length he arose from his seat, and coming down from the bench, placed himself just by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the astonishment of all the people.

5. " You see before you," said he, addressing himself to his fellow judges, " you see before you a striking instance of the just awards of Heaven, which this day, after thirty years concealment, presents to you a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty." Then he made a full confession of his guilt, and all its aggravations. " Nor can I feel," continued he, " any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner."

6. Amazement seized the whole assembly, and especially the minds of his fellow judges. They proceeded, however, upon his confession, to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind, leaving to the world this all important truth, that "*the wicked shall not go unpunished.*"

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### CONSTANCY OF MIND.

1. **C**ONSTANCY of mind gives a man reputation, and makes him happy under the greatest misfortunes. After the Carthagenians had defeated the Roman army and taken Regulus, their illustrious commander, prisoner, they met with such a series of misfortunes as induced them to think of putting an end to so destructive a war by a speedy peace. With this view they began to soften the rigors of Regulus's confinement, and engaged him to go to Rome with their ambassadors, and to use his interest to obtain a peace upon moderate terms, or at least an exchange of prisoners.

2. Regulus obeyed his masters, and embarked for Rome, after having bound himself by a solemn oath, to return to his chains, if the negociation did not succeed. When the Senators assembled in the suburbs, he was introduced to them with the Carthagenian ambassadors ; and,

together with them, made the two proposals with which he was charged. "Conscript Fathers," said he, "being now a slave to the Carthagenians, I am come to treat with you concerning a peace, and an exchange of prisoners."

3 Having uttered these words, he began to withdraw, and follow the ambassadors, who were not allowed to be present at the deliberations and disputes of the Conscript Fathers. In vain the Senate pressed him to stay. He gave his opinion as an old Senator and Consul, and refused to continue in the assembly till his African masters ordered; and then the illustrious slave took his place among the Fathers; but continued silent, with his eyes fixed on the ground, while the more ancient senators spoke. When it came to his turn to deliver his opinion, he addressed himself to the Conscript Fathers in the following words:

4. "Though I am a slave at Carthage, yet I am free at Rome; and I will therefore declare my sentiments with freedom. Romans, it is not for your interest either to grant the Carthagenians a peace, or to exchange prisoners with them. Carthage is extremely exhausted; and the only reason why she sues for peace is, because she is not in a condition to continue the war. You have been vanquished but once, and that by *my fault*; a fault which Metellus has repaired by a single victory.

5. "But the Carthagenians have been so overcome, that they have not the courage to look Rome in the face. Your allies continue peaceable, and serve you with zeal. But your enemy's troops consist only of mercenaries, who have no other tie than that of interest, and will soon be disobliged by the republic they serve; Carthage being already destitute of money to pay them. No, Romans, a peace with Carthage does not, by any means, suit your interest, considering the condition to which the Carthagenians are reduced; I therefore advise you to pursue the war with greater vigor than ever. As for the exchange of prisoners, you have among the Carthaginian captives several officers of distinction, who are young, and may one day command the enemy's armies; but as for me, I am advanced in years, and my misfortunes have made me useless,

6. "Besides, what can you expect from soldiers who have been vanquished and made slaves? Such men, like timorous deer that have escaped from the hunter's toils, will ever be upon the alarm, and ready to fly." The Senate greatly affected with his disinterestedness, magnanimity, and contempt of life, would willingly have preserved him, and continued the war in Africa. Some were of opinion, that in Rome he was not bound to keep a oath which had been extorted from him in an enemy's country.

7. The Pontifex Maximus himself, being consulted in the case, declared, that Regulus might continue at Rome without being guilty of perjury. But the noble captive, highly offended at this decision, as if his honour and courage were called in question, declared to the Senate, who trembled to hear him speak, that he well knew what torments were reserved for him at Carthage; but that he had so much of the true spirit of a Roman, as to dread less the tortures of a cruel rack, than the shame of a dishonourable action, which would follow him to the grave. "It is my duty," said he, "to return to Carthage; to Providence I submit the rest."

8. This intrepidity made the Senate still more desirous to save such an hero. Every mean was used to detain him, both by the people and the Senate. He would not even see his wife, nor suffer his children to take their leave of him. Amidst the lamentations and tears of the whole city, he embarked with the Carthaginian ambassadors, to return to the place of his slavery, with as serene and cheerful a countenance, as if he had been going to his country seat for diversion.

9. The Carthagenians were so enraged against him, that they invented new torments to satisfy their revenge. First they cut off his eye lids; keeping him some time in a dark dungeon, and then bringing him out and exposing him to the sun at noon-day. After this, they shut him up in a kind of chest, stuck with nails, having their points inwards, so that he could neither sit nor lean, without great torment; and there they suffered him to die with *hunger*, *anguish*, and *want of sleep*, giving this great lesson, that

"He dies in fame who dies in virtue's cause."

## CHAPTER LIX.

## HAPPINESS NOT FOUNDED ON WEALTH.

1. **D**AMOCLES, one of the courtiers of Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, was perpetually extolling with raptures his treasures, grandeur, the number of his troops, the extent of his dominions, the magnificence of his palaces, and the universal abundance of all good things and enjoyments in his possession; always repeating that "never man was happier than Dionysius."

2. "Because you are of that opinion," said the tyrant, "will you taste, and make proof of my felicity in person?" The offer was accepted with joy; Damocles was placed upon a golden bed, covered with carpets of inestimable value. The side-boards were loaded with vessels of gold and silver. The most beautiful slaves in the most splendid habits stood around him watching the least signal to serve him. The most exquisite essence and perfumes had not been spared. The table was spread with proportionable magnificence.

3. Damocles was all joy, and looked upon himself as the happiest man in the world; when unfortunately casting up his eyes, he beheld over his head the point of a dagger suspended from the ceiling only by a single horse-hair. He was immediately seized with a cold sweat, every thing lost its power to please; he could see nothing but the dagger, nor think of any thing but his danger. In the height of his fear, he desired permission to retire, and declared he would be happy no longer.

## CHAPTER LX.

## A PORTRAIT OF MANKIND.

1. **V**ANITY bids all her sons to be generous and brave, and her daughters to be chaste and courteous. But why do we want her instructions? ask the Comedian, who is taught a part he feels not. Is it that the principles of religion want strength, or that the real passion for what is good or worthy will not carry us high enough?—God! thou knowest they carry us too high, we want not *to be*, but *to seem*.

2. Look out of your door, take notice of that man ; see what disquieting, intriguing, and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain dealing ; three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble. Alas ! he has them not. Behold a second, under a shew of piety, hiding the impurities of a vicious life ; he is just entering the house of God ; would he was more pure, or less pious ! but then he could not gain his point.

3. Observe a third going almost in the same track ; with what an inflexible sanctity of deportment he sustains himself as he advances ! every line in his face writes abstinence ; every stride looks like a check upon his desires ; see, I beseech you, how he is cloaked up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments ; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose ; he has armour at least—Why does he put it on ? Is there no true worship without all this ? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its rendering ? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret—and, what is that ?—That the saint has no religion at all.

4. But here comes generosity ; giving, not to a decayed artist, but to the arts and sciences themselves. See he *builds not a chamber in the wall apart for the prophets* ; but whole schools and colleges for those who come after. Lord ! how they will magnify his name ! it is in capitals already ; the first, the highest, in the gilded rent-roll of every hospital and asylum ;—one honest tear, shed in private over the unfortunate, is worth it all.

5. What a problematic set of creatures does simulation make us ! Who would divine that all the anxiety and concern so visible in the airs of one half of that great assembly should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts, and conduct ? What a noise amongst the claimants about it ! Behold humility, out of mere pride, and honesty almost out of knavery ; chastity never once in harm's way ; and courage, like a Spanish soldier upon an Italian stage, a bladder full of wind. Hark ! hark ! that, the sound of that trumpet ! let not my soldier run, it is some good Christian giving alms. O pity ! thou gentlest of human passions ! soft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with so loud an instrument.

## CHAPTER LXL

## AWKWARDNESS IN COMPANY.

1. **W**HEN an awkward fellow first comes into a room, he attempts to bow, and his sword, if he wears one, gets between his legs, and nearly throws him down. Confused and ashamed, he stumbles to the upper end of the room, and seats himself in the very place where he should not. He there begins playing with his hat, which he presently drops; and recovering his hat, he lets fall his cane; and, in picking up his cane, down goes his hat again. Thus, 'tis a considerable time before he is adjusted.

2. When his tea or coffee is handed to him, he spreads his handkerchief upon his knees, scalds his mouth, drops either the cup or saucer, and spills the tea or coffee in his lap. At dinner, he seats himself upon the edge of his chair, at so great a distance from the table, that he frequently drops his meat between his plate and his mouth; he holds his knife, fork, and spoon, differently from other people; eats with his knife to the manifest danger of his mouth; and picks his teeth with his fork.

3. If he is to carve he cannot hit the joint; but, in laboring to cut through the bone, splashes the sauce over every body's clothes. He generally daubs himself all over; his elbows are in the next person's plate; and he is up to the knuckles in soup and grease. If he drinks, 'tis with his mouth full, interrupting the whole company with, "To your good health, Sir," and "My service to you;" perhaps coughs in his glass, and besprinkles the whole table.

4. He addresses the company by improper titles, as, Sir for my Lord; mistakes one name for another; and tells you of Mr. What d'ye call him, or you know who; Mrs. Who 'ist there, what's her name, or how d'ye call her; he begins a story; but, not being able to finish it, breaks off in the middle, with, "I've forgot the rest."



## CHAPTER LXII.

## A DESCRIPTION OF THE BAY OF NAPLES AND MOUNT VESUVIUS.

1. **T**HE Bay of Naples, surrounded by the most beautiful scenery, exhibits an object beyond description. It is of a circular figure; in most places upwards of twenty miles in diameter; so that including all its breaks and inequalities, the circumference is more than sixty miles. The whole of this space is so wonderfully divided, by all the riches both of art and nature, that there is scarce an object wanting to render it completely sublime.

2. It is difficult to determine, whether the view is more pleasing from the singularity of many of those objects, or from the incredible variety of the whole. You see an amazing mixture of the ancient and modern; some rising to fame, and some sinking to ruin. Palaces reared over the tops of other palaces; and Ancient magnificence trampled under foot by modern folly. Mountains and islands, that were celebrated for their fertility, changed into barren wastes, and barren wastes into fertile fields and rich vineyards.

3. You see mountains sunk into plains, and plains swollen into mountains. Lakes drank up by volcanoes, and extinguished volcanoes turned into lakes. The earth still smoking in many places, and in others throwing out flames. In short, nature seems to have formed this coast in her most capricious mood; for every object is a *lusus nature*. She never seems to have gone seriously to work; but to have devoted this spot to the most unlimited indulgence of caprice and frolic.

4. The Bay is shut out from the Mediterranean by several famous islands and celebrated promontories, all lying a little west, exhibiting the finest scenery that can be imagined; the great and opulent city of Naples, with its three castles, its harbour full of ships from every nation, its palaces, churches, and convents innumerable. The rich country from thence to Portici, covered with noble houses and gardens, and appearing only a continuation of the city. The palace of the king, with many others surrounding it, all built over the roofs of those of Hercu-

Janiculum, buried near a hundred feet by eruptions of Vesuvius.

5. You see Vesuvius itself in the 'back ground of the scene discharging volumes of fire and smoke, and forming a broad track in the air over our heads, extending without being broken or dissipated, to the utmost verge of the horizon; a variety of beautiful towns and villages round the base of the mountain, thoughtless of the impending ruin that daily threatens them. Next follows the extensive and romantic coast of Castello Mare, and Sorrentum, diversified with every picturesque object in nature.

6. It is strange that nature should make use of the same agent to create as to destroy; and that what has only been looked upon as the consumer of countries, is in fact the very power that produces them. Indeed this part of our earth seems to have already undergone the sentence pronounced upon the whole of it; but like the Phoenix, has risen again from its own ashes, in much greater beauty and splendor than before it was consumed. The traces of these dreadful conflagrations are still conspicuous in every corner; they have been violent in their operations, but in the end have proved salutary in their effects. The fire in many places is not yet extinguished, but Vesuvius is now the only spot where it rages with any degree of activity.

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## CHAPTER LXIII.

### ON HONOUR.

1. **T**HE influence of honour on the character and the improvement of the mind, is no less happy than that of virtue. As a virtuous man would not do a criminal action, because repugnant to the laws of God, and injurious to his neighbour; so would an honourable man despise a mercenary deed, because abhorrent to his feelings, and the genuine principles of rectitude. The ideas many have of honour, and of the means to attain it, are as different and perhaps as erroneous as those they have of true happiness.

2. Persons who entertain right conceptions of honour, enjoy a double advantage. Stimulated by its dictates, and instructed by the precepts of virtue, they scorn whatever is low, and aspire at what is amiable. Ambitious to gain the esteem of the world, the man of honour makes virtue his guide ; his life is marked with integrity ; his soul beams sincerity, and justice ever graces the tenor of his conduct.

3 Others who have wrong, or no ideas at all upon this subject, commit crimes of the vilest nature, and pretend to veil their guilt with the false notion, that they are honorable vices, because they are called fashionable. Ask a dissipated man why he carouses at midnight revels, and riots in the luxuries of pleasure, he will answer, "*to maintain my honour and support the dignity of a gentleman.*" Is this honour and dignity ? Such would better grace the gibbet, or the halter, than adorn the gentleman.

4. Ask the duellist, why he would take away the life of—perhaps a brother, he answers, "*to vindicate my honour, and avenge the part of a man.*" Witness a Tymogones, who run a young fellow through in a duel for speaking ill of Belinda, a young lady, whom he had himself brought to poverty and disgrace. Such is the force of custom, to convert the basest crimes into a fashionable point of honour. Alas ! Such may have become fashionable, but they will ever be contemptible.

5. Flattered by a false notion of honour, the voluptuary endeavors to exculpate the criminality of his conduct. Uncontrouled by principles, he gives unbounded scope to his desires, and riots with intemperate festivity. Unacquainted with what is truly honorable, the duellist, for the most trivial offence, thus challenges his antagonist ; "*Equip yourself with sword and pistol, meet me at such a time and place, and prove yourself a GENTLEMAN.*" His antagonist, if destitute of honour like himself, thus answers, "*I accept your challenge with pleasure, and am happy to give you and the world this proof.*"

6. But, if his antagonist be endued with just and honorable principles, he thus replies : "*Sensible what disgrace a compliance with your request would bring upon us both, and humanity itself, I condemn your offer as derogatory to the human character. If in fault, I am willing to make every reasonable*

*confession, and ready to give satisfaction.*" Thus each tries to conceal his respective crime, pretending such inadulgences are innocent, because fashionable. Should the moralist reprove, they disregard his admonitions, and ease their own consciences with the common phrase, *it is honourable.*

7. As the man of virtue fears, so the man of honour scorns to do a mean action. Seneca speaks in the noble and genuine language of honour, when he says, "Were there no God to see and punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and vile a nature." Should those persons who court vice and folly for pleasure, study decency, and cultivate true principles, they would soon discard those fashionable vices, which they vainly flatter themselves, accomplish the real man of honour.

8. The vices of the present age, like dress, have their fashions. Were we to enquire into the cause, should we not find, that many of them owe their rise to a mistaken notion of honour? Excess of pleasure, says the sensualist, is fashionable, consequently, honourable. But were he sensible that nothing but what is virtuous, is worthy of this name, that the principles of honour would teach him to ennoble his soul with conceptions of the just and amiable, he would forsake the lap of pleasure, for that of virtue.

9. Then let the debauchee quit his bottle and his lass; the voluptuary the bed of pleasure; the duellist his dagger, for what is *great, noble, and virtuous*, and be persuaded that honour is the child of virtue, and the perfection of a benevolent and generous soul;

"A sacred tie, the law of kings,  
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,  
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,  
And imitates her actions where she is not."

## CHAPTER LXIV.

### APPLAUSE.

1. **I**F we suppose that there are spirits, or angels, who look into the ways of men, as it is highly probable there are, both from reason and revelation, how different are the notions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another! Were they to

give us in their catalogue of such worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that which any of our species would draw up !

2. *We* are dazzled with the splendour of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories. *They*, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little minds call poverty and distress. They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomps of the court, but often find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks of life. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight, than the march of a general at the head of his thousands.

3. A contemplation of God's works ; a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment ; a generous concern for the good of mankind ; tears that are shed in silence for the misery of others ; a private desire of repentment broken and subdued ; in short, an unfeigned exercise of humility, or any other virtue. are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men *great*, and *reputable*. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, with contempt, or with indignation ; while those who are most obscure among their own species are regarded with love, with approbation and esteem.

4. The moral of the present application amounts to this, that we should not be led away by the censures and applause of men, but consider the figure every person will make at that time when wisdom shall be justified of her children, and nothing pass for great or illustrious, which is not an ornament and perfection to human nature.



## CHAPTER LXV.

### THE HERO AND THE SAGE.

1. **A** WARRIOR, who had been the successful commander of armies, on boasting of the thousands he had slain in the field, or cut off by stratagem, roused the indignant but humane feelings of a Sage, who, unawed by military prowess, thus rebuked the insolence of his triumph. "You seem to exult, Sir, in the destruc-

tion of your kind, and to recapitulate with satisfaction the numbers you have deprived of life, or rendered miserable. As a man, I blush for you; as a Philosopher, I pity you; as a Christian, I despise you."

2. The hero reddened with wrath; he frowned contempt; but he did not yet open his lips. "I am patriot enough (continued the Sage) to wish well to the arms of my country. I honour her valiant sons who support her glory and independence, and who risk their lives in her defence; but however meritorious this may be, in a just cause, the truly brave will lament the cruel necessity they are under of sacrificing their fellow-men; and the generous will rather commiserate than triumph.

3. I never read of a battle, of the destruction of thousands and tens of thousands, but I involuntarily enter into calculations on the extent of misery then ensues. The victims of the sword are, perhaps, least the objects of pity; they have fallen by an honorable and an instant death, and are removed from the consciousness of the woes they have left behind. I extend my views to their surviving relatives, and friends. I bewail the lacerated ties of nature. I sympathise with the widow and the orphan. My heart bleeds for parental agonies. I depict the warm vows of a genuine affection forever lost; the silent throb of exquisite anguish; the tear which perhaps is forbidden to flow; and, from such a contemplation, I turn away with a sensibility that represses exultation for victory, however brilliant, and for success, however complete.

4. The warrior clapped his hand on his sword; he looked indignation, but still was mute. The Sage went on. "I almost forget the name of enemy, when I reflect on the misery of man. The malignant passions that excite hostilities, between nations or individuals, seldom return on the aggressors' heads. Were this the case, moral justice would be satisfied, and reason would have less to censure or lament. But when the innocent suffer for the guilty, who can think without concern, or withhold commiseration, though self necessity may sanction the devastations of war."

5 "Do you mean to insult me, Sir?" sternly demanded the Hero. "This canting hypocritical affectation of sentiment I will not brook. But you are too insignificant

for my resentment." "I confess my insignificance, (re-joined the Sage) my actions have never been blazoned in gazettes; yet I have neither been idle nor uselessly employed. As far as my abilities would allow, I have endeavoured to make mankind wiser and better. If I have failed to increase the stock of human happiness, my heart does not accuse me of diminishing its supplies. Few have an opportunity of doing much good; but the most insignificant and contemptible are qualified to do harm."

6. Here the Hero and the Sage parted; neither was able to convince the other of the importance of his services; the former ordered his coach, and was gazed at with admiration by the unthinking mob; the latter retired to his garret, and was forgotten.

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## CHAPTER LXVI.

### THE FUNERAL.

1. **I**F there are a fortunate *few* who have little reason to complain of the fatigues and inconveniences of life, there are also many who drink deep of the cup of affliction; so deep'y that they court the icy hand of death to relieve them from the inquietudes and pains which render their existence insupportable. How mournful is the passing bell of those we love! how much more sadly solemn does it strike our ear when tolling for those we have lately seen in the bloom of health and cheerfulness of youth, and with whom we have conversed, with social ease, of pleasing prospects.

2. Some favorites of fortune pass on so easy and so tranquil, have so many delightful scenes in view, are engaged in so many enchanting plans of amusement, that they dread the gloomy messenger should announce their tour to be completed. They dream not that the period of their enjoyments is so near.

3. In the pleasurable hurry of dissipation they are unmindful of the inevitable hour. We start with horror from the pangs of dissolution! Let us pause upon this mournful *truth*. Is it the monitor within that makes us tremble? Do we feel the misery, arising from conscious guilt? Do we shudder at the doom that awaits us? The

virtuous look forward with a patient eye ; send up a sigh to heaven ; and drop a tear of chaste repentance over all their errors.

4. Could we wipe them from our hearts, we would commit no more. But we are human, and must, therefore, err. The frailties we regret are interwoven with our frame ; our Maker sees, and will forgive them. When we have paid this last great debt of nature, those who loved us living, will no more remember the imperfections that marked our conduct ; the tears of sorrow shed at our exit, will wash all our improprieties from their recollection.

5. Death may be esteemed the *veil* which conceals, or obliterates, all we wish to be thrown into oblivion ; or it may be viewed as a mirror that reflects every softening tint, all the pleasing, all the engaging qualities which endeared us to our friends, or rendered us agreeable to our acquaintance. In this reflector, with all the tender partiality with which we could wish to be contemplated in the most ambitious moment, of towering vanity, every shade is lightened to the eye, and every varied colour enlivened in the memory.

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## CHAPTER LXVII.

### ON CONFUCIUS.

1. **T**HE celebrated Chinese philosopher, Confucius, did not grow in knowledge by degrees, as children usually do, but seemed to arrive at reason and the perfection of his faculties almost from his infancy. He had a grave and serious deportment, which gained him respect, and plainly foretold what he one day would be.

2. What distinguished him most was his unexampled and exalted piety. He honoured his relations ; he endeavored in all things to imitate his grandfather, who was then alive in China, and a most holy man. It was observable, that he never ate any thing but he prostrated himself on the ground, and offered it first to the supreme Lord of heaven.



3. One day when he was a child he heard his grandfather fetch a deep sigh ; and going up to him with much reverence, " may I presume," says he, " without losing the respect I owe you, to inquire into the occasion of your grief? Perhaps you fear that your posterity should degenerate from your virtue, and dishonour you by their vices."

4. What put this thought into your head, says his grandfather to him ; and where have you learnt to speak in this manner? " From yourself," replied Confucius. " I attend diligently to you every time you speak ; and I have often heard you say, that a son, who does not by his own virtue support the glory of his ancestors, and imitate the virtues of his parents, does not deserve to bear their name "

5. At the age of twenty three, when he had gained considerable knowledge of antiquity, and acquainted himself with the laws and customs of his country, he began to project a scheme for a general reformation ; for then all the little kingdoms depended upon the Emperor ; but it often happened that the imperial authority was not able to keep them within the bounds of their duty, each of the kings being master of his dominions.

6. Confucius, wisely persuaded that the people could never be happy, so long as avarice, ambition, voluptuousness, and false policy should reign in this manner, resolved to preach up severe morality ; and accordingly he began to enforce temperance, justice, and other virtues, to inspire a contempt of riches and outward pomp, to excite to magnanimity and a greatness of soul, which should make men incapable of dissimulation and insincerity.

7. He used every mean he could devise, to redeem his countrymen from a life of pleasure, to a life of reason. He was every where known, and as much beloved. His extreme knowledge, and great wisdom, soon made him known : his integrity, and the splendour of his virtues, made him beloved. Kings were governed by his wisdom, and the people revered him as a saint. He inculcated fidelity and candour among the men, exhorted the women to chastity and simplicity of manners. By such methods he wrought a general reformation, and established every where such concord and humanity, that the whole kingdom seemed as if it were but one great family.

8. Thus the people, regulated by the wise maxims and receipts of Confucius, enjoyed general happiness, till at length, the jealousy of the neighbouring kings was excited. They were convinced that a king, under the counsels of such a man as Confucius, would soon become too powerful. Confucius had the misfortune to live in times, when rebellion, wars, and tumults raged throughout the empire.

9. Some philosophers among his contemporaries were so affected with the terrible state of things, that they had retreated themselves into the mountains and deserts, as the only places where happiness could be found ; and would have persuaded Confucius to follow them. " But I am a man," says Confucius, " and cannot exclude myself from the society of men, and consort with beasts. Bad as the times are, I should do all that I can to recall men to virtue ; for in virtue are all things, and if mankind would but once embrace it, and submit themselves to its discipline and laws, they would not want me, nor any body else to instruct them.

10. " It is the duty of a good man, first to perfect himself, and then to perfect others. Human nature came to us from heaven pure and perfect ; but in process of time, *ignorance*, the *passions*, and *evil examples*, have corrupted it. All depends on restoring it to its primitive beauty ; and to be perfect, we must re-ascend to that point, from whence we have fallen.

11. " Obey Heaven, and follow the orders of him who governs it. Love your neighbor as yourself. Let your reason, and not your senses, be the rule of your conduct ; for reason, will teach you to think wisely, to speak prudently, and to behave yourself worthily on all occasions." Confucius seems rather to speak like a doctor of a revealed law, than like a man who had no light, but what the law of nature afforded him ; and a proof of his sincerity is, that he taught as forcibly by his example as by precept.

12. In short his gravity and sobriety, his rigorous abstinence, his contempt of riches, and what are commonly called the goods of this life, his continual attention and watchfulness over his actions, and above all, that modesty and humility, which are not to be found among the sages of Greece ; all these would tempt one to believe, that he

was not a mere philosopher formed by reason only ; but a man inspired by God for the reformation of the world.

13. A few days before his illness, he told his disciples with tears in his eyes, that he was overcome with grief at the sight of the disorders, which prevailed in the empire. "The mountain," said he, "is fallen ; the high machine is demolished, and the sages are all fled." His meaning was, that the edifice of perfection, which he had endeavored to raise, was entirely overthrown. "The king," said he, "reject my maxims ; and since I am no longer useful on the earth, I may as well leave it."

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## CHAPTER LXVIII.

### FILIAL AFFECTION.

1. **A**MONG all *human duties*, none have a stronger claim to our attention than filial affection ; for next to our Maker, our parents are entitled to our veneration, gratitude and esteem. Yet with all these claims upon their children's affection, how often has the unhappy parent the misery of finding perverseness substituted in the place of humility, arrogance in that of dependence, and indifference in that of duty ! and instead of their children's *submitting with docility* to the experience of age, behold them *vain* through ignorance and *presumptuous* through folly !

2. It unfortunately happens, that the *age* which stands in *most need* of advice, should be the most prone to reject it. In China, so great is the veneration and respect in which the parental character is held, that an instance of its authority being disputed, is absolutely unknown. The virtue of filial tenderness is so strongly exemplified in the following instance, that one need only read it, to catch the virtuous sentiment, and imitate the pious example.

3. A Roman lady of rank was accused of a crime against the state, for which she was tried, and condemned to suffer death. The keeper of the prison, who was ordered to be her executioner, not only felt a great degree of repugnance to the office, but was absolutely incapable of performing it ; yet, aware that his own life depended upon the discharge of his duty, he dared not attempt preserving her existence. Thus circumstanced, the cruel

ea, which had compassion for its foundation, occurred, letting her remain without sustenance, knowing that she must then die *from want*, and that he should escape the pain of becoming her executioner.

4. A man in that situation, who could shrink from the discharge of his duty from motives of humanity, it is natural to suppose, might easily be subdued by tenderness, and overcome by persuasion. It is no wonder that he yielded to the entreaties of the daughter, and permitted her to visit her unhappy mother; though he was under the necessity of searching her to prevent her being the conveyer of any kind of nourishment.

5. Several days elapsed without any striking alteration in the unfortunate mother's appearance. This circumstance called forth the keeper's astonishment so much, that he began to imagine the daughter had contrived some means of eluding his vigilance, therefore resolved to watch her when the daily meeting took place.

6. He did so, and beheld a sight that called forth his pity and admiration. An affectionate daughter was presented to his view, lengthening out her parent's existence, by that nourishment nature had given for the support of her own offspring, and endeavouring to avert the decrees of justice, by the nutritious qualities of the milk of tenderness!

7. The humane keeper instantly flew to her judges, described the interesting scene he had beheld, and had the happiness of procuring a pardon for the unfortunate mother. The Senate were so struck with this instance of amiable tenderness, that they ordered a temple to be erected to filial piety, on the spot where the prison stood, and both mother and daughter to be maintained at the public expense.

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## CHAPTER LXIX.

### ON STUDY.

**S**TUDIES serve for delight, for ornament and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in private hours and retirement; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment, and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and plots,

marshalling of affairs, come best from those who are learned.

2. To spend too much time in studies is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament is affectation ; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience ; for natural abilities are like natural plants, which need pruning by study ; and studies themselves give forth directions too much at large, except they be limited by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them ; for they teach not their own use ; but that is a wisdom won by observation.

3. Read not to contradict and refute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted ; others to be swallowed ; and some few are to be chewed and digested ; that is, some books are to be read only in part ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

4. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others ; but that should be in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are like common distilled watets, flashy things. *Reading* makes a full man ; *conference* a ready man ; and *writing* an exact man.

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## CHAPTER LXX.

GEN WASHINGTON'S LETTER TO PRESIDENT ADAMS,  
On his Appointment to the office of Commander in Chief of all the  
Armies of the United States.

DEAR SIR,

Mount Vernon, 13th July, 1798.

1. **I** HAD the honour, on the evening of the 11th instant, to receive from the hand of the Secretary of War, your favour of the 7th, announcing that you had, with the advice and consent of the Senate, appointed me " Lieutenant-General and Commander in Chief of all the armies raised, or to be raised, for the service of the United States."

2 I cannot express how greatly affected I am at this new proof of public confidence, and the highly flattering

manner in which you have been pleased to make the communication ; at the same time, I must not conceal from you my earnest wish, that the choice had fallen upon a man less declined in years, and better qualified to encounter the usual vicissitudes of war.

3. You know, Sir, what calculation I had made, relative to the probable course of events on my retiring from office, and the determination I had consoled myself with, of closing the remnant of my days in my present peaceful bode ; you will, therefore, be at no loss to conceive and appreciate the sensations I must have experienced, to bring my mind to any conclusion that would pledge me, at so late a period of life, to leave scenes I sincerely love, to enter upon the boundless field of public action, incessant trouble, and high responsibility.

4. It was not possible for me to remain ignorant of, or indifferent to, recent transactions. The conduct of the Directory of France, towards our country ; their insidious hostility to its government ; their various practices to withdraw the affections of the people from it ; the evident tendency of their acts, and those of their agents, to countenance and invigorate opposition ; their disregard of solemn treaties, and the laws of nations ; their war upon our defenceless commerce ; their treatment of our ministers of peace ; and their demands amounting to tribute ; could not fail to excite in me corresponding sentiments with those my countrymen have so generally expressed in their affectionate addresses to you.

5. Believe me, Sir, no one can more cordially approve of the wise and prudent measures of your administration. They ought to inspire universal confidence, and will, no doubt, combined with the state of things, call from Congress such laws and means as will enable you to meet the full force and extent of the crisis. Satisfied, therefore, that you have sincerely wished and endeavoured to avert war, and exhausted to the last drop, the cup of reconciliation, we can, with pure hearts, appeal to heaven for the success of our cause ; and may confidently trust the final result to that kind Providence who has heretofore, and so often, signally favoured the people of these United States.

6. Thinking in this manner, and feeling how incumbent it is upon every person, of every description, to con-

tribute at all times to his country's welfare, and especially in a moment like the present, when every thing we hold dear and sacred, is so seriously threatened ; I have finally determined to accept the commission of Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States ; with the reserve only, that I shall not be called into the field until the army is in a situation to require my presence, or it becomes indispensable by the urgency of circumstances.

7. In making this reservation, I beg it to be understood, that I do not mean to withhold any assistance to arrange and organize the army, which you may think I can afford. I take the liberty also to mention, that I must decline having my acceptance considered as drawing after it any immediate charge upon the public ; or that I can receive any emoluments annexed to the appointment, before entering into a situation to incur expense.

8. The Secretary of War being anxious to return to the seat of government, I have detained him no longer than was necessary to a full communication upon the several points he had in charge.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

### CHARACTER OF KING ALFRED.

1. **T**HE merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen, which the annals of any nation, or any age, can present to us. He seems indeed to be that complete model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice ; so happily were all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds !

2. He knew how to conciliate the boldest enterprise with the coolest moderation ; the most obstinate perseverance, with the easiest flexibility ; the most severe justice with the greatest lenity ; the most vigorous command with the greatest affability of deportment ; the highest ca-

city and inclination for science, with the most shining  
lents for action. The civil and military virtues are al-  
most equally the objects of our admiration, excepting on-  
ly that the former, being more rare among princes, as  
well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause.  
3. Nature, also, as if desirous that a bright production  
her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed  
him all bodily accomplishments; vigour of limbs, digni-  
ty of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open  
countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that  
barbarous age, deprived him of historians worthy to trans-  
mit his fame to posterity; and we wish to see him deline-  
ated in more lively colours, that we may at least perceive  
none of those small specks and blemishes, from which, as  
man, it is impossible he could be entirely exempted.

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## CHAPTER LXXII.

### AN EASTERN STORY.

**T**HERE was among the Caliphs one more  
renowned than all the rest for the goodness  
and singularity of his temper, whose name was Ha-  
mud Abrashid. It was his custom to walk unknown  
among his subjects, and hear from their own mouths their  
complaints, and their opinion of their rulers. He advanced  
and degraded according to these reports; perhaps  
sometimes too hastily, though always with an upright pur-  
pose; and used to say he was the only sovereign that  
heard the thoughts of his people.

2. One morning about sunrise, as he was walking along  
the side of a river, he saw an old man and his grandson  
sitting in discourse. The boy in wantonness, had taken a  
water-worm out of the flags; and having thrown it on  
the ground, had lifted up his foot to crush it. The old  
man pulled him back, and just as the Caliph came up,  
he was saying to him, "Boy, don't take away that which is  
in thy power to give. He, who gave life to that insect,  
gave life also to thee; how darest thou destroy what he  
bestowed? *Show mercy, and thou wilt find mercy.*"

3. The Caliph stopped, and hearing rags and beggary  
eloquent, stood astonished. "What is your name,



and where is your habitation ?" said he. The old man told him he was called Atelmoule, and pointed to his cottage. In an hour a robe of state was sent to the cottage, officers attended, and Atelmoule was told he was appointed Visier. They conducted him full of wonder and confusion to the Caliph, when he fell upon his face before the throne, and without daring to look up, kissed the verge of the royal robe. "Rise, Atelmoule, said the Caliph, you are now next the throne, forget not your own lesson, *"Shew mercy, and you shall find it."*

4. The man with astonishment and surprise recollected in the Caliph, the person whom he had spoken with in the morning. Mean time the sun was warm; the worm whose life this new Visier had saved, opened his shelly back, and gave birth to a fly that buzzed about and enjoyed his newborn wings with rapture; he settled on the mule that carried back the Visier, and stung the creature. The mule pranced and threw his unaccustomed rider. The Visier hung by part of his robe, and was killed by a blow from the creature's heel.

5. The account was brought to the palace, and even those who had murmured at the exaltation of the man, pitied the death he owed to his virtue. Even Providence was censured, so daring and ignorant is man; but the Caliph, superior to the rest in virtue as in office, lifting up his hands to heaven, cried, "Blessed be thy sacred name, O Prophet, I had decreed honours to Atalmoule, but thou hast snatched him to thy paradise, to enjoy greater honours"

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## CHAPTER LXXIII.

### DEVOTION.

1. **I**T is of the greatest importance to season the passions of a child with devotion, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early impression of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes, have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and over laid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A state of temperance, sobriety, and justice, without ostentation is a cold, lifeless, insipid condition of virtue, and rather to be styled philosophy than religion. Devotion raises the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the most cultivated science; and at the same time warms and agitates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

3. Man is more distinguished from the animal world by devotion than by reason, as several brute creatures discover in their actions something like a faint glimmer of reason, though they betray in no single circumstance of their behaviour any thing that bears the least affinity to devotion. It is certain the propensity of the soul to religious worship, the natural tendency of the soul to fly to some superior Being for succour in dangers and distresses, the acts of love and admiration with which the thoughts of men are so wonderfully transported, in meditating upon the divine perfections, and the universal concurrence of all the nations under heaven in the great temple of adoration, plainly shew that devotion, or religious worship must be the effect of tradition from some first teacher of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reason, or that it proceeds from an instinct implanted in the soul itself.

4. But which ever of them shall be assigned as the principle of divine worship, it manifestly points to a supreme Being as the first author of it, and in the exercise of such principle the mind is raised to the contemplation of the infinite and infinite perfections of the supreme Governor of the universe.

5. Nothing is so glorious in the eyes of mankind, and so ornamental to human nature, setting aside the infinite advantages which arise from it, as a strong and steady piety; but enthusiasm and superstition are the weaknesses of man reason, that expose us to the scorn and derision of infidels, and sink us below even the beasts that perish.

6. The most illiterate man who is touched with devotion and uses frequent exercises of it, contracts a certain earnestness of mind, mingled with a noble simplicity, that raises him above those of the same condition; and there is an indelible mark of goodness in those who sincerely possess it; for the fervors of a pious mind will contrain-

such an earnestness and attention towards a better being, as will make the ordinary passages of life pass on with a becoming indifference.

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## CHAPTER LXXIV.

### THE PARTIAL JUDGE.

1. **A** FARMER came to a neighbouring lawyer, expressing great concern for an accident which he said had just happened. One of your oxen, continued he, has been gored by an unlucky bull of mine ; and I should be glad to know, how I am to make you reparation.

2. Thou art a very honest fellow, replied the lawyer, and wilt not think it unreasonable, that I expect one of thy oxen in return. It is no more than justice, said the farmer, to be sure ; but what did I say ?—I mistake. It is *your* bull that has killed one of *my* oxen. Indeed ! says the lawyer, that alters the case ; I must enquire into the affair ; and if—And *if* ! said the farmer—the business, I find, would have been concluded without an *if*, had you been as ready to do justice to others, as to exact it from them.

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## CHAPTER LXXV.

### THE PICTURE.

1. **S**IR William Lely, a famous painter in the reign of Charles I. agreed before hand for the price of a picture he was to draw for a rich London Alderman, who was not indebted to nature either for shape or face : the picture being finished, the Alderman endeavored to beat down the price, alleging, that if he did not purchase it, it would lie on the painter's hands.

2. "That's your mistake," says Sir William ; "For I can sell it at double the price I demand." "How can that be," says the Alderman, "for 'tis like nobody but myself?" "True," replied Sir William, "but I can draw a tail to it, and then it will be an excellent monkey." Mr. Alderman, to prevent being exposed, paid down the money demanded, and carried off the picture.

## CHAPTER LXXVI.

## AFFECTION TO PARENTS.

1. **A**N amiable youth was lamenting, in terms of the sincerest grief, the death of a most affectionate parent. His companion endeavoured to console him by the reflection, that he had always behaved to the deceased with duty, tenderness, and respect.

2. So, I thought, replied the youth, whilst my parent was living; but now I recollect, with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement.

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**CHAPTER LXXVII.****A FABLE.**

1. **O**NCE at a certain time, the Seven Wise men of Greece were met together at Athens; and it was proposed that every one of them should mention what he thought the greatest wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the rest, proposed the opinion of some of the Astronomers about the fixed stars, which they believed to be so many suns, that had each their planets rolling about them, and were stored with plants and animals, like this earth.

2. Fixed with this thought, they agreed to supplicate Jupiter, that he would at least permit them to take a journey to the moon, and stay there three days in order to see the wonders of that place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter consented, and ordered them to assemble on a high mountain, where there should be a cloud ready to convey them to the place they desired to see. They picked out some chosen companions, who might assist them in describing, and painting the objects they should meet. At length they arrived at the moon, and found there a palace well fitted up for their reception.

3. The next day being much fatigued with their journey, they kept quiet at home till noon, and being still faint they refreshed themselves with a most delicious entertainment, which they relished so well that it overcame their curiosity. This day they only saw through the

windows that delightful spot, adorned with the most beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the sun gave an uncommon lustre, and heard the singing of melodious birds till evening came on. The following day they rose very early in order to begin their observations. But some very beautiful young ladies of the country coming to make them a visit, advised them first to recruit their strength before they exposed themselves to the laborious task they were about to undertake.

4. The delicate meats, and the rich wines, prevailed over the resolution of the strangers. A fine concert of music is introduced, the young ones begin to dance, and all is turned to jollity; so that this whole day was spent in mirth and festivity, till some of the neighbouring inhabitants, growing envious at their enjoyments, rushed in with drawn swords. The elder part of the company tried to appease the younger, promising that on the morrow they would bring the rioters to justice. This they performed, and on the third day, the cause was heard, and what with accusations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itself, the whole day was taken up, on which the term set by Jupiter expired.

5. On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them to hear the wonders of the moon described; but all they could tell was (for that was all they knew) that the ground was covered with green, intermixed with flowers, and that the birds sung amongst the branches of the trees; but of what kinds of flowers they saw, or what kinds of birds they heard, they were totally ignorant. Upon which they were treated every where with contempt.

6. If we apply this fable to men of the present age, we shall perceive a very just similitude. By these three days the fable denotes the three ages of man. First, Youth, in which we are too feeble in every respect to look into the works of the Creator. All that season is given up to idleness, luxury and pastime. Second, Manhood, in which men are employed in settling, marrying, educating children, providing fortunes for them, and bringing up a family. Third, old age, in which, after having made their fortunes, they are overwhelmed with law suits, and proceedings relating to their estates. Thus

it frequently happens that men never consider to what end they were destined, and why they were brought into the world.

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## CHAPTER LXXVIII.

### THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

1. **T**HE Press is one of the most useful discoveries for the general diffusion of knowledge in the world, that has ever been made. Periodical publications may be very useful to society, by enlightening the minds of the citizens, instructing them in the affairs of common life, the state of their country, and the common good. This country has long enjoyed the benefits resulting from such publications. Such, in general, has been the usefulness of the freedom of the press, that we have had great occasion to exult in the privilege.

2. Well regulated Newspapers, and Magazines, are of inestimable value. In them we may find instruction for the artizan, the machanic, and husbandman, the divine and the statesman. Here the scholar and sentimentalist may find both improvement and entertainment. Here, too, every individual may trace men and manners; may read the characters of those in office, discover by what methods they came there, and what are the ruling motives that govern their actions.

3. In this way the citizens may acquire some knowledge of the nature and circumstances of the government under which they live, and learn the motives which effect the measures. A general political knowledge of this kind is not only amusing, but it may be very beneficial in a community; as it has a tendency, on the one hand, to check the encroachments of those in power, on the rights of individuals; so, on the other hand, to still the murmurs of individuals against the measures of their rulers; for men will often complain of the effect, if the cause is unknown.

4. Those things will be called oppressive and grievous, which are imposed on us through necessity, for our own

benefit, if we are unacquainted with the occasion of the imposition. Yet when we see the fitness, or the necessity of them, we submit with patience. But as the liberty of the press is to be supported for the purpose of preserving the freedom of the people, it should be remembered that licentiousness is equally prejudicial and dangerous to both.

5. The liberty of the press ought *never to be so unrestrained*, as to be used for the promotion of licentiousness among the people. Have not many of the publications in some of our modern newspapers been too unrestrained for the benefit of the citizens? Can it be beneficial to the community to have our gazettes crowded, as they sometimes have been, on the subject of elections of public men? Is it well that characters should be handled with the cruel freedom too often exercised by anonymous writers?

6. Ought a man's private character to be called in question, treated with asperity, wounded by sarcasms, and blackened by infamous aspersions in public papers, unless the writer affixes his name? Do not publications of this kind destroy the happiness of society, by creating and fomenting divisions, discords and animosities? Or can it be for the benefit of the community that public assemblies, legislatures and magistrates, should be vilified in this way? Or even that the measures of government should be reprobated in disrespectful, opprobrious language? Can any good result from it?

7. Ought not writings of this complexion to be precluded from the press, at least till the writer is willing to expose his name? Is it well that a community should be alarmed, their fears awakened, their peace interrupted, by false and groundless assertions respecting public men, or public measures, and not be informed who it was that thus insulted them? Had the signatures been affixed, full often, and many a time, the fearful apprehensions of honest men would not have been awakened. Thanks be to our countrymen, that prompt and ample justice has been given to injured characters, in several late decisions of an enlightened jury. May these righteous verdicts deter all from such unjust and cruel conduct.

## CHAPTER LXXIX.

## DIVERTING INSTANCE OF INDIAN RETALIATION.

1. **A**T a time when the American Indians did not know the Europeans, a traveller penetrated into their country, made them acquainted with fire arms, and sold them muskets and gun-powder; then went a hunting and got great plenty of game, and of course many furs. Another traveller went thither some time after with amunition; but the Indians being still provided, they did not care to barter with the Frenchman, who invented a very odd trick, in order to sell his powder, without much troubling his head with the consequences that might result from his imposition to his countrymen. He thought he had done a great action in deceiving these poor people.

2. As the Indians are curious, they were desirous of knowing how powder, which they called grain, was made in France. The traveller made them believe that it was sown, and that they had crops of it as of indigo or millet in America. The Indians were pleased with the discovery, and sowed all the gun-powder which they had left, which obliged them to buy that of the Frenchman, who got a considerable quantity of beaver skins for it, and afterwards went down the river to the Illinois, where M. de Tonti commanded.

3. The Indians went from time to time to see if the powder had come up; they had placed a guard there to hinder the wild beasts from spoiling the field; but they soon found out the Frenchman's trick. It must be observed that the Indians can be deceived but once, and they always remember it. Accordingly they were resolved to be revenged upon the first Frenchman that should come to them.

4. Soon after, the hopes of profit excited the traveller to send his partner among these same Indians with goods proper for their commerce; they soon found that this man was associated with the Frenchman who had imposed upon them; however, they dissembled the trick which his predecessor had played. They gave him the public hut, which was in the middle of the village, in which he



might deposit his bales, and when they were all laid out to view, the Indians came in confusedly, and all those who had been foolish enough to sow gun-powder, took away some goods ; so the poor Frenchman was rid of all his bales at once, but without any equivalent from the Indians.

5. He complained much of these proceedings, and laid his grievances before the great chief, who answered him very gravely, that he should have justice done him, but for that purpose he must wait for the *gun powder harvest*, his subjects having sown that commodity by the advice of his countryman ; that he might believe upon the word of a sovereign, that after the harvest was over, he would order a general hunt ; and that all the skins of wild beasts that would be taken should be given him in return for the important secret which the other Frenchman had taught them.

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## CHAPTER LXXX.

### HOTSPUR'S SOLILOQUY ON THE CONTENTS OF A LETTER.

1. “**B**UT for mine own part my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.” He could be contented to be there ! Why is he not then ? In respect of the love he bears your house ; he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves your house. Let me see some more “ The purpose you undertake is dangerous.” Why that’s certain ; ’tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower safety. “ The purpose you undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have named uncertain ; the time itself unforted ; and the whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.” Say you so, say you so ? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this ! our plot is a good plot as ever was laid ; our friends true and constant ; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation ; an excellent plot ; very good friends. What a frosty spirited rogue is this ! Why

My lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by his rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is he not my father, my uncle, and myself; lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month; and are there not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! You shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself and go to buffets, for loving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honorable an action. Hang him! let him tell the king. We are repared. I will set forward to night.



## CHAPTER LXXXI.

## THE DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

1. **T**HE Christian, and he alone, can triumph amidst the agonies of dissolving nature, in a well-grounded hope of future felicity. There is a genuine dignity in the death of a real believer. It is not the vanity of an Augustus Cæsar, who called his subjects around him; and after reminding them that he had lived in glory, bid them applaud him after death.

2. It is not the heroic stupidity of an Andre, who ostentatiously desired the spectators of his catastrophe to witness that he died as a brave man. It is not the thoughtless courage of a professed Hero, in the heat of spirits, and amidst the confusion of battles, rushing almost headlong upon certain destruction. It is not the hard insensibility of an Indian Warrior, exulting in the midst of surrounding flames, provoking his tormentors and singing a merry song of death. He meanly retreats from evils, which Christian heroism would qualify to overcome by his exertions, or to endure with patience.

3. The votaries of fame may acquire a sort of insensibility to death and its consequences. But he alone

whose peace is made with God, and who enjoys the light of his Saviour's countenance, can walk with composure through the gloomy valley of the shadow of death, and fear no evil. See the polished Chesterfield, after a life of pleasure, proudly endeavoring to act the philosopher in death. In spite of his refinements in the art of dissimulation, an anxious horror of conscience burst forth, and evinced, that as he had lived a polite deceiver, so he died a philosophical hypocrite.

4. On the other hand, behold the amiable, the virtuous, the pious Addison, in his dying scene. How humble, and at the same time, how dignified he appears! That modesty, that tranquility of mind, that cheerful patience and resignation which were eminently characteristic of his life and writings never forsook him to the last moment of his life. His setting sun shone bright. The evening of his life was pleasant and serene. Supported by the testimony of a good conscience, and a lively faith in his Redeemer, as he lay on his death-bed, he could look the advancing king of terrors in the face with a smile, and welcome him as a messenger of glad tidings.

5. Observe him, ye admirers of fortitude; view him in that critical moment, which emphatically tries men's souls; and learn with what superior dignity and peace of mind a *Christian* can die. Who would not adopt the language of Balaam, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?" Is this your real wish? then you must live the life of the righteous, for eternity, with all its pleasing, dreadful scenes, is suspended upon our present conduct.

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## CHAPTER LXXXII.

### THE POOR OLD MAN:

1. **I** AM dark, said the old man, and have lost the only blessing heaven had left me; she lies buried in this grave, and every hour of my future life will wait a prayer to the Supreme Director, to hasten the period of my last repose beneath the same sod.

2. Have your days been always wretched, said I ; and have your eyes never beheld the light of the sun ? Alas ! said he, my early days were happy, and my maturer years were not embittered by any poignant sorrow ; it is true I rose up early and sat up late, but it was to give bread and comfort to a numerous family, to whom I hoped to leave comfortable portions, and an honorable name.

3. But it pleased Heaven to take from me *five* out of *ten* children to itself, in the course of two years. My wife, who was the best of women, sunk beneath the misfortune ; she drooped like a flower, and never held up her head again till she died. I became almost broken hearted, and soon after lost my sight. My son, to whose care I entrusted the savings of my industrious years, with a degree of insensibility no human mind could conceive, left me, not only to my former sorrows, but, taking my little treasure with him, added poverty and want to the number of them.

4. Heaven, however, after making me the victim of its wrath, left me one consolation : My tender and affectionate Laura, my dutiful child, was permitted yet awhile to remain by my side. Her youth and innocence, and my age and infirmity, have won the tenderness of all who knew us, and raised us friends among those who knew us not before the days of our sorrow. The quiver of fortune was not yet exhausted against me, the fatal arrow was left !

5. Laura and I sat on a sunny bank together, and while I revolved in silence, the dark passages of life, through which I had been ordained to pass, Laura slept. The burning rays of noon lighted up a fever in her veins. A few days she died, and left me more than disconsolate. I wept again ; but now trust I shall weep no more : here am I led every day to sit an hour upon Laura's grave—upon her grave which will soon be mine ; alas ! again I feel the tears upon my cheek. When, gracious Heaven ! when will the fountains be dried up for ever ?

## CHAPTER LXXXIII.

## LAW CASE. BULLUM VERSUS BOATUM.

1. **W**E shall now return to the law, for our laws are full of returns, and we shall show a compendium of law. [*Takes the wig.*] Parts of practice in the twist of the tail. The depth of a full bottom denotes the length of a chancery suit, and the black coif behind, like a blistering plaister, seems to show us that law is a great irritation, and only to be used in cases of necessity. We shall now beg leave to change the fashion of the head dress, for, like a poor periwig-maker, I am obliged to mount several patters on the same block.

[*Puts on the wig.*]

2. Law is—law,—Law is, law! and as such and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take the least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it; it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

3. We now shall mention a cause called “Bullum versus Boatum;” it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows: There were two farmers, farmer A. and farmer B. Farmer A. was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay twisted rope fashion, or as we say, vulgo vocato, a hayband. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went *up town* to dinner; farmer B’s bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came *down town* to look for a dinner; and the bull observing, seeing, discerning, and spying out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull forambled into the ferry boat,—he eat up the turnips, and to make an end of his meal, he fell to work upon the hayband; the boat being eat from

her moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it ; it struck against a rock ; beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard ; whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat for running away with the hull ; the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull, for running away with the boat. And thus notice of trial was given *Bullum versus Boatum, Boatum versus Bullum*.

4. Now the counsel for the bull began by saying, " My Lord, and you, gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my Lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my Lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses ; therefore, my Lord, how can we punish what is not punishable ? How can we eat what is not eatable ? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable ? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable ? Therefore, my Lord, as we are counsel for the bull in this cause, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be *guilty of a bull*."

5. The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be non suited, because in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was ; for thus wisely and thus learnedly spoke the counsel ; " My Lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour ; and if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be ?" I overruled this motion myself, by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour ; besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for *the law can colour any thing*. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved that the tide of the river carried them both away, upon which I gave it, as my opinion, that as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water Bailiff.

6. My opinion being taken, an action was issued, and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose, how, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos*

mentis evidence, how could an oath be administered? The point was soon settled by Boatum's attorney declaring that for his client he would swear any thing.

7. The water Bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record in true law Latin, which set forth in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood, or the tide of ebb; the charter of the water Bailiff was as follows; *Aque bailiffi magistratus in choisi, sapor omnibus, salibus, qui habuerunt fennos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in fresibus vel saltibus riveris, lakos, pondis, canalibus, et well boats, for oysteri, prawni, whitini shrimpi, turbatus solos; that is, as turbut alone, but turbut and soals both together.* But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed, people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood to avoid quibbling; but it being proved, that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high-water, they were non-suited; but such was the lenity of the court upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again *de novo*.

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## CHAPTER LXXXIV.

### HONESTY AND GENEROSITY.

1. **A** POOR man, who was door-keeper to a house in Milan, found a purse which contained two hundred crowns. The man who had lost it, informed by a public advertisement, came to the house, and giving sufficient proof that the purse belonged to him, the door-keeper restored it.

2. Full of joy and gratitude, the owner offered his benefactor twenty crowns, which he absolutely refused. Ten were then proposed, and afterwards five; but the door-keeper still refusing to accept them, the man threw his purse upon the ground, and in an angry tone cried, "I have lost nothing, nothing at all, if you thus refuse to accept of a gift." The door-keeper then consented to receive five crowns, which he immediately distributed amongst the poor.

## CHAPTER LXXXV.

## THE UNGRATEFUL GUEST.

1. **A** CERTAIN soldier in the Macedonian army, had, in many instances, distinguished himself by extraordinary acts of valor, and had received many marks of Philip's favor and approbation. On some occasion, he embarked on board a vessel, which was wrecked by a violent storm, and he himself cast on the shore, helpless, naked, and scarcely with the appearance of life.

2. A Macedonian, whose lands were contiguous to the sea, came opportunely to be witness of his distress, and with all humane and charitable tenderness flew to the relief of the unhappy stranger. He bore him to his house, laid him on his own bed, revived, cherished, comforted, and for forty days supplied him freely with all the necessaries and conveniences which his languishing condition could require.

3. The soldier, thus happily rescued from death, was incessant in the warmest expressions of gratitude to his benefactor, assured him of his interest with the king, and of his power and resolution of obtaining for him, from the royal bounty, the noble returns which such extraordinary benevolence had merited. He was now completely recovered, and his kind host supplied him with money to pursue his journey.

4. Some time after he presented himself before the king; he recounted his misfortunes, and magnified his services; and this inhuman wretch, who had looked with an eye of envy on the possessions of the man who had preserved his life, was now so abandoned to all the sense of gratitude, as to request that the king would bestow upon him, the house and lands where he had been so kindly and tenderly entertained.

5. Unhappily, Philip, without examination, inconsiderately and precipitately granted his infamous request; and this soldier now returned to his preserver, and repaid his goodness, by turning him from his little settlement, and taking immediate possession of the fruits of his honest industry. The poor man, stung with this instance of unparalleled ingratitude and insensibility, boldly determin-



ed, instead of submitting to his wrongs, to seek relief. In a letter addressed to Philip, he represented his own and the soldier's conduct in a lively and affecting manner.

6. The king was instantly fired with indignation; he ordered that justice should be done without delay; that the possessions should be immediately restored to the man, whose charitable offices had been thus horribly repaid. and having ordered the soldier to be seized, caused these words to be branded on his forehead, *the ungrateful guest*; a character infamous in every age, among all nations; but particularly among the Greeks, who, from the earliest times, were most scrupulously observant of the laws of hospitality.

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## CHAPTER LXXXVI.

### THE PRUDENT JUDGE.—*An Eastern Tale.*

1. **A** MERCHANT who on account of business, was obliged to visit foreign countries, entrusted to a Dervise, whom he considered as his friend, a purse containing a thousand sequins, and begged him to keep it till his return. At the end of a year the merchant returned, and asked for his money; but the deceitful Dervise affirmed that he had never received any.

2. The merchant fired with indignation at his perfidious conduct applied to the Cadi. "You have had more honesty than prudence," said the judge; "You ought not to have placed so much confidence in a man of whose fidelity you were not sufficiently assured. It will be difficult to compel this cheat to restore a deposit which he received when no witnesses were present. Go to him again, address him in a friendly manner, without informing him that I am acquainted with the affair, and return to me to-morrow at the same hour."

3. The merchant obeyed, but instead of getting his money, he received only abuse. While the debtor and creditor were disputing, a slave arrived from the Cadi, who invited the Dervise to pay a visit to his master. The Dervise accepted the invitation. He was introduced into a grand apartment, received with friendship, treated with the same respect as if he had been a man of the most distinguished rank.

4. The Cadi discoursed with him upon different subjects, among which he occasionally introduced, as opportunity presented, the highest encomiums on the wisdom and knowledge of the Dervise. When he thought he had gained his confidence by praises and flattery, he informed him that he had sent for him in order to give him the most convincing proof of his respect and esteem.

5. "An affair," says the Cadi, "obliges me to be absent for a few months; I cannot trust my slaves, and I am desirous of putting my treasures into the hands of a man who, like you, enjoys an unspotted reputation. If you can take charge of them, without impeding your own occupations, I shall send you to-morrow night my most valuable effects; but as this affair requires great secrecy, I shall order the faithfullest of my slaves to deliver them to you as a present which I make you."

6. On these words an agreeable smile was diffused over the countenance of the treacherous Dervise. He made a thousand reverences to the Cadi, thanked him for the confidence reposed in him, assured him in the strongest terms that he would preserve his treasures as the apple of his eye, and returned, hugging himself with joy at the thoughts of being able to over-reach the judge.

7. Next morning the merchant returned to the Cadi, and informed him of the obstinacy of the Dervise. "Go back," said the judge, "and if he persist in his refusal, threaten that you will complain to me. I think you will not have occasion to repeat your menace."

8. The merchant immediately hastened to the house of his debtor, and no sooner had he mentioned the name of the Cadi, than the Dervise, who was afraid of losing the treasure that was about to be entrusted to his care, restored the purse, and smiling, said, "my dear friend, why should you trouble the Cadi? Your money was perfectly secure in my hands; my refusal was only a piece of pleasantry. I was desirous of seeing how you would bear disappointment."

9. The merchant was, however, prudent enough not to believe what he had heard, and returned to the Cadi, to thank him for the generous assistance which he had given him. Night approached, and the Dervise prepared to re-

ceive the expected treasure ; but the night passed and no slaves appeared. As soon as it was morning the Dervise repaired to the judge's house. "I am come to know, Mr. Cadi," said he, "why you have not sent the slaves according to promise?"

10. "Because I have learned from a merchant," said the judge, "that thou art a perfidious wretch, whom justice will punish as thou deservest if a second complaint of the same nature is brought against thee!" The Dervise, struck with this reproof, made a profound reverence, and retired with precipitation, without offering a single word in his own vindication.

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## CHAPTER LXXXVII.

OF THE SCRIPTURES,\* AS THE RULE OF LIFE.

Addressed to the Young.

1. **A**S you advance in years and understanding, you will be able to examine for yourselves the evidences of the Christian Religion ; and you will be convinced on rational grounds, of its divine authority. At present, such inquiries would demand more study and greater powers of reasoning, than your age admits. It is your duty, therefore, till you are capable of understanding the proofs, to believe your parents and teachers, that the holy scriptures are writings inspired by God, containing a true history of facts, in which we are deeply concerned.

2. They contain a true recital of the laws given by God to Moses, and of the precepts of our blessed Saviour, delivered from his own mouth to his disciples, and repeated and enlarged upon in the edifying epistles of his apostles, who were men chosen from amongst those who had the

\* Christianity being the only true and perfect religion, and as in proportion as mankind adopt its principles, and obey its precepts, they will be wise and happy ; and as the bible contains the knowledge of this religion, the following thirteen chapters are designed to assist the scholar in the attainment of that most important knowledge, to be drawn from the scriptures. May heaven direct you in studying this sacred volume, and render it the means of making you wise unto salvation.

advantage of conversing with our Lord, to bear witness of his miracles and resurrection ; and who, after his ascension, were assisted and inspired by the Holy Ghost.

3. This sacred volume must be the rule of your life. In it you will find all truths necessary to be believed ; and plain and easy directions for the practice of every duty. Your bible, then, must be your chief study and delight ; but as it contains many various kinds of writings ; some parts obscure and difficult of interpretation, others plain and intelligible to the meanest capacity, I would recommend chiefly to your frequent perusal such parts of the sacred writings, as are most adapted to your understanding, and most necessary for your instruction

4. Our Saviour's precepts were spoken to the common people amongst the Jews, and were, therefore, given in a manner easy to be understood, and equally striking and instructive to the learned and unlearned ; for the most ignorant may comprehend them, whilst the wisest must be charmed and awed by the beautiful and majestic simplicity with which they are expressed.

5. Of the same kind are the ten commandments, delivered by God to Moses ; which, as they were designed for universal laws, are worded in the most concise and simple manner yet with a majesty which commands our utmost reverence. I think you will receive great pleasure, as well as improvement, from the historical books of the Old Testament, provided you read them as an history, in a regular course. No history is more wonderful, interesting, and affecting ; none more simple in its diction, and is of all the most authentic.

6. I shall give you some brief directions, concerning the method and course best to be pursued, in reading the holy scriptures. May you be enabled to make the best use of this most precious gift of God ; this sacred treasure of knowledge ! May you read the bible, not as a dull task, nor as the employment of that day only, in which you are forbidden more lively entertainments ; but with a sincere and ardent desire of instruction ; with that love and delight in God's word, which the holy Psalmist so pathetically felt and described, and which is the natural consequence of loving God and virtue.

7. The having of some general notion of what you are to expect from each book, may possibly help you to understand them, and will heighten your relish for them. The time and manner in which children usually read the bible, are very ill calculated to make them really acquainted with it; and too many people who have read, without understanding it, in their youth, satisfy themselves that they know enough of it, and never afterwards study it with attention, when they come to a maturer age.

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## CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

OF GENESIS. — *The Doctrine of Resignation and Faith.*

1. **G**ENESIS contains the most grand, and, to us, the most interesting events, that ever happened in the universe; the creation of the world, and of man; the deplorable fall of man, from his first state of excellence and bliss, to the distressed condition in which we see all his descendants continue; the sentence of death pronounced on Adam, and on all his race, with the reviving promise of that deliverance, which has since been wrought for us by our blessed Saviour; the account of the early state of the world; of the universal deluge; the division of mankind into different nations and languages.

2. The story of Abraham, the founder of the Jewish people; whose unshaken faith and obedience, under the severest trials human nature could sustain, obtained such favor in the sight of God, that he vouchsafed to style him his friend, and promised to make his posterity a great nation, and that in his seed, that is, in one of his descendants, all the kingdoms of the earth should be blessed. This, you will easily see, refers to the Messiah, who was to be the blessing and deliverance of all nations.

3. It is amazing, that the Jews, possessing this prophecy, among many others, should have been so blinded by prejudice, as to have expected, from this great personage, only a temporal deliverance of their own nation from the subjection to which they were reduced under the Romans. It is equally amazing, that some Christians should, even now, confine the blessed effects of his appearance upon

earth, to *this* or to *that* particular sect or profession, when he is so clearly and emphatically described as the Saviour of the whole world.

4. The story of Abraham's proceeding to sacrifice his only son, at the command of God, is affecting in the highest degree ; sets forth a pattern of unlimited resignation, that every one ought to imitate, in those trials of obedience under temptation, or of acquiescence under afflicting dispensations, which fall to their lot. Of *this* we may be assured, that our trials will always be proportioned to the powers afforded us. If we have not Abraham's strength of mind, neither shall we be called upon to lift the bloody knife against an holy child ; but if the almighty arm should be lifted up against him, we must be ready to *resign* him, and all we hold dear, *to the divine will*.

5. This action of Abraham has been censured by some, who do not attend to the distinction between obedience to a special command, and the detestably cruel sacrifices of the heathens, who sometimes voluntarily, and without any divine injunctions, offered up their own children, under the notion of appeasing the anger of their gods. An absolute command from God himself, as in the case of Abraham, entirely alters the moral nature of the action ; since he, and he only, has a perfect right over the lives of his creatures, and may appoint whom he will, either angel or man, to be his instrument of destruction.

6. That it was really the voice of God which pronounced the command, and not a delusion, might be made certain to Abraham's mind, by means we do not comprehend, but which we know to be within the power of Him, who made our souls as well as bodies, and who can control and direct every faculty of the human mind. We may be assured, that if he was pleased to reveal himself so miraculously, he would not leave a possibility of doubting whether it was a real or an imaginary revelation.

7. Thus the sacrifice of Abraham appears to be clear of all superstition ; and remains the noblest instance of religious faith and submission that was ever given by a mere man. We cannot wonder that the blessings bestowed on him for it, should have been extended to his posterity.

This book proceeds with the history of Isaac, which becomes very interesting to us, from the touching scene already mentioned; and still more so, if we consider him as the type of our Saviour. It recounts his marriage with Rebecca; the birth and history of his two sons, *Jacob*, father of the twelve tribes, and *Esau*, father of the Edomites; the exquisitely affecting story of *Joseph* and his brethren, and of his transplanting the Israelites into Egypt, who there multiplied to a great nation.

## CHAPTER LXXXIX.

OF EXODUS.—*The Mercies of God.*

1. **I**N Exodus you read of a series of wonders wrought by the Almighty to rescue the oppressed Israelites from the cruel tyranny of the Egyptians, who, having first received them as guests, by degrees reduced them to a state of slavery. By the most peculiar mercies and exertions in their favour, God prepared his chosen people to receive with reverent and obedient hearts, the solemn restitution of those primitive laws, which probably he had revealed to Adam and his immediate descendants, or which, at least, he had made known by the dictates of conscience; but which time, and the degeneracy of mankind, had much obscured.

2. This important revelation was made to them in the wilderness of Sinai; there assembled before the burning mountain, surrounded “with blackness and darkness, and tempests,” they heard the awful voice of God pronounce the eternal law, impressing it on their hearts with circumstances of terror, but without those encouragements, and those excellent promises, which were afterwards offered to mankind by Jesus Christ. Thus were the great laws of morality restored to the Jews, and through them, transmitted to other nations; and by that means, a great restraint was opposed to the torrent of vice and impiety, which began to prevail over the world.

3. To those moral precepts, which are of perpetual and universal obligation, were superadded, by the ministration of Moses, many peculiar institutions, wisely adapted to different ends, either to fix the memory of those past de-

deliverances, which were figurative of a future and far greater salvation ; to place inviolable barriers between the Jews and the idolatrous nations by whom they were surrounded, or, to be the civil law by which the community was to be governed.

4. To conduct this series of events, and to establish these laws with his people, God raised up that great prophet, *Moses*, whose faith and piety enabled him to undertake and execute the most arduous enterprizes ; and to pursue with unabated zeal, the welfare of his countrymen. Even in the hour of death, this generous ardour still prevailed ; his last moments were employed in fervent prayers for their prosperity, and in rapturous gratitude for the glimpse vouchsafed him of a Saviour, far greater than himself, whom God would one day raise up to his people.

5. Thus did Moses, by the excellency of his faith, obtain a glorious pre-eminence among the saints and prophets in heaven ; while on earth, he will be ever revered as the first of those benefactors to mankind, whose labours for the public good have endeared their memories to all ages.



## CHAPTER XC.

OF LEVITICUS, NUMBERS, AND DEUTERONOMY.

### *The true Worship of God.*

1. **L**EVITICUS contains little besides the laws for the peculiar ritual observance of the Jews, and therefore affords no great instruction to us now. Numbers is chiefly a continuation of the history, with some ritual laws.

2. In Deuteronomy, Moses makes a recapitulation of the foregoing history, with zealous exhortations to the people, faithfully to worship and obey that God, who had worked such amazing wonders for them. He promises them the noblest temporal blessings, if they prove obedient ; and adds the most awful and striking denunciations against them, if they rebel, or forsake the true God.

3. The sanctions of the Mosaic law were temporal rewards and punishments ; those of the *New Testament*, are



eternal ; these last, as they are infinitely more forcible than the first, were reserved for the last, best gift to mankind, and were revealed by the Messiah, in the fullest and clearest manner.

4. Moses, in this book, directs the method in which the Israelites were to deal with the seven nations, whom they were appointed to punish for their profligacy and idolatry, and whose land they were to possess, when they had driven out the old inhabitants. He gives them excellent laws, civil as well as religious, which were ever after the standing municipal laws of that people. This book concludes with Moses' song and death.

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## CHAPTER XCI.

OF JOSHUA.—*The punishment of Idolatry.*

1. **T**HE book of Joshua contains the conquests of the Israelites over the seven nations, and their establishment in the promised land. Their treatment to these conquered nations must appear to you very cruel and unjust, if you consider it as their own act, unauthorized by a positive command ; but they had the most absolute injunctions, not to spare these corrupt people, “ to make no covenant with them, nor shew mercy to them, but utterly to destroy them ” The reason is given, “ lest they should turn away the Israelites from following the Lord, that they might serve other gods.”

2. The children of Israel, are to be considered as instruments in the hands of the Lord, to punish those, whose idolatry and wickedness had deservedly brought destruction on them. This example, therefore, cannot be pleaded in behalf of cruelty, or bring any imputation on the character of the Jews. With regard to other cities, which did not belong to these seven nations, they were directed to deal with them according to the common law of arms at that time. If the city submitted, it became tributary, and the people were spared ; if it resisted, the men were to be slain, but the women and children saved.

3. Though the crime of cruelty cannot be justly laid to their charge on this occasion, you will observe, in the

course of their history, many things recorded of them, very different from what you would expect from the chosen people of God, if you suppose them selected on account of their own merit. Their national character was by no means amiable; and we are repeatedly told, that they were not chosen for their superior righteousness, "for they were a stiff-necked people, and provoked the Lord with rebellions from the day they left Egypt." "You have been rebellious against the Lord," says Moses, "from the day that I knew you."

4 They were appointed to be the scourge of other nations, whose crimes rendered them fit objects of divine chastisement. For the sake of righteous Abraham, their founder, and perhaps for many other wise reasons, undiscovered to us, they were selected from a world over run with idolatry, to preserve upon earth the pure worship of the *one only God*, and to be honoured with the birth of the Messiah amongst them. For this end they were precluded, by divine command, from mixing with other people, and defended by a great number of peculiar rites and observances, from falling into the corrupt worship practised by their neighbours.

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## CHAPTER XCII.

### OF JOB.

*Religious Devotion, the Power, Wisdom, and Magnificence of God, and the comparative Littleness and Ignorance of Man.*

1. **T**HE story of Job is probably very ancient; it is dated 1520 years before Christ; I believe it is uncertain by whom it was written. Many parts of it are obscure; but it is well worth studying, for the extreme beauty of the poetry, and for the noble and sublime devotion it contains. The subject of dispute between Job and his pretended friends, seems to be, whether the Providence of God distributes the rewards and punishments of this life in exact proportion to the merit or demerit of each individual.

2. His antagonists suppose that it does; and therefore infer, from Job's uncommon calamities, that, notwith-

standing his apparent righteousness, he was in reality a grievous sinner. They aggravate his supposed guilt, by the imputation of hypocrisy, and call upon him to confess it, and to acknowledge the justice of his punishment. Job asserts his own innocence and virtue in the most pathetic manner, yet does not presume to accuse the Supreme Being of injustice.

3. Elihu attempts to arbitrate the matter, by alleging the impossibility, that so frail and ignorant a creature as man, should comprehend the ways of the Almighty; and therefore, condemns the unjust and cruel inference the three friends had drawn from the sufferings of Job. He also blames Job for the presumption of acquitting himself of all iniquity, since the best of men are not pure in the sight of God; but all have something of which they must repent; and he advises him to make this use of his affliction.

4. At last, by a bold figure of poetry, the Supreme Being himself is introduced, speaking from the whirlwind, and silencing them all by the most sublime display of his own power, magnificence and wisdom, and the comparative littleness and ignorance of man. This, indeed, is the only conclusion of the argument, which could be drawn at a time when life and immortality were not yet brought to light. A future retribution is the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty arising from the sufferings of good people in this life.

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## CHAPTER XCIII.

### OF THE PSALMS.—*Piety and Devotion.*

1. **I**F you have any taste, either for poetry or devotion, they will be your delight, and afford you a continual feast. Select some of the best psalms, and get them by heart; or, at least, make yourself master of the sentiments they contain, and by comparing them with the events of David's life, you will greatly enhance your pleasure in them.

2. Never did the spirit of true piety breathe more strongly, than in these divine songs; which, being added to a rich vein of poetry, makes them more captivating to the heart and the imagination. You will consider how great disadvantages any poem must sustain from being rendered literally into prose, and then imagine how beautiful these must be in the original.

3. May you be enabled, by reading them frequently, to transfuse into your own breast that holy flame which inspired the writer! to delight in the Lord, and in his laws, like the Psalmist, to rejoice in him always, and to think, "one day in his courts better than a thousand" elsewhere. But may you escape the heart-piercing sorrow of such repentance as that of David; by avoiding sin, which humbled this unhappy king to the dust, and which cost him such bitter anguish, as it is impossible to read, without being moved!

4. Not all the pleasures of the most prosperous sinners, would counterbalance the hundredth part of those sensations, described in his penitential psalms, and which must be the portion of every man, who has fallen from a religious state, into such crimes, when once he recovers a sense of religion and virtue, and is brought to a real hatred of sin. However available such repentance may be to the safety and happiness of the soul after death, it is a state of such exquisite suffering here, that one cannot be enough surprised at the folly of those who indulge sin, with the hope of living to make their peace with God by repentance.

5. Happy are those who preserve their innocence un-  
follied by any great or wilful crimes, and who have only the common failings of humanity to repent of; these are sufficiently mortifying to a heart deeply smitten with the love of virtue, and with the desire of perfection. There are many striking prophecies of the Messiah, in these divine songs, particularly in the twenty-second psalm. Such may be found scattered through the Old Testament. To bear testimony to Him, is the great and ultimate end for which the spirit of prophecy was bestowed on the sacred writers.

## CHAPTER XCIV.

OF THE PROVERBS, ECCLESIASTES, SOLOMON'S SONGS,  
THE PROPHECIES AND APOCRYPHA

*Wisdom, Morality, and Sublime Description.*

1. **T**HE Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, are rich stores of wisdom, from which you may adopt such maxims as may be of infinite use both to your temporal and eternal interest. But detached sentences are a kind of reading not proper to be continued long at a time ; a few of them well chosen and digested, will be of more service to you, than to read several chapters together. In this respect, they are directly opposite to the historical books, which, if not read in continuation, can hardly be understood, or retained to any purpose.

2. The Song of Solomon is a fine poem ; but its mystical reference to religion, lies too deep for a common understanding ; if you read it, therefore, it will be rather as matter of curiosity, than of edification. Next follow the Prophecies ; which, though highly deserving the greatest attention and study, I think you had better omit, for some years, and then read them with a good exposition, as they are much too difficult for you to understand without assistance.

3. Doctor Newton on the prophecies, will help you much, whenever you undertake this study, which you should by all means do, when your understanding is ripe enough ; because one of the main proofs of our religion rests on the testimony of the Prophecies. They are very frequently quoted, and referred to, in the New Testament. Besides, the sublimity of the language and sentiments, through all the disadvantages of antiquity and translation, must, in very many passages, strike every person of taste ; and the excellent moral and religious precepts found in them, must be useful to all.

4. The first book of Maccabees, carries on the story till within 195 years of our Lord's circumcision ; the second is the same narrative, written by a different hand, and does not bring the history so far forward as the first ; so that it may be omitted, unless you have the curiosity to read some particulars of the heroic constancy of the Jews, under the tortures inflicted by their heathen conquerors,

with a few other things not mentioned in the first book.

5. The other books of the Apocrypha, though not admitted as of sacred authority, have many things well worth your attention; particularly, the admirable book, called Ecclesiasticus, and the book of Wisdom. But in the course of reading, it will be proper to omit them till you have read the Gospels, and the Acts, that you may preserve the thread of the history. These shall be treated of in the following chapters.

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## CHAPTER XCV.

OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, AS THE RULE AND DIRECTION OF OUR MORAL CONDUCT.

1. **T**HE New Testament is the most important part of scripture, and which you must make your constant study, not only till you are thoroughly acquainted with it, but through your whole life; because, how often soever repeated, it is impossible to read the life and death of our blessed Saviour, without renewing and increasing in our hearts that love, and reverence, and gratitude towards him, which is so justly due for all he did and suffered for us. Every word that fell from his lips is more precious than all the treasures of the earth; for his "*are the words of eternal life.*"

2. They must, therefore, be laid up in your hearts, and constantly referred to, on all occasions, as the rule and direction of all your actions; particularly, those very comprehensive moral precepts he has graciously left with us, which can never fail to direct us aright, if fairly and honestly applied. Such, for instance, as "*whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, even so do unto them.*"—There is no occasion, great or small, on which you may not safely apply this rule for the direction of your conduct. Whilst your heart honestly adheres to it, you can never be guilty of any sort of injustice or unkindness.

3. The two great commandments, which contain the summary of our duty to God and to man, are no less easily retained, and made a standard, by which to judge our own hearts: "*To love the Lord our God with all our hearts,*

*with all our minds, and with all our strength; and our neighbour (meaning all mankind) as ourselves.*" "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour." Therefore, if you have true benevolence, you will never do any thing injurious to individuals, or to society. Now, all crimes whatever, are (in their remote consequences, at least, if not immediately and apparently) injurious to the society in which we live.

4. It is impossible to love God, without desiring to please him, and, as far as we are able, to resemble him; therefore, the love of God must lead to every virtue in the highest degree. We may be sure, we do not truly love him, if we content ourselves with avoiding flagrant sins, and do not strive, in good earnest, to reach the greatest degree of perfection of which we are capable. Thus do these few words direct us to the highest Christian virtue. Indeed, the whole tenor of the gospel is to offer us every *help, direction and motive*, that can enable us to attain that degree of perfection on which depends our eternal good.

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## CHAPTER XCVI.

OF THE EXAMPLE SET BY OUR SAVIOUR, AND HIS CHARACTER.

1. **W**HAT an example is set before us in our blessed Master! How is his whole life, from the earliest youth, dedicated to the pursuit of true wisdom, and to the practice of the most exalted virtue! When you see him at twelve years of age, in the temple amongst the doctors, hearing them, and asking them questions on the subject of religion, and astonishing them all with his understanding and answers, you will say, perhaps, "*Well might the son of God, even at those years, be far wiser than the aged; but can a mortal child emulate such heavenly wisdom? Can such a pattern be proposed to my imitation?*"

2. Yes, certainly; remember that he has bequeathed to you his heavenly wisdom, as far as it concerns your own good. He has left you such declarations of his will, and of the consequences of your actions, as you are, even now,

fully able to understand, if you will only attend to them. If, then, you will imitate his zeal for knowledge, if you will delight in gaining information and improvement, you may now become "*wise unto salvation.*"

3. Unmoved by the praise he acquired amongst these learned men, you see him meekly return to the subjection of a child, under those who appeared to be his parents, though in reality, he was their LORD. You see him return to live with them, to work for them, and to be the joy and solace of their lives; till the time came, when he was to enter on that scene of public action, for which his heavenly Father had sent him from his right hand, to take upon him the form of a poor carpenter's son.

4. What a lesson of humility is this, and of obedience to parents! When, having received the glorious testimony from heaven, of his being the beloved Son of the Most High, he enters on his public ministry; what an example does he give us, of the most extensive and constant benevolence! How are all his hours spent in doing good to the souls and bodies of men! The meanest sinner is not beneath his notice. To reclaim and save them, he condescends to converse familiarly with the most corrupt, as well as the most abject.

5. All his miracles are wrought to benefit mankind; not one to punish and afflict them. Instead of using the almighty power, which accompanied him, to the purpose of exalting himself, and treading down his enemies, he makes no other use of it, than to heal and to save. When you read his sufferings and death, the ignominy and reproach, the sorrow of mind, and torment of body to which he submitted; when we consider that it was *all for our sakes*, "*that by his stripes we are healed,*" and by his death we are raised from destruction to everlasting life; what can be said, that can add any thing to the sensations you must then feel?

6. No power of language can make the scene more touching than it appears in the plain and simple narrations of the evangelists. The heart that is unmoved by it, can be scarcely human; but the emotions of tenderness and compunction, which almost every one feels in reading this account, will be of no avail, unless applied to the true end — unless it inspires you with a sincere and warm affection



towards our blessed LORD; with a firm resolution to obey his command; to be his faithful disciples; and even to renounce and to abhor those sins, which brought mankind under divine condemnation, and from which we have been redeemed at so dear a rate.

7. As our motives to virtue are stronger than those which are afforded to the rest of mankind; our guilt will be proportionably greater, if we depart from it. Our Saviour appears to have had three great purposes, in descending from his glory, and dwelling amongst men: The first, *to teach them true virtue*, both by his example and precepts. The second, *to give them the most forcible motives to the practice of it*, by "bringing life and immortality to light;" by shewing them the certainty of a resurrection and judgment, and the absolute necessity of obedience to the laws of God. The third, *to sacrifice himself for us, to obtain*, by his death, *the remission of our sins*, upon our repentance and reformation, and the power of bestowing on his sincere followers the inestimable gift of immortal happiness.

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## CHAPTER XCVII.

### CHARACTER OF ST. PAUL.

1. **T**HE character of St. Paul, and his miraculous conversion, demand your particular attention. Most of the apostles were men of low birth and education; but St. Paul was a Roman citizen, that is, he possessed the privileges annexed to the freedom of the city of Rome, which was considered as a high distinction, in those countries that had been conquered by the Romans.

2. He was educated amongst the most learned sect of the Jews, and by one of their principal doctors. He was a man of extraordinary eloquence, as appears not only in his writings, but in several speeches in his own defence, pronounced before governors and courts of justice, when he was called to account for the doctrines he taught.

3. He seems to have been of an uncommonly warm temper, and zealous in whatever religion he professed; this zeal, before his conversion, shewed itself in the most unjustifiable actions, by furiously persecuting the innocent

Christians; though his actions were bad, we may be sure his intentions were good; otherwise we should not have seen a miracle employed to convince him of his mistake, and to bring him into the right way.

4. This example may assure us of the mercy of God towards mistaken consciences, and ought to inspire us with the most enlarged charity and good will towards those whose erroneous principles mislead their conduct. Instead of resentment and hatred against their persons, we ought only to feel an active wish of assisting them to find the truth; since we know not whether, if convinced, they might not prove like St. Paul, chosen vessels to promote the honour of God, and of true religion. The remarkable conversion of St. Paul is one of the strongest arguments of the truth of Christianity.



## CHAPTER XCVIII.

OF THE EPISTLES.—*Candour and Benevolence.*

1. **T**HE Epistles make a very important part of the New Testament. You cannot be too much employed in reading them. They contain the most excellent precepts and admonitions, and are peculiarly useful in explaining more at large several doctrines of Christianity, which we could not fully understand without them. There are, indeed, in the Epistles of St. Paul, many passages hard to be understood. Such, in particular, are the first eleven chapters to the *Romans*; the greater part of his Epistles to the *Corinthians* and *Galatians*; and several chapters of that to the *Hebrews*.

2. Instead of perplexing yourself with these more obscure passages of scripture, you would do better to employ your attention chiefly on those that are plain; and to judge of the doctrines taught in the other parts, by comparing them with what you find in these. It is through the neglect of this rule, that many have been led to draw the most absurd doctrines from the holy scriptures.

3. Observe in particular in your perusal, the *twelfth*, *thirteenth*, *fourteenth*, and *fifteenth* chapters of the Epistle to the *Romans*. In the *fourteenth* chapter, St. Paul has in-

view the difference between the Jewish and Gentile converts; the *former* were disposed to look with horror on the *latter*, for their impiety in not paying the same regard to the distinction of *days* and *meats* as *they* did; and the *latter*, on the contrary, were inclined to look with contempt on the *former*, for their weakness and superstition.

4. Excellent is the advice St. Paul gives to both parties. He exhorts the Jews not to judge, and the Gentiles not to despise; remembering, that the kingdom of heaven is not *meat* and *drink*, but *righteousness*, and *peace*, and *joy* in the Holy Ghost. Endeavour to conform yourselves to this advice; to acquire a temper of universal candour and benevolence; and learn neither to despise nor condemn any persons on account of their particular modes of faith and worship. Remember always, that goodness is confined to no party; that there are wise and worthy men among all sects of Christians; and that, *to his own master, every one must stand or fall*.

5. Read those passages frequently, which, with so much fervour and energy, excite you to the practice of the most exalted piety and benevolence. If the effusions of a heart, warmed with the tenderest affection for the whole human race; if precept, warning, encouragement, example, urged by an eloquence, which such affection only could inspire, are capable of influencing your mind, you cannot fail to find, in such parts of his Epistles as are adapted to your understanding, the strongest persuasives to every virtue that can adorn and improve your nature.

## CHAPTER XCIX.

THE EPISTLES OF ST. JAMES, ST. PETER, AND THE FIRST OF ST. JOHN.—*Faith in CHRIST, and the Love of God and Man.*

1. **T**HE Epistle of St. James is entirely practical, and exceedingly fine; you cannot study it too much. It seems particularly designed to guard Christians against misunderstanding some things in St. Paul's writings, which have been fatally perverted to the encouragement of a dependence on *faith alone*, without *good works*.

2. But the more rational commentators will tell you,

that, by the works of the law, which the Apostle asserts to be incapable of justifying us, he means not the works of moral righteousness, but the ceremonial works of the Mosaic law ; on which the Jews laid the greatest stress, as necessary to salvation.

3. But St. James tell us, that “ if any man among us seems to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man’s religion is vain ;” and that, “ pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father is this, *to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.*” Faith in Christ, if it do not produce these effects, he declareth, is dead, or of no power.

4. The Epistles of St. Peter are also full of the best instruction and admonitions, concerning the relative duties of life ; amongst which are set forth the duties of woman in general, and of wives in particular. Some part of his second Epistle is propheticall ; warning the church of false teachers, and false doctrines, which should undermine morality, and disgrace the cause of Christianity.

5. The first of St. John is written in a highly figurative style, which makes it, in some parts, hard to be understood ; but the spirit of divine love, which it so fervently expresses, renders it highly edifying and delightful. That love of God and of man, which this beloved Apostle so pathetically recommends, is in truth the essence of religion, as our Saviour himself informs us.

6. May you love and reverence, as it deserves, this blessed and invaluable book, which contains the best rule of life, the clearest declaration of the will and laws of the DEITY, the reviving assurance of favour to true penitents, and the unspeakably joyful tidings of eternal life and happiness to all the truly virtuous, through JESUS CHRIST, the Saviour and deliverer of the world !

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## CHAPTER C.

THE FLATTERER.—*An odious Character.*

1. **O**F all the characters among mankind, no one is more degrading to human nature, than the flatterer. Flattery is not only odious to sincerity and truth,

but it evinces a want of true sense, a want of esteem for those, whom it was intended to please, and proves a deficiency of sentiment and delicacy.

2. Even the wild, uncultivated aboriginal, is a stranger to dissembled thought. His tongue is governed by the genuine dictates of sincerity. But shall we compare the mind, brightened with the beam of knowledge, to the rude child of nature? In fact, the latter boasts pre-eminence. He soars aloft on wings of truth, looks down with scorn, and upbraids the civilized world for flattery, which puts sensibility to the blush, and shocks even the harsher feelings of unpolished men.

3. When the influence of a sycophant, like the fatal charms of a syren's voice, deludes fair innocence, virtue recoils and turns abhorrent from the rueful scene. It is necessary that every member of society should possess the art of pleasing, as it not only unites thought with thought, but tunes the mind to notes of love, sympathy and friendship. But, alas! shall the enchanting smiles of a parasite allure the daughter of virtue and blight her opening blossoms? Forbid it, ye guardian protectors of fair innocence!

4. When we see the rose of beauty torn from the bosom of candour, by the fatal hand of a sycophant, and all the delicacies of female worth, offered up as a sacrifice, at the altar of savage barbarity, can the manly feelings of the independent soul, cease to vibrate with the warmest touches of pity; and even burn with indignant frowns of resentment?

5. Blush, frightful monster! at thy wileness, blush! thy crime is *base, unmanly, murderous!* Stab not the child of innocence with thy deadly smile! Thy smiles are treacherous, and tell the world the baseness of thy soul. Thy fatal venom taints the blended streams of mutual love, dissolves the ties of amity, and poisons the endearing affections that conspire to render man agreeable to man.

6. Virtue will not hold society with such traitors; such base, degenerate men. She dreads their near approach, and shrinks with horror from their frightful mein. Learn, ye fair, ye virtuous, to despise the alluring voice of the flatterer. His breath will blast the bloom of loveliest charms. When once by flattery caught your drooping beauty weeps, virtue drops a tear of regret, and innocence shall mourn thy loss of worth.

## DIALOGUES.

## CHAPTER CI.

## ON GAMING.

MR. AND MRS. KEPPEL.

## SCENE I.

*Mr. Keppel.* **W**HAT a wretched man am I! I wish I had harkened to my wife. I have not only lost my money, but every thing else. I pined the counsel of the most amiable of women. What do I do!

*Mrs. Keppel.* My dear friend, who has offended you?

*Mr. Kep.* No one, but myself. I am the most imprudent man on earth. I wish I had followed your advice.

*Mrs. Kep.* Have you then lost the rest of the money?

*Mr. Kep.* Yes, every farthing. I never had such ill luck.

*Mrs. Kep.* Chance governs the game. It was to be expected. I am not disappointed in the least,

*Mr. Kep.* I am utterly undone.

*Mrs. Kep.* No, my friend, utterly undone, no; my affection to you is the same as ever.

*Mr. Kep.* That is no comfort to me, since I must have made you wretched.

*Mrs. Kep.* Made me wretched! I value not the loss of my money. It was no great sum. You may raise twice as much on the mortgage of the house, and regain what you have lost.

*Mr. Kep.* The house, my dear friend, is already mortgaged and lost.

*Mrs. Kep.* There is the shop and all the goods in it.

*Mr. Kep.* They are mortgaged also, and all the money raised on them is lost.

*Mrs. Kep.* The moveables, the furniture of the house, you might raise something on them.

*Mr. Kep.* My amiable friend, I may as well let you know the worst as not. I have mortgaged all the furni-

ture, carriages, horses, and indeed every thing ; and the money raised on them is lost.

*Mrs. Kep.* Well, what if it be so ? I can work for my living. I care not for it. But you must be miserable. What, cannot I think of some way to redeem what is lost are you sure it was owing to *ill luck* ?

*Mr. Kep.* We may as well resign ourselves to our fate and die. But I know I can play a good game.

*Mrs. Kep.* Then see, I have a little box of jewels, given me by my aunt Van Rassel ; it is worth a large sum. This you could not mortgage, for it was not your property.

*Mr. Kep.* But I shall not touch that. It is enough that I am a fool. I will not also be a villain, and spend the last part of my wife's property.

*Mrs. Kep.* But you need have no scruple when I give it to you. (*She goes out to bring the box.*)

## SCENE II.

MR. KEPPEL AND MISS LEERKINS.

*Miss Leer.* It is no matter of my particular concern, I cannot bear your conduct to my sister.

*Mr. Kep.* If she be contented, what is it to you ?

*Miss Leer.* You treat my sister ill beyond all sufferance. You leave her alone these long winter evenings, that you may spend your time in taverns, and gaming houses. The whole care of the family rests on my sister ; and you are even a stranger in your own house.

*Mr. Kep.* If my wife be satisfied, what business is yours is it, that you should lecture me on the occasion ?

*Miss Leer.* My sister is indeed a fool. She has not the spirit of a woman of sense in her, or she would manage otherwise than she does.

*Mr. Kep.* What would you do were you in her case ?

*Miss Leer.* Instead of cooking you up with all manner of good things, when you come home from your midnight cabals, I would lay your whole conduct before you. I would sing you such a song of your crimes, that you should go to sleep, if you slept at all, with a sting in your heart.

*Mr. Kep.* I advise you if you do ever marry, (and I doubt much if you ever will) to marry some person who

ver wishes to sleep, for I am persuaded your tongue must be a mortal enemy to repose.

*Miss Leer.* I would not bear with you as my sister does. I would not discover the least degree of good nature towards you ; and I would let you know that I never would, till such time as you would reform.

*Mr. Kep.* Suppose you wanted customers in your shop, could you set a dog on the first person who entered the shop door ?

*Miss Leer.* No, for that would drive them all away.

*Mr. Kep.* You would gain as little by scolding at a husband for staying out late.

*Miss Leer.* Then you might go and shift for yourself, if you pleased. I would not concern myself for you in the least, and account myself happy that I was rid of you.

*Mr. Kep.* If you were fond of me you could not do that.

*Miss Leer.* Do you think that I should care for such a wretch as you ? who could not do that ?

*Mr. Kep.* It would make you heart ache, my dear, and you could not bear it.

*Miss Leer.* Make my heart ache ! a fiddlestick. My heart would never ache for such a wretch as you. I almost wish you were my husband, that you might see how I would manage you.

*Mr. Kep.* I have no thought of wishing you to be my wife at any rate ; and mind this ; that single women always know how to rule their husbands well ; but they fail a little in two points ; either they never get husbands, or else lose the faculty of ruling them the moment they are married.

(*Miss Leerkins goes away.*)

(*Mrs. Keppel enters with the box.*)

*Mrs. Kep.* Here, my dear, take these, and may you be more fortunate than before.

*Mr. Kep.* No, my dear wife ; no, it is yours ; do not let me ruin you ; no. I cannot accept it.

*Mrs. Kep.* I value it not, take it and do your best ; I give it to you, it is now yours.

*Mr. Kep.* The kindest and most amiable woman in the world.

### SCENE—III.

MISS LEERKINS AND MRS. KEPPEL.

*Miss Leer.* Sister, I am ashamed of you. You behave out of all sense and reason.



*Mrs Kep.* Why so?

*Miss Leer.* You know that your husband has spent all his own estate, and yours, and he treats you with the most shameful neglect. And yet you place confidence in him, and have given him the last remains of your fortune. Are you not very foolish?

*Mrs. Kep.* Perhaps not; but if I be, how can I help it?

*Miss Leer.* How can you help it? You are a disgrace to your sex! There is no spirit in you; and let him treat you as he will, you are all patience, and dare not resent it. I would give him a good lecture upon the subject, such as he never would wish to hear again.

*Mrs. Kep.* What? then you would never see him again.

*Miss Leer.* I should esteem it a happy riddance. So much the better. I would have the whole house to myself, and do what I pleased in it. That would not frighten me at all.

*Mrs. Kep.* You know nothing about it.

*Miss Leer.* I know nothing about it! I know that a bad husband is worse than none. I will have a good one, or none. What makes you think that I know nothing about it?

*Mrs. Kep.* I will not tell you.

*Miss Leer.* What? that is kind to be sure. Not tell your sister? But you shall tell me what is the reason I do not know.

*Mrs. Kep.* Positively. I will not tell you; wait till you have a husband of whom you are fond, who yet has some vices, as I suppose they all have, and then you will know.

*Miss Leer.* You treat me so ill, I will not talk with you.

(*Exeunt.*)

#### SCENE—IV.

MR. AND MRS. KEPPEL.

*Mr. Kep.* Oh my stars! what a wretch! I am ruined, there is no help for me.

*Mrs. Kep.* My friend, what is the matter?

*Mr. Kep.* Let me alone, I am ruined.

*Mrs Kep.* Not unless you are unkind to your wife.

*Mr. Kep.* O my dear, my wife, I will not be unkind : at I am distracted ; I am certainly undone, I have lost the money I had raised from your box of jewels. O, what I could die with innocence ! then I should be glad to die.

*Mrs. Kep.* What, die because you have lost your money ! fie, my husband, fie upon it !

*Mr. Kep.* I have now lost every thing, and have completely ruined you, as well as myself ; we are as poor as the poorest beggars : My dear, were it not that I would live as a mere servant to you I should wish to die.

*Mrs. Kep.* Do you not recollect that when my mother opposed our marriage, you told me, in one of your ardent raptures, nay, you solemnly declared, that you could be happy even in the meanest cottage, and to live by the hardest labor, if you could only live with me—I laid that up in my heart.

*Mr. Kep.* That was not the effect of rapture. It was my serious sentiments ; and I think so now.

*Mrs. Kep.* Then we have lost nothing ; only leave gaming, and we shall be happy.

*Mr. Kep.* Leave gaming ! I detest it. I perfectly abhor it. I will bind myself by the most solemn engagement, never to touch a card again.

*Mrs. Kep.* Can you keep your resolution ?

*Mr. Kep.* I am sure that I can.

*Mrs. Kep.* Then only quit gaming houses and live reputable with me. I will maintain you and myself. I understand many little handy matters. If my work sells cheap, I will work the more, and I am sure I can maintain us both.

*Mr. Kep.* Excellent woman ! your excellence exceeds all the power of language to express it ; I am confounded. But the idea of your virtues gives me the keenest pain, while I think I have made you wretched.

(*Mr. Leerkin enters with a box ; to him*

*Mrs. Keppel speaks.*)

*Mrs. Kep.* Brother you promised me for the forty pounds I lent you yesterday to let me have all your winnings at cards for three days. This, Sir, (*introducing her brother to Mr. Keppel*) is my brother, yesterday from the East Indies.

*Mr. Leer.* Here, madam, (*giving her the box,*) is what I have won this day, and I find I won it of your husband. But it is now yours, I scorn to violate my promise. Here is the whole in mortgages and bank notes. Take it.

*Mrs. Kep.* This, Mr. Keppel, is now mine. (*She takes it.*)

*Mr. Kep.* Certainly.

*Mrs. Kep.* Accept the whole then as a present from me, I will not be denied.

*Mr. Kep.* I am so surprized I can scarcely breathe. O my excellent wife! How has thy tender treatment, thy patience and thine amiable virtues, reclaimed me at last from the odious vice of gaming! Thus narrowly have I escaped the horrors of despair and the gulf of ruin! I do solemnly protest, I will never touch a card again. For I do verily believe that gaming and its attendant vices, have destroyed more men than the sword, pestilence and famine. (*He takes the box and all withdraw,*)

## • CHAPTER CII.

### CANUTE'S REPROOF TO HIS COURTIER.

CANUTE, - - - - *King of England.*

OSWALD and OFFA, - - - *Courtiers.*

*Canute.* **I**S it true, my friends, what you have so often told me, that I am the greatest of monarchs?

*Offa.* It is true my liege; you are the most powerful of all kings.

*Oswald.* We are all your slaves; we kiss the dust of your feet.

*Offa.* Not only we, but even the elements, are your slaves. The land obeys you from shore to shore; and the sea obeys you.

*Canute.* Does the sea with its boisterous waves obey me? Will that terrible element be still at my bidding?

*Offa.* Yes, the sea is yours; it was made to bear your ships upon its bosom, and to pour the treasures of the

world at your royal feet. It is boisterous to your enemies, but it knows you to be its sovereign.

*Canute.* Is not the tide coming up?

*Oswald.* Yes, my liege; you may perceive the swell already.

*Canute.* Bring me a chair then; set it here upon the sands.

*Offa.* Where the tide is coming up, my gracious lord?

*Oswald. (aside.)* I wonder what he is going to do!

*Offa. (aside.)* Surely he is not such a fool as to believe us!

*Canute.* O mighty ocean! thou art my subject; my courtiers tell me so; and it is then thy bounden duty to obey me. Thus, then, I stretch my sceptre over thee, and command thee to retire. Roll back thy swelling waves, nor let them presume to wet the feet of me, thy royal master.

*Oswald. (aside.)* I believe the sea will pay very little regard to his royal commands.

*Offa.* See how fast the tide rises!

*Oswald.* The next wave will come up to the chair. It is folly to stay; we shall be covered with salt water.

*Canute.* Well, does the sea obey my commands? If it be my subject, it is a very rebellious subject. See how it rises, and dashes the angry foam and salt spray over my sacred person. Vile sycophants! did you think I was the dupe of your base lies? that I believed your abject flatteries? Know, there is but one being whom the sea will obey. He is sovereign of heaven and earth, king of kings, and lord of lords. It is only *he* who can say to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." A king is but a man: and man is but a worm. Shall a worm assume the power of the great God, and think the elements will obey him? Take away this crown, I will never wear it more. May kings learn to be humble from my example, and courtiers learn truth from your disgrace, vile flatterers of a worm!

## CHAPTER CIII.

## THE TWO ROBBERS.

SCENE. *Alexander the Great in his tent. Guards. A Robber with a fierce countenance, chained and fettered, brought before him.*

Alex. **W**HAT, art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

Rob. I am a Thracian and a soldier.

Alex. A soldier!—you mean a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honour thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

Rob. What have I done, of which *you* can complain?

Alex. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority; violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

Rob. Alexander! I am your captive—I must therefore hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But *my soul is unconquered*; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a *free man*.

Alex. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power to silence those with whom I deign to converse!

Rob. I must then answer your question by asking another. How have *you* passed *your* life?

Alex. Like a Hero. Ask fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest! among sovereigns, the noblest; among conquerors, the mightiest.

Rob. And does not fame speak of *me*, too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

Alex. Still, what are you but a *robber*—a base, dishonest robber?

Rob. And what is a *conqueror*? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry; plundering, ravaging, killing without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that *I* have done to a *single district* with a *hundred* followers, *you* have done to *whole nations*, with a *hundred thousand*. If *I* have stripped

*individuals*; you have ruined princes and kings. If *I* have burned a few hamlets; *you* have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is then the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

*Alex.* But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

*Rob.* *I*, too, have freely given to the *poor*, what I took from the *rich*. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind; and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of, but I believe neither you nor I shall ever repay to the world the mischiefs we have done it.

*Alex.* Leave me—take off his chains, and use him well. (*Robber goes away*) Are we (*Alex. alone*) then *so much* alike? Alexander like a robber? Alas! too true. Let me reflect. I feel the force of his remarks, and am convinced that *injustice, tyranny, and oppression*, are still the same, whether committed by a private robber or by a king upon the throne.

## CHAPTER CIV.

ALMAGRO, GOMEZ, PIZARRO, DAVILLA, AND ELVIRA,

### SCENE I.

*Almagro.* **H**OW, Gomez! what bringest thou?

*Gomez.* On yonder hill among the palm trees we have surprized an old cacique; escape by flight he could not, and we seized him and his attendants unresisting: yet his lips breathe nought but bitterness and scorn.

*Pizarro.* Drag him before us.

What (*enter Orozembo, guarded*) art thou, stranger?

*Oro.* First tell me which among you is the captain of this band of robbers.

*Piz.* Ha!

*Alm.* Madman ! tear out his tongue, or else—

*Oro.* Thou'lt hear some truth.

*Dav.* (*Shewing a dagger.*) Shall I not plunge this in his heart ?

*Oro* (*To Pizarro.*) Does your army boast many such heroes as this ?

*Piz.* Audacious ! This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, grey headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

*Oro* I know that of which thou hast just assured me, that I shall die.

*Piz* Less audacity perhaps might have preserved thy life.

*Oro* My life is as a withered tree ; it is not worth preserving.

*Piz* Hear me, oh' man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your strong hold among the rocks ; guide us to that, and name thy reward, if wealth be thy wish.

*Oro* Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

*Piz.* Dost thou despise my offer !

*Oro.* Thou and thy offer ! Wealth ! I have the wealth of two dear gallant sons. I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here ; and still my chief treasure do I bear about me

*Piz* What is that ? inform me.

*Oro.* I will, for it never can be thine ; the treasure of a pure, un sullied conscience.

*Piz* I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

*Oro.* Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares act as thou dost.

*Gom.* Obdurate Pagan ! how numerous is your army ?

*Oro.* Count the leaves of yonder forest.

*Alm.* Which is the weakest part of your camp ?

*Oro.* It has no weak part ; on every side it is fortified by justice.

*Piz.* Where have you concealed your wives and children ?

*Oro.* In the hearts of their husbands and their fathers.

*Piz.* Knowest thou Alonzo ?

*Oro.* Know him ! Alonzo ! know him ! our nation's benefactor ! the guardian angel of Peru !

*Piz.* By what has he merited that title !

*Oro.* By not resembling thee.

*Alm.* Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command ?

*Oro.* I will answer that, for I love to hear and to repeat the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army ; in war a tiger, chased by the hunter's spear ; in peace more gentle than the unweaned lamb.

*Piz.* I shall meet this savage Rolla soon.

*Oro.* Thou had better not ! The terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

*Dav.* Silence or tremble.

*Oro.* Beardless robber ! I never yet have trembled before my Creator ; why should I tremble before man ? why before thee, thou less than man ?

*Dav.* Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike !

*Oro.* Strike, Christian, then boast among thy fellows, I too have murdered a Peruvian !

*Dav.* Vengeance seize the villian ! (*Slabs him.*)

*Piz.* Hold !

*Dav.* Couldst thou longer have endured his insults ?

*Piz.* And therefore should he die untortured ?

*Oro.* True ! Observe, young man, your unthinking rashness has saved me from the rack ; and you yourself have lost the opportunity of a useful lesson ! you might have seen with what cruelty vengeance would have inflicted torments, and with what patience virtue would have borne them.

*Elv.* (*Supporting Orozembo.*) Oh ! ye monsters all ! look up thou martyr'd innocence ; look up once more, and bless me ere thou diest. O how I pity thee !

*Oro.* Pity me ! Me ! so near my happiness ! Bless thee, lady ! Spaniards, heaven turn your hearts and pardon you as I do. (*Orozembo carried off.*)

*Piz.* Away ! Davilla ! If thus rash a second time—

*Dav.* Forgive the hasty indignation which—

*Piz.* No more ; unbind that trembling wretch ; let him depart ; it is well that he should report the mercy which we show to insolent defiance.. Hark ! our troops are moving. Follow me, friends ; each shall have his post assigned, and ere the sun shall sink beneath the main, the Spanish banner, bathed in blood, shall float above the walls of vanquished Quito.



## CHAPTER CV.

## REVENGE.

PIZARRO, ELVIRA, AND ALONZO.

## SCENE—II.

*Piz.* **W**HO is there? who dares intrude? who does my guard neglect their duty?

*Elv.* Your guard did what they could, but they knew their duty better than to enforce authority, when I rebelled obedience.

*Piz.* And what is it you desire?

*Elv.* To see how a hero bears misfortune. Thou, Pizarro, art not now collected, not thyself.

*Piz.* Wouldst thou I should rejoice that the spears of the enemy, led by Alonzo, have pierced the bravest hearts of my followers?

*Elv.* No! I would have thee cold and dark as the night that follows the departed storm; still and fullen as the awful pause that precedes nature's convulsion. Yet I would have thee feel assured that a new morning shall arise, when the warrior's spirit shall stalk forth; nor fear the future, nor lament the past.

*Piz.* Woman! Elvira! why had not all my men hearts like thine?

*Elv.* Then would thy brows this day have worn the crown of Quito.

*Piz.* Oh! hope fails me, while that scourge of my life and fame, Alonzo, leads the enemy.

*Elv.* Pizarro, I am come to probe the hero farther; not now his courage, but his magnanimity, Alonzo is your prisoner.

*Piz.* How?

*Elv.* It is certain; Valverde saw him even now dragged in chains within your camp. I chose to bring you the intelligence myself.

*Piz.* Bless thee, Elvira, for the news! Alonzo in my power! Then I am the conqueror, the victory is mine!

*Elv.* Pizarro, this is savage and unmanly triumph. Believe me, you raise impatience in my mind to see the man whose valor, and whose genius, awe Pizarro; whose misfortunes are Pizarro's triumph; whose bondage is Pizarro's safety.

*Piz.* Guard ! (*Enter Guard*) Drag here the Spanish prisoner, Alonzo ! Quick, bring the traitor here.

*Elv.* What shall be his fate ? (*Exit Guard*)

*Piz.* Death ! death ! in lingering torments ! protracted to the last stretch that burning vengeance can devise, and fainting life sustain.

*Elv.* Shame on thee ! Wilt thou have it said that the Peruvians found Pizarro could not conquer till Alonzo felt that he could murder ?

*Piz.* Be it said, I care not. His fate is sealed.

*Elv.* Follow then thy will. But mark me ; if basely thou dost shed the blood of this brave youth, Elvira's lost to thee forever.

*Piz.* Why this interest for a stranger ? What is Alonzo's fate to thee ?

*Elv.* His fate nothing ! Thy glory, every thing ! Thinkest thou I could regard thee, stript of fame, of honour, and a just renown ? Know me better.

*Piz.* Thou shouldst have known me better. Thou shouldst have known, that, once provoked to hate, I am forever fixed in vengeance. (*Alonzo is brought in chains.*)

Welcome, welcome, Don Alonzo da Molina ; it is long since we have met ; thy mended looks should speak a life of rural indolence. How is it that amidst the toils and cares of war thou dost preserve the healthful bloom of careless ease ? Tell me thy secret.

*Al.* Thou wilt not profit by it. Whate'er the toils and cares of war, peace is still here. (*Putting his hand to his heart.*)

*Piz.* Sarcastic boy !

*Elv.* Thou art answered rightly. Why sport with the unfortunate ?

*Piz.* And thou art wedded too, I hear ; aye, and the father of a lovely boy ; the heir, no doubt, of all his father's loyalty ; of all his mother's faith.

*Al.* The heir, I trust, of all his father's scorn of fraud, oppression, and hypocrisy ; the heir, I hope, of all his mother's virtue, gentleness, and truth ; the heir, I am sure, to all Pizarro's hate.

*Piz.* Really ! Now do I feel for this poor orphan ; for tomorrow's sun shall see that child fatherless. Alonzo, thy hours are numbered.

*Elv.* Pizarro, no !

*Piz.* Hence, or dread my anger.

*E/v.* I will not hence ; nor do I dread thy anger.

*Al.* Generous loveliness ! spare thy unavailing pity. Seek not to thwart the tyger with his prey beneath his fangs.

*Piz.* Audacious rebel ! Thou art a renegado from thy monarch and thy God !

*Al.* It is false.

*Piz.* Tell me, art thou not a deserter from thy country's legions ; and with vile heathens leagued ; hast thou not warred against thy native land ?

*Al.* No ! Deserter, I am none ! I was not born among robbers ! pirates ! murderers ! when those legions, lured by the abhorred lust of gold, and by thy foul ambition urged, forgot the honour of Castilians, and forsook the duties of humanity, *they* deserted *me*. I have not warred against my native land, but against those who have usurped its power. The banners of my country, when first I followed arms beneath them, were *justice, faith* and *mercy*. If these are beaten down and trampled under foot, I have no country, nor exists the power entitled to reproach me with revolt.

*Piz.* The power to judge and punish thee at least exists.

*Al.* Where are my judges ?

*Piz.* Thou wouldst appeal to the war council ?

*Al.* If the good Las Casas have yet a seat there, yes ; if not, I appeal to Heaven !

*Piz.* And to impose upon the folly of Las Casas, what would be the excuses of thy treason ?

*E/v.* The folly of Las Casas ! Such doubtless, his mild precepts seem to thy hard hearted wisdom ! O ! would I might have lived as I will die, the sharer of the follies of Las Casas ?

*Al.* To him I should not need to urge the foul barbarities which drove me from your side ; but I would gently lead him by the hand through all the lovely fields of Quito ; there, in many a spot where late was barrenness and waste, I would show him how *now* the opening blossom, blade, or perfumed bud, sweet bashful pledges of delicious harvest, wafting their incense to the ripening sun, give cheerful promise to the hope of industry. This,

I would say, *is my work*. And prouder yet, at that still pause between exertion and repose, belonging not to pastime, labour, or to rest, but unto Him, who sanctions and ordains them all, I would show them many an eye, and many a hand, by gentleness from error won, raised in pure devotion to the true, and, only God ! this too, I could tell him, *is Alonzo's work* ! Then would Las Casas clasp me in his aged arms : from his uplifted eyes a tear of gracious thankfulness would fall upon my head and that one blessed drop would be to me at once *this world's* best proof, that I had acted rightly *here*, and surest hope of my Creator's mercy and reward *hereafter*.

*Elv.* Happy, virtuous Alonzo ! And thou, Pizarro, wouldst appal with fear of death, a man who thinks and acts as he does !

*Piz.* Daring, obstinate enthusiast ! But know the pious blessing of thy preceptor's tears does not await thee here ; he has fled like thee ; like thee, no doubt, to join the foes of Spain. The perilous trial of the next reward you hope, is nearer than perhaps you've thought ; for by my country's wrongs, and by my own, to-morrow's sun shall see thy death.

*Elv.* Hold ! Pizarro, hear me ! Name not thy country's wrongs ; it is plain they have no share in thy resentment. Thy fury against this youth is private hate, and deadly personal revenge. If this be so, and even now thy detected conscience in that look avows it, profane not the name of justice, or thy country's cause, but let him arm, and bid him to the field on equal terms.

*Piz.* Officious advocate for treason, peace ! Bear him hence, he knows his sentence.

*Al.* Thy revenge is eager, and I am thankful for it ; to me thy haste is mercy. For thee, sweet pleader in misfortune's cause, accept my parting thanks. This camp is not thy proper sphere. Wert thou among yon *savages*, as they are called, thou wouldst find companions more congenial to thy heart.

*Piz.* Yes ; she shall bear the tidings of thy death to Cora.

*Al.* Inhuman man ! that pang at least might have been spared me ; but thy malice shall not shake my constancy. I go to death ; many shall bless, but none will

hate my memory. Thou still wilt live, and still wilt be—  
Pizarro. *(Exit, guarded.)*

*Elv.* Alonzo then at morn will die?

*Piz.* Thinkest thou yon sun will set? As surely as his  
rising shall Alonzo die.

*Elv.* Then be it done; the string is cracked, sun and  
forever. But mark me, thou hast heretofore had cause,  
it is true, to doubt my resolution, however offended; but  
mark me now, the lips which, cold and jeering, bartering  
revenge with rancorous mockery, can insult a falling ene-  
my, shall never more receive the pledge of love or friend-  
ship. The arm which, unshaken by its bloody purpose,  
shall assign to needless torture the victim who avows his  
heart, never more shall press the hand of faith! Pizarro,  
scorn not my words; beware you slight them not; I tell  
how noble are the motives which now animate my  
thoughts. Who *could not feel* as I do, I condemn; who  
feeling so, yet *would not act* as I shall, I despise.

*Piz.* I have heard thee, Elvira; believe me, I prize  
thy tender feelings for the youth, Alonzo! he dies a  
sinner!

## CHAPTER CVI.

ALONZO IN CHAINS. A SENTINEL WALKING NEAR THE  
ENTRANCE OF ALONZO'S DUNGEON IN A RUCK.

### SCENE—III.

ALONZO ALONE.

FOR the last time, I have beheld the shadowed  
ocean close upon the light. For the last time,  
through my cleft dungeon's roof, I now behold the quiv-  
ering lustre of the stars. For the last time, O sun! (and  
soon the hour) I shall behold thy rising, and thy level  
beams melting the pale mists of morn to glittering dew  
drops. Then comes my death, and in the morning of  
my day, I fall! No, Alonzo, date not the life which thou  
hast run, by the mean reckoning of the hours and days,  
which thou hast breathed. A life spent worthily, should  
be measured by a nobler line, by *deeds*, not years. \* Thus

wouldst thou murmur not, but bless the Providence, which in so short a span, made *thee* the instrument of wide and spreading blessings, to the hopeless and oppressed ! Though sinking in decrepit age, *he* prematurely falls, whose memory records no benefit conferred by him on man. *They* only have lived long, who have lived *virtuously*.

*Enter a soldier ; shows the sentinel a passport, who withdraws.*

*Al.* What bear you there ?

*Sol.* These refreshments I was ordered to leave in your dungeon.

*Al.* By whom ordered ?

*Sol.* By the lady Elvira ; she will be here herself before the dawn.

*Al.* Bear back to her my humblest thanks ; and take thou the refreshments, friend, I need them not.

*Sol.* I have served under you, Don Alonzo. Pardon my saying, that my heart pities you. (*Exit.*)

*Al.* In Pizarro's camp to pity the unfortunate, no doubt, requires forgiveness. (*Looking out.*) Surely, even now, thin streaks of glimmering light steal on the darkness of the east. If so, my life is but one hour more. I will not watch the coming dawn ; but, in the darkness of my cell, my last prayer to thee, Power Supreme ! shall be for my wife and child ! Grant them to dwell in innocence and peace ; grant health and purity of mind, all else is worthless. (*Enters the cavern.*)

*Cent.* Who's there ? answer quickly ! who's there ?

*Rol.* A friar, come to visit your prisoner.

*ROLLA enters, disguised as a Monk.*

*Rol.* Inform me, friend ; is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon ?

*Cent.* He is.

*Rol.* I must speak with him.

*Cent.* You must not.

*Rol.* He is my friend.

*Cent.* Not if he were your brother.

*Rol.* What is to be his fate ?

*Cent.* He dies at sun rise.

*Rol.* Ha ! then I am come in time.

*Cent.* Just—to witness his death.

*Rol.* Soldier, I must speak with him :

R

*Cent.* Back, back. It is impossible !

*Rol.* I do entreat you, but for one moment !

*Cent.* You intreat in vain ; my orders are most strict.

*Rol.* Even now I saw a messenger go hence.

*Cent.* He brought a pass, which we are all accustomed to obey.

*Rol.* Look on this wedge of massive gold, look on these precious gems. In thine own land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them, they are thine. Let me but pass one minute with Alonzo.

*Cent.* Away ! wouldst thou corrupt me ? Me ! an old Castilian ! I know my duty better.

*Rol.* Soldier, hast thou a wife ?

*Cent.* I have.

*Rol.* Hast thou children ?

*Cent.* Four ; honest, lively boys.

*Rol.* Where didst thou leave them ?

*Cent.* In my native village, even in the cot where myself was born.

*Rol.* Dost thou love thy children and thy wife ?

*Cent.* Do I love them ? most affectionately !

*Rol.* Soldier, imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in this strange land ; what would be thy last request ?

*Cent.* That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

*Rol.* Oh ! but if that comrade was at thy prison gate, and should there be told, thy fellow soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him ; nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children, or his wretched wife ; what wouldst thou think of him, who thus could drive thy comrade from the door ?

*Cent.* How ?

*Rol.* Alonzo has a wife and child, I am come but to receive for *her* and for her *babe* the last blessing of my friend.

*Cent.* Go in. (*Retires.*)

*Rol.* O holy nature ! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not, of our earth, a creature bearing form, and life, human, or savage native of the forest, wild or giddy air, around whose parent bosom, *thou* hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring

claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood stained vulture cleaves the storm ; yet, is the plumage closest to her heart, soft as the cygnet's down, and o'er her unshelled brood, the murmuring ring dove sits not more gently ! Yes ; now he is beyond the porch, barring the outer gate ; Alonzo ! Alonzo ! my friend ! Ha ! in gentle sleep ! Alonzo ! rise !

*Al.* How ! Is my hour elapsed ? Well, I am ready.

*Rol.* Alonzo, know me.

*Al.* What voice is that ?

*Rol.* 'Tis Rolla's

*Al.* Rolla ! my friend ! (*Embraces him.*) Heavens ! how couldst thou pass the guard ? did this habit——

*Rol.* The guard withdrawn ; there is not a moment to be lost in words ; this disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle ; it has gained me entrance to thy dungeon ; now take it thou and fly

*Al.* And Rolla——

*Rol.* Will remain here in thy place

*Al.* And die for me ! No ! rather eternal tortures rack me.

*Rol.* I shall not die, Alonzo. It is thy life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's, and from prison soon will thy arm deliver me ; or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted plantain standing alone amid the sandy desert : nothing seeks or lives beneath my shelter ; thou art a father and a husband ; the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant hang upon thy life. Go ! go ! Alonzo, go ! to save, not thyself, but Cora and thy child !

*Al.* Urge me not thus, my friend ; I had prepared to die in peace.

*Rol.* To die in peace ! devoting a tender wife and babe to misery, to madness, and to death ! For, be assured, the state I left her in forbids all hope, but from thy quick return.

*Al.* Alas ! what a painful thought !

*Rol.* If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo, now heed me well. I think thou hast not known that Rolla ever pledged his word, and shrunk from its fulfilment. And, I in truth declare, if thou art proudly obstinate



to deny thy friend the transport of *preserving* Cora's life, in thee ; no power that sways the *will* of man shall stir me hence ; and thou wilt have the *desperate* triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side, with the assured conviction that Cora, and thy child are lost for ever.

*Al.* Oh ! Rolla ! you distract me !

*Rol.* A moment's further pause, and all is lost. The dawn approaches ; fear not for me ; I will treat with Pizarro as for surrender and submission ; I shall gain time, doubt not, while thou with a chosen band, pursuing the secret way, mayest at night return, release thy friend, and bear him back in triumph. Yes ; hasten, dear Alonzo. Even now I hear the frantic Cora call thee ; Haste ! Haste ! Haste !

*Al.* Rolla, I fear your friendship drives me from honour, and from right.

*Rol.* Did Rolla ever counsel dishonour to his friend ?

*Al.* Oh ! my preserver ! (*Embraces him.*)

*Rol.* I feel thy warm tears dropping on my cheek ; Go ! I am rewarded, (*Throws the friar's garment over Alonzo.*) There ! conceal thy face ; and that they may not clank, hold fast thy chains. Now may kind Providence prosper thee !

*Al.* At night we meet again. Then, so aid me Heaven ! I return to save, or perish with thee ! (*Exit.*)

*Rol.* He has passed the outer porch. He is safe ! He will soon embrace his wife and child ! now, Cora, didst thou not wrong me ? This is the first time throughout my life I ever deceived man. Forgive me, Oh, thou God of truth ! If I am wrong. Alonzo flatters himself that we shall meet again. Yes ; there ! (*Lifting his hands to Heaven*) assuredly, we shall meet again ; there possess in peace, the joys of everlasting love and friendship ; on earth, imperfect, and embittered. I will retire, lest the guard return before Alonzo may have passed their lines.

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## CHAPTER CVII.

ROLLA AND ELVIRA.

*Elv.* **W**HO art thou ? Where is Alonzo ?  
*Rol.* Alonzo is fled.  
*Elv.* Fled ?

*Rol.* Yes, and he must not be pursued. Pardon this roughness, (*Seizing her hands*) but a moment's precious to Alonzo's flight.

*Elv.* What if I call the guard?

*Rol.* Do so, Alonzo still gains time.

*Elv.* What if thus I free myself? (*Shews a dagger*)

*Rol.* Strike it to my heart. Still with the convulsive grasp of death, I'll hold the fast.

*Elv.* Release me; I give my faith, I neither will alarm the guard, nor cause pursuit.

*Rol.* At once, I trust thy word; a feeling nobleness in those eyes assures me that thy soul is noble.

*Elv.* What is thy name? Speak freely. By my order the guard is removed to the outer porch.

*Rol.* My name is Rolla.

*Elv.* The Peruvian leader?

*Rol.* I was so, yesterday; to day, the Spaniard's captive.

*Elv.* And friendship for Alonzo, moved thee to this act?

*Rol.* Alonzo is my friend; I am prepared to die for him. Yet, is the cause a motive stronger far than friendship.

*Elv.* One only passion else, could urge such generous rashness.

*Rol.* True.

*Elv.* Gallant! ingenuous Rolla! Know that my purpose here was *thine*—— to save thy friend.

*Rol.* How! a woman blessed with gentleness and courage, and yet not Cora!

*Elv.* Does Rolla think so meanly of all female hearts?

*Rol.* Not so; you are worse and better too than we are!

*Elv.* Were I to save thee, Rolla, from the tyrant's vengeance, restore thee to thy native land, thy native land to peace, wouldst thou not rank Elvira with the good?

*Rol.* To judge the action, I must know the means.

*Elv.* Take this dagger.

*Rol.* How to be used?

*Elv.* I will conduct thee to the tent where fell Pizarro sleeps; the scourge of innocence; the terror of thy race; the fiend that desolates thy afflicted country.

*Rol.* Have you not been injured by Pizarro?

*Elv.* Deeply as scorn and insult can infuse their deadly venom.

*Rol.* And you ask that I shall murder him in his sleep !

*Elv.* Would he not have murdered Alonzo in his chains ? He that sleeps, and he that is bound, are equally defenceless. Hear me, Rolla, so may I prosper in this perilous act as searching my full heart, I have put by all rancorous motives of private vengeance there, and feel that I advance to my dread purpose in the cause of human nature, and at the call of sacred justice.

*Rol.* The God of justice sanctifies no evil as a step towards good. Great actions cannot be achieved by wicked means.

*Elv.* Peruvian ! since thou dost feel so coldly for thy country's wrongs, this hand, though it revolt my soul, shall strike the blow.

*Rol.* Then is thy destruction certain ; and for Peru thou perishest ! Give me the dagger.

*Elv.* Now follow me ; but first, and dreadful is the hard necessity ; you must strike down the guard.

*Rol.* The *Soldier* who was on duty here ?

*Elv.* Yes, him ; else seeing thee, the alarm will be instant.

*Rol.* And I must stab that *soldier* as I pass ? take back the dagger.

*Elv.* Rolla !

*Rol.* That *soldier*, mark me, is a man. All are not men that bear the human form. He refused my prayers ; refused my gold ; denying to admit me till *his own feelings* bribed him. For my nation's safety, I would not harm that man !

*Elv.* Then he must with us, be the hazard what it may.

*Rol.* Be that plainly understood between us ; for, whatever betide our enterprise, I will not risk a hair of that man's head, to save my heart strings from consuming fire.



## CHAPTER CVIII.

ALMAGRO, PIZARRO AND ROLLA.

ALMAGRO. **B**EAR him along, his story must be  
(*Without.*) false. (*Entering.*)

(*ROLLA, in chains, brought in by Soldiers*)

*Rol.* False ! Rolla utter falsehood ? I would I had

see in a desert with thy troop around thee ; and I, but with my sword in this unshackled hand !

*Alm.* Is it to be credited that Rolla, the renowned Peruvian hero, should be detected like a spy, skulking through the camp ?

*Rol.* Skulking !

*Alm.* But answer to the general ; he is here.

*Enter PIZARRO and Officers.*

*Pizarro.* What do I see ? Rolla ?

*Rol.* O ! to thy surprise, no doubt.

*Piz.* And bound too ?

*Rol.* So fast, thou need'st not fear approaching me.

*Alm.* The guards surprised him, passing our outer post.

*Piz.* Release him instantly. Believe me, I regret this insult.

*Rol.* You feel then as you ought.

*Piz.* Nor can I brook to see a warrior of Rolla's fame disarmed. Accept this, though it has been thy enemy's. (*Gives a sword.*) The Spaniards know the courtesy that is due to valor.

*Rol.* And the Peruvian, how to forget offence.

*Piz.* May not Rolla and Pizarro cease to be foes ?

*Rol.* When the sea divides us ; yes ! May I now depart ?

*Piz.* Freely.

*Rol.* And shall I not again be intercepted ?

*Piz.* No. Let the word be given that Rolla passes freely.

*Enter DARTULA and Soldiers, with the Child.*

*Dav.* Here are two soldiers, taken yesterday, who have escaped from the Peruvian hold, and by the secret way we have so long endeavoured to discover.

*Piz.* Silence ; imprudent ! feelest thou not——— ? (*Pointing to Rolla* )

*Dav.* In their way they found a Peruvian child, who seems———

*Piz.* What is the imp to me ? Bid them toss it into the sea.

*Rol.* Gracious Heaven ! It is Alonzo's child ! Give it to me.

*Piz.* Ha ! Alonzo's child ? Welcome, thou pretty hostage. Now Alonzo is again my prisoner.

*Rol.* Thou wilt not keep the infant from its mother !

*Piz.* Will I not? What, when I shall meet Alonzo in the heat of victorious fight; thinkest thou I shall not have a check upon the valor of his heart, when he is reminded that a word of mine is this child's death?

*Rol.* I do not understand you.

*Piz.* My vengeance has a long arrear of hate to settle with Alonzo; and this pledge may help to settle the account.

*Rol.* Man! Man! Art thou a man? Couldst thou hurt that innocent? By heaven! it is smiling in thy face.

*Piz.* Does it resemble Cora?

*Rol.* Pizarro! thou hast set my heart on fire; if thou doest harm that child, think not his blood will sink into the barren sand: No! faithful to the eager hope that now trembles in this indignant heart, it will rise to the common God of nature and humanity, and cry aloud for vengeance on its fell destroyer.

*Piz.* Be that peril mine.

*Rol.* (*Throwing himself at his feet.*) Behold me at thy feet; *Me*, Rolla! *Me*, the preserver of thy life! *Me*, that never yet have bent or bowed before created man! In humble agony, I sue to you; prostrate, I implore you; but spare that child, and I will be your slave.

*Piz.* Rolla, still thou art free to go; this child remains with me.

*Rol.* Then was this sword Heaven's gift, not thine: (*Seizes the child.*) Who moves one step to follow me, dies upon the spot. (*Runs away with the child.*)

*Piz.* Pursue him instantly but spare his life.

*ALMAGRO and soldiers pursue.*

## CHAPTER CIX.

### APPARITIONS.

FATHER PHILLIP AND ALICE.

*F. Phil.* NONSENSE! you silly woman, what you say is not possible.

*Alice.* I never said it was possible, I only said it was true; and that if ever I heard music, I heard it last night.

*F. Phil.* Perhaps the fool was singing to the servants.

*Alice.* The fool, indeed! Oh, fye! fye! How dare I call my lady's ghost a fool?

*F. Phil.* Your lady's ghost! you silly old woman.

*Alice.* Yes, Father, yes, I repeat it. I heard the guitar, lying upon the Oratory table, play the very air which my lady Evelina used to sing while rocking her little daughter's cradle; and ever at the close it went (*singing*) Lullaby! Lullaby! hush thee, my dear!"

*F. Phil.* Nonsense! nonsense! Why, do you think, Alice, that your lady's ghost would get up at night only to sing lullaby for your amusement! Besides, how should a spirit, which is nothing but air, play upon an instrument of material wood and catgut?

*Alice.* How can I tell? I can only say, that last night I heard the ghost of my murdered lady——

*F. Phil.* Playing upon the spirit of a cracked guitar! Nonsense! Alice! these fears are ridiculous! The idea of ghosts is a vulgar prejudice; and they who are timid and superstitious enough to encourage it, prove themselves the most contemptible——

*Alice.* (*Screaming*) Oh! mercy on us!

*F. Phil.* What?—Hey!—O dear!

*Alice.* Look! look! A figure in white! It comes from the haunted room!

*F. Phil.* (*Dropping on his knees.*) Blessed St Patrick! who has got my beads? Where is my prayer book!

*Alice.* It comes! It comes!—Now! Now! Lackaday, it is only lady Angela!

*F. Phil.* (*Rising.*) Lackaday, I am glad of it with all my heart.

*Alice.* Truly, so am I. But what say you now, Father, of the fear of apparitions?

*F. Phil.* In good faith, Alice, that my theory was better than my practice. However, the next time that you are afraid of a ghost, remember and use the receipt which I shall now give you; and instead of calling for a priest to lay the spirits of other people in the red sea, call for a bottle of red wine to raise your own. [*Exit.*]

*Alice.* (*Alone.*) Wine, indeed!—I believe he thinks of like drinking as well as himself. No, no! Let the old

toping Friar take his bottle of wine ; I shall confine myself to plain cherry-brandy.

*Enter ANGELA.*

*Ang.* I am weary of wandering from room to room ; in vain do I change the scene ; discontent is every where. There was a time when music could delight my ear, and nature charm my eye ; now all is lost, all faded !

*Alice.* Lady Angela ! Did you hear those noises in the cedar room ?

*Ang.* What noises ? I heard none.

*Alice.* How ?—When the clock struck one, heard you no music ?

*Ang.* Music !—None.

*Alice* And never have heard any while in the cedar room.

*Ang.* Not that I——Stay ! now I remember that while I sat alone in my chamber this morning——

*Alice.* Well, Lady, well !

*Ang.* I thought I heard some one singing ; it seemed as if the words ran thus, (*singing*) “ Lullaby ! Lullaby ! Hush thee, my dear ! ”

*Alice.* (*screaming*) The very words !—It was the ghost, Lady ! it was the ghost !

*Ang.* The ghost, Alice ! I protest I thought it had been you.

*Alice.* Me, Lady ! mercy, when did you hear this singing ?

*Ang.* Not five minutes ago, while you were talking with father Philip

*Alice.* I am glad of it with all my heart ! Then it was not the ghost ! it was I, Lady ! it was I ! And have you heard no other singing since you came to the castle ?

*Ang.* None ; but why that question ?

*Alice.* Because, Lady——But, perhaps, you may be frightened.

*Ang.* No, no, no, Alice ; from good spirits, I have nothing to fear, and Heaven and my innocence will protect me against bad.

*Alice.* My sentiments, I protest ! but I must not stand here gossiping, I warrant all goes wrong in the kitchen : Your pardon, Lady, I must away !

## CHAPTER CX.

SIR PHILIP BLANFORD, MISS BLANFORD AND  
HENRY.

*Miss B.* THE joy your tenantry displayed at seeing you again must be truly grateful to you.

*Sir Phil.* No, my child, for I feel I do not merit it. Alas ! I can see no orphans clothed with my beneficence, no anguish assuaged by my care.

*Miss B.* Then I am sure my dear father wishes to shew his kind intentions. So I will begin by placing one under your protection. (*Leads Henry forth. Sir Philip on seeing him, starts, and becomes greatly agitated.*)

*Sir Phil.* Ah ! do my eyes deceive me ? No, it must be him ! Such was the face his father wore !

*Henry.* Spake you of my father ?

*Sir Phil.* His presence brings back recollections which drive me to madness ! How came he here ? Who have I to blame for this ?

*Miss B.* (*Falling on h's neck*) Your daughter.

*Henry.* Oh, Sir, tell me ! on my knees I ask it ! do my parents live ? Bless me with my father's name, and my days shall pass in active gratitude, my nights in prayers for you. (*Sir Philip views him with contempt.*) Do not mock my misery ! Have you a heart ?

*Sir Phil.* Yes ; of marble. Cold and obdurate to the world—ponderous and painful to myself—Quit my sight for ever.

*Miss B.* Go, Henry, and save me from my father's anger.

*Henry.* I obey, cruel as the command is, I obey it—I shall often look at this (*touching the medal\**) and think on the blissful moment when your hand placed it there.

*Sir Phil.* Ah ! tear it from his breast.

*Henry.* Sooner take my life ! It is the first honour I have ever earned, and it is no mean one ; for it assigns me the first rank among the sons of industry ! This is my claim to the sweet rewards of honest labour ; This will give me competence, nay more, enable me to despise your tyranny !

*Sir Phil.* Ruff boy, mark ! Avoid me and be secure—

\* This medal Henry received from the hands of Miss Blanford, which he won as the reward of his industry.



Repeat this intrusion, and my vengeance shall pursue thee.

*Henry.* I defy its power!—You are in England, Sir, where the man, who bears about him an upright heart, bears a charm too potent for tyranny to humble. Can your frown wither up my youthful vigor? No! Can your breath stifle in my heart the adoration it feels for that pitying angel? Oh, no!

*Sr Phil.* Wretch! you shall be taught the difference between us!

*Henry.* I feel it now! proudly feel it!—You hate the man that never wrong'd you—I could love the man who injures me—You meanly triumph o'er a worm—I make a giant tremble.

*Sir Phil.* Take him from my fight! Why am I not obey'd?

*Miss B.* Henry, if you wish my hate should not accompany my father's, instantly retire.

*Henry.* When you command I instantly obey.

## CHAPTER CXI.

SIR PHILIP BLANFORD AND FARMER ASHFIELD.

*Sir Phil.* **F**ARMER Ashfield, I believe you hold a farm of mine.

*Ash.* Eez, zur, I do, at your zarvice.

*Sir Phil.* I hope a profitable one.

*Ash.* Zometimes it be, zur. But this year it be all t'other way as twur—but I do hope as our landlords have a tightish big lump of the good, they'll be zo kind hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

*Sir Phil.* It is but reasonable—I conclude then you are in my debt.

*Ash.* Eez, zur, I be—at your zarvice.

*Sir Phil.* How much?

*Ash.* Zur, I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds—at your zarvice.

*Sir Phil.* Which you can't pay?

*Ash.* Not a varthing, zur—at your zarvice.

*Sir Phil.* Well, I am willing to give you every indulgence.

*Ash.* Be you, zur; that be deadly kind. Dear heart! It will make my auld dame quite young again, and

I think helping a poor man will do your honour's  
 h any harm—I don't, indeed, zur.—I had a thought  
 eaking to your worship about it—but then, thinks I,  
 gentleman may be one of those that like to do a good  
 and not have a word zaid about it—zo, zur, if you  
 not mentioned what I owed you, I am zure I never  
 d—should not indeed, zur.

r *Phil.* Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on  
 ition——

b. Ees zur.

r *Phil.* On condition, I say, you instantly turn out  
 boy—that Henry.

b. Turn out Henry!—Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tit-  
 g, zur; but you bees making your vun of I, zure.

r *Phil.* I am not apt to trifle—send him instantly from  
 or take the consequences.

b. Turn out Henry! I do wow I shou'dn't know  
 to set about it—I should not indeed, zur.

r *Phil.* You hear my determination. If you disobey,  
 know what will follow—I'll leave you to reflect on  
 (*Exit.*)

b. Well, zur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you  
 wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. (*Makes the motion of*  
*ing out.*) I should be deadly awkward at it vor zartin  
 owever I'll put the case. Well! I goes whizzling  
 am—no—drabit it! I shou'dn't be able to wizzle  
 t, I'm zure. Well! I goes whoam, and I zees Het-  
 zitting by my wife mixing up someit to comfort the  
 d zoul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics—  
 well! Then Henry places a chair vor I by the vire-  
 , and zays,—“Varmer, the horses be fed, the sheep  
 olded, and you have nothing to do but to zit down,  
 ke your pipe, and be happy!”—Very well! (*becomes*  
*ted.*) Then I zays—“Henry, you be poor and  
 idless, zo you must run out my houze directly.” Very  
 !! Then my wife stares at I—reaches her hand towards  
 vire place, and throws the poker at my head. Very  
 !! Then Henry gives a kind of anguish shake, and  
 ing up, sighs from the bottom of his heart—then hold-  
 up his head like a king, zays—“Varmer, I have too  
 g been a burden to you—Heaven protect you, as  
 have me—Farewell! I go.” Then I zays, “If

thee does, I'll be hang'd !" (*with great energy.*) Hello! you Mister Sir Philip! you may come in——

*Enter SIR PHILIP.*

Zur, I have argu'd the topic, and it wou'dn't be pretty—so I can't.

*Sir Phil.* Can't! absurd!

*Asb.* Well, zur, there is but one word—I *won't*.

*Sir Phil.* Indeed!

*Asb.* No, zur, I won't—I'd see myself hang'd first and you too, zur—I would indeed. (*bowing.*)

*Sir Phil.* You refuse then to obey.

*Asb.* I do, zur—at your sarvice. (*bowing.*)

*Sir Phil.* Then the law must take its course.

*Asb.* I be sorry for that too—I be indeed, zur; but if corn wou'dn't grow I cou'dn't help it. It wan't poisoned by the hand that sow'd it. This hand, zur, be as free from guilt as your own. It were never held out to clinch a hard bargain, nor will it turn a good lad out into the wide wicked world because he be poorish a bit. I be sorry you be offended, zur, quite—but come waa wool. I'll never hit this hand against here, but when I be zure, that zomeit at the inzide will jump against it with pleasure. (*bowing.*) I do hope you'll repent of all your zins, I do indeed, zur; and if you should, I'll come and see you again as friendly as ever—I wool indeed, zur.

## CHAPTER CXII.

### *Explanation of the following Scene.*

Stukely, a noted gamester, by the assistance of other sharpers having ruined Mr. Beverly, by cheating him, not only of his own property, but by the artifice of a letter, wherein Stukely pretends great friendship for Mr. Beverly and his family, he persuades Mr. Beverly to rob his wife of all her jewels, and even to sell the reversion of her uncle's estate. Stukely, not satisfied with the ruin of Mr. Beverly's fortune, plots the dishonour of his family. But Mrs. Beverly, though reduced to extreme want, values her virtue as more precious than all the treasures of the east. She rejects his infamous proposal with a spirit of indignation, becoming a woman of such moral goodness and exalted virtue.

STUKELY AND MRS. BEVERLY.

*Stukely.* **T**O meet you thus alone, madam, was what I wished. Unseasonable visits, whes

friendship warrants them, need no excuse—therefore I make none.

*Mrs. B.* What mean you, Sir? and where is your friend?

*Stu.* Men may have secrets, Madam, which their best friends are not admitted to. We departed in the morning, not soon to meet again.

*Mrs. B.* You mean to leave us then; to leave your country too. I am no stranger to your reason, and pity your misfortunes.

*Stu.* Your pity has undone you. Could Beverly do this? that letter was a false one; a mean contrivance to rob you of your jewels. I wrote it not.

*Mrs. B.* Impossible! Whence came it then?

*Stu.* Wrong'd as I am, Madam, I must speak plainly.

*Mrs. B.* Do so, and ease me. Your hints have troubled me. Reports you say are stirring—reports of whom? You wished me not to credit them. What, Sir, are these reports?

*Stu.* I thought them slander, Madam, and cautioned you in friendship, lest from officious tongues the tale had reached you with double aggravation.

*Mrs. B.* Proceed, Sir.

*Stu.* It is a debt due to my fame; due to an injured wife too—We are both injured.

*Mrs. B.* How injured? and who has injured us?

*Stu.* My friend, your husband.

*Mrs. B.* You would resent for both then; but know, Sir, my injuries are my own, and do not need a champion.

*Stu.* Be not too hasty, Madam. I come not in resentment, but for acquittance. You thought me poor, and to the feigned distresses of a friend gave up your jewels.

*Mrs. B.* I gave them to a husband.

*Stu.* Who gave them to a ———.

*Mrs. B.* What! To whom did he give them?

*Stu.* A mistress.

*Mrs. B.* No; on my life he did not.

*Stu.* Himself confessed it.

*Mrs. B.* I'll not believe it—he has no mistress; if he has, why is it told me?

*Stu.* To guard you against insults. He told me, that

to move you to compliance, he forged that letter, pretending I was ruined; ruined by him too. The fraud succeeded; and what a trusting wife bestowed in pity, was lavished on a wanton.

*Mrs. B.* Then I am lost indeed! and my afflictions are too powerful for me. His follies I have borne without upbraiding, and saw the approach of poverty without a tear. My affections, my strong affections, supported me through every trial.

*Stu.* Be patient, Madam.

*Mrs. B.* Patient! The barbarous, ungrateful man! And does he think that the tenderness of my heart is his best security for wounding it? But he shall find injuries, such as these, can arm my weakness for vengeance and redress.

*Stu.* Ha! then I may succeed. (*Aside.*) Redress is in your power.

*Mrs. B.* What redress?

*Stu.* Forgive me, Madam, if in my zeal to serve you, I hazard your displeasure. Think of your wretched state. Already want surrounds you. Is it in patience to bear that? To see your helpless little one robbed of his birthright? A sister, too, with unavailing tears lamenting her lost fortune? No comfort left you, but ineffectual pity from the few, outweighed by insults from the many.

*Mrs. B.* Am I so lost a creature?—Well, Sir, my redress?

*Stu.* To be resolved is to secure it. The marriage vow once violated is, in the sight of Heaven, dissolved—Start not, but hear me. 'Tis now the summer of your youth; time has not cropt the roses from your cheek—then use your beauty wisely, and freed by injuries, fly from the cruelest of men, for shelter with the kindest.

*Mrs. B.* And who is he?

*Stu.* A friend to the unfortunate; a bold one too, who, while the storm is bursting on your brow, and lightning flashing from your eyes, dares tell you that he loves you.

*Mrs. B.* Would that these eyes had Heaven's own lightning, and with a look, thus I might blast thee, monster! Am I fallen so low? Has poverty so humbled me,

that I should listen to a villain's offer, and sell my soul for bread? O villain! villain—But now I know thee, and thank thee for the knowledge.

*Stu.* If you are wise you shall have cause to thank me.

*Mrs. B.* An injured husband too shall thank thee.

*Stu.* Yet know, proud woman, I have a heart as stubborn as your own; as haughty and imperious; and as it loves, so can it hate.

*Mrs. B.* Mean, despicable villain! I scorn thee, and thy threats. Was it for this that Beverly was false? that his too credulous wife should, in despair and vengeance, give up her honour to a wretch? But he shall know it, and vengeance shall be his.

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## CHAPTER CXIII.

### *Explanation.*

Lewson the friend of Mrs. Beverly's sister Charlotte, being informed of the insults offered to her by Stukely, resolves to be revenged on him for his infamous proposals.

### SCENE—*Stukely's Lodgings.*

STUKELY AND LEWSON.

*Stu.* **W**HY this intrusion?—This house is mine, Sir, and should protect me from insult and ill manners.

*Lew.* Guilt has no place of sanctuary; wherever found, 'tis virtue's lawful game. The fox's hole and tyger's den are no security against the hunter.

*Stu.* Your business, Sir?

*Lew.* To tell you that I know you. Why this confusion? that look of guilt and terror? is Beverly awake? or has his wife told tales? The man that dares, like you, should have a soul to justify his deeds, and courage to confront accusers; not with a coward's fear to shrink beneath reproof.

*Stu.* Who waits there? (*aloud and in confusion.*)

*Lew.* By heaven, he dies who interrupts us. (*shutting the door.*) You should have weighed your strength, Sir, and then instead of climbing to high fortune, the

world had marked you for what you are, a little paltry villain.

*Stu.* You think I fear you.

*Lew.* I know you fear me. This is to prove it. (*pulls him by the sleeve.*) You wanted privacy—A lady's presence took up your attention. Now we are alone, Sir. Why what a wretch! (*flings him from him.*) By Heaven, Stukely, the vilest worm that crawls is made of braver spirit than thou art; the vilest insect in creation will turn when trampled on; yet this *thing* undone a man—by cunning and mean arts undone him. But we have found you, Sir, traced you thro' all your labyrinths. If you would save yourself, fall to confession; no mercy will be shewn else.

*Stu.* First prove me what you think me—till then your th' earnings are in vain. And for this insult vengeance may yet be mine.

*Lew.* Infamous coward! Why take it now, then—(*draws and Stukely rises.*) Alas, I pity thee! Yet that a wretch like this should overcome a Beverly! It fills me with astonishment!—A wretch so mean of soul, that even desperation cannot animate him to look upon an enemy. You should not thus have soared, Sir, unless like others of your black profession, you had a sword to keep the fools in awe, your villainy has ruined.

*Stu.* Villainy! 'Twere best to curb this license of your tongue; for know, Sir, while there are laws, this outrage on my reputation will not be borne with.

*Lew.* Laws! Dar'st thou seek shelter from the laws, those laws which thou and thy infernal crew live in the open violation of? Talk'st thou of reputation too, when, under friendship's sacred name, thou hast betrayed, robbed, destroyed, and, worse than all, hast tried to dishonour?

*Stu.* Ay, rail at gaming; 'tis a rich topic, and affords noble declamation. Go, preach against it in the city; you'll find a congregation in every tavern. If they should laugh at you, fly to my lord, and sermonize it there; he'll thank you and reform.

*Lew.* And will example justify a vice? No, wretch! the custom of my lord, or of the cit that apes him, cannot excuse a breach of law, or make the gamester's calling reputable.

*Stu.* Rail on, I say——but is this zeal for beggar'd Beverly ? Is it for him I am *treated thus* ? No, he and his wife might have groaned in prison, had but the sister's fortune escaped the wreck, to have rewarded the disinterested love of honest Mr. Lewson.

*Lew.* How I detest thee for the thought ! But thou art lost to every human feeling. Yet let me tell thee, and may it wring thy heart, that altho' my friend is ruin'd by thy snares, yet as a brother to poor Beverly, I will pursue the robber that has stripped him, and snatch him from his gripe.

*Stu.* Then know, imprudent man, he is within my gripe ; and should my friendship for him be slandered once again, that hand that has supplied him shall fall and crush him.

*Lew.* Why, now there's a spirit in thee ! This is indeed to be a villain ! But I shall reach thee yet—Fly where thou wilt, my vengeance shall pursue thee—And Beverly shall yet be saved ; be saved from thee, thou monster ! nor owe his rescue to his wife's dishonour.



## CHAPTER CXIV.

LEWSON AND BEVERLY.

*Lew.* **B**EVERLY, well met, I have been busy in your affairs.

*Bev.* So I have heard, Sir ; and now must thank you as I ought.

*Lew.* To-morrow I may deserve your thanks. Late as it is, I go to Bates. Discoveries are making that an arch villain trembles at.

*Bev.* Discoveries are made, Sir, that *you* shall tremble at. Where is this boasted spirit, that high demeanor, that was to call me to an account ? You say I have wronged my sister—Now say as much. But first be ready for defence, as I am for resentment. (*Draws*)

*Lew.* What mean you ? I understand you not.

*Bev.* The coward's stale acquittance ! Who, when he speaks vile calumny abroad, and dreads just vengeance on him, cries out, "What mean you ? I understand you not."

*Lew.* Coward and calumny ! whence are those words ? But I forgive and pity you.



*Bev.* Your pity had been kinder to my fame ; but you have traduced it ; told a vile story to the public ear, that I have wronged my sister.

*Lew.* 'Tis false. Shew me the man who dares accuse me.

*Bev.* I thought you brave, and of a soul superior to low malice ; but I have found you, and will have vengeance. This is no place for argument.

*Lew.* Nor shall it be for violence. Imprudent man ! who, in revenge for fancied injuries, would pierce the heart that loves him. But honest friendship acts from itself unmoved by slander, or ingratitude. The life you thirst for shall be employed to serve you.

*Bev.* 'Tis thus you would compound them. First do a wrong beyond forgiveness, and, to redress it, load me with kindness unsolicited. I'll not receive them. Your zeal is troublesome.

*Lew.* No matter, it shall be useful.

*Bev.* It will not be accepted.

*Lew.* It must. You know me not.

*Bev.* Yes, for the slanderer of my fame ; who, under shew of friendship, arraigns me of injustice ; buzzing in every ear foul breach of trust and family dishonour.

*Lew.* Have I done this ? Who told you so ?

*Bev.* The world. 'Tis talk'd of every where. It pleased you to add threats, too. You were to call me to an account—Why, do it now, then ; I shall be proud of such an arbiter.

*Lew.* Put up your sword, and know me better. I have never injured you. The base suggestion comes from Stukely ; I see him, and his aims.

*Bev.* What aims ? I'll not conceal it ; 'twas Stukely that accused you.

*Lew.* To rid him of an enemy—Perhaps of two—He fears discovery, and frames a tale of falsehood to ground revenge and murder on.

*Bev.* I must have proof of this.

*Lew.* Wait till to-morrow then.

*Bev.* I will.

*Lew.* I go to serve you. Forget what's past, as I do, and cheer your family with smiles. To-morrow may confirm them, and make all happy. (*Exit.*)

*Rev. (pausing.)* How vile, and how absurd is man ! This boasted honour is but another name for pride, which easier bears the consciousness of guilt, than the world's just reproofs. But 'tis the fashion of the times ; and in defence of falsehood and false honour, men die martyrs ; I knew not my nature was so bad. (*Stands musing.*)

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## POETRY.

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THE Compiler has selected such pieces of poetry as, in his opinion, afford many opportunities for the scholar to exert his talents to advantage. A reader of nice and delicate discrimination will readily perceive in every poetical composition, however trifling, several situations wherein he may afford amusement, and produce astonishing effects on the minds of his hearers. In the delivery of some passages, so much depends upon such a *nicety of expression, look and manner*, in the reader that it will be impossible to point out the exact method. Graces, like these, which give the greatest beauty to a poem, cannot be reduced to any precise rules ; but must be left to the discriminating taste and powers of the reader\* to find out ; and the occasional remarks added to each piece, it is presumed, will greatly assist him in the research.

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### CHAPTER CXV.

#### THE OLD BEGGAR OF CUMBERLAND.

**I** SAW an aged beggar in my walk,  
 And he was seated by the highway side  
 On a low structure of rude masonry,  
 Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they  
 Who lead their horses down the steep rough road  
 May thence remount at ease. The aged man  
 Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone  
 That overlays the pile, and from a bag,  
 All white with flour, the dole of village dames,  
 He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one,  
 And scann'd them with a fix'd and serious look  
 Of idle contemplation. In the sun,  
 Upon the second step of that small pile  
 Surrounded by those wild, unpeopled hills,  
 He sat, and eat his food in solitude ;

And ever, scatter'd, from his palsied hand,  
That still attempting to prevent the waste  
Was basted still, the crumbs in little showers  
Fell on the ground, and the small mountain birds,  
Not venturing yet to peck their destin'd meal,  
Approach'd within the length of half his staff.  
Him, from my childhood, have I known, and then  
He was so old, he seems not older now ;  
He travels on, a solitary man,  
So helpless in appearance, that for him  
The sauntering horse-man traveller does not throw  
With careless hand his alms upon the ground,  
But stops, that he may safely lodge the coin  
Within the old man's hat ; nor quits him so,  
But still, when he has given his horse the rein,  
Towards the aged beggar turns a look  
Side-long and half-reverted. She who tends  
The toll-gate, when in summer at her door  
She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees  
The aged beggar coming, quits her work,  
And lifts the latch for him that he may pass.  
The post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake  
The aged beggar, in the woody lane,  
Shouts to him from behind, and, if perchance  
The old man does not change his course, the boy  
Turns with less noisy wheels to the road-side,  
And passes gently by, without a curse  
Upon his lips, or anger at his heart.

He travels on, a solitary man ;  
His age has no companion. On the ground  
His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along,  
They move along the ground ; and evermore,  
Instead of common and habitual sight  
Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,  
And the blue-sky, one little span of earth  
Is all his prospect. Thus, from day to day,  
Bow bent, his eyes forever on the ground,  
He plies his weary journey, seeing still,  
And never knowing that he sees, some straw,  
Some scatter'd leaf, or marks, which, in one track,  
The nails of cart or chariot wheel have left  
Impress'd on the white road, in the same line,

At distance still the same. Poor traveller !  
His staff trails with him ; scarcely do his feet  
Disturb the summer dust ; he is so still  
In look and motion that the cottage curs,  
Ere he have pass'd the door, will turn away  
Weary of barking at him. Boys and girls,  
The busy maids and youths, all pass him by.  
But deem not this man useless—Statesmen ! ye  
Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye  
Who have a broom still ready in your hands  
To rid the world of nuisances ; ye proud,  
Heart-swollen, while in your pride ye contemplate  
Your talents, power, and wisdom, deem him not  
A burthen of the earth. While thus he creeps  
From door to door, the villagers in him  
Behold a record which together binds  
Past deeds and offices of charity.  
Wh'er the aged beggar takes his rounds,  
The mild necessity of use compels  
To acts of love ; and habit does the work  
Of reason, yet prepares that after joy  
Which reason cherishes. And the soul,  
By that sweet of pleasure unpursu'd  
Doth find itself insensibly dispos'd  
To virtue and true goodness ———  
Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !  
And while, in that vast solitude to which  
The tide of things has led him, he appears  
To breathe and live but for himself alone,  
Unblam'd, uninjur'd, let him bear about  
The good which the benignant law of heaven  
Has hung around him, and while life is his,  
Still let him prompt the unletter'd villagers  
To tender offices and pensive thoughts.  
Few are his pleasures ; if his eyes, which now  
Have been so long familiar with the earth,  
No more behold the horizontal sun  
Rising and setting, let the light at least  
Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.  
And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit down  
Beneath the trees, or by the grassy bank  
Of high-way side, and with the little birds

Share his chance-gather'd meal, and, finally,  
As in the eye of nature he has lived,  
So in the eye of nature let him die.

## CONTENTMENT.

Within my breast may peace a dwelling find ;  
May my *good will* extend to all mankind.  
Free from necessity, blest with health,  
Give *me* content ; let *others* toil for wealth.  
In busy scenes of life, let me exert  
A *careful hand*, and wear an *honest heart*.  
In journeying on, as I advance in age,  
May I look back with pleasure on the stage.  
And as yon setting sun withdraws his light  
To shine in other worlds serene and bright,  
May *I* with joy resign my vital breath,  
Nor anxious tremble at the approach of death ;  
Which will, I hope, but rob me of *this day*,  
And to a *better world* my *soul* convey.

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 CHAPTER CXVI.

## HOW TO READ COLLIN'S ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

A piece of poetry, better adapted to the practice of reading than the following, cannot be recommended to the scholar. If read with propriety, it will soon correct the monotonist of that sameness of tone, which so disgusts in most common readers, and with which no person can ever reasonably expect to give pleasure to those who are so unfortunate as to be his hearers.

**W**HEN Music, *heav'nly maid* [1] was young,  
While yet in early Greece she sung,  
The *Passions* oft, to hear her shell,  
Throng'd around her magic cell,  
*Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting*, [2]  
*Possess'd*, beyond the Muses' painting.  
By turns they felt the glowing mind  
*Disurb'd, delighted rais'd, refin'd*. [3]

[1] Read the words marked in an impressive manner.

[2] The words in this line to be read as conveying a kind of echo to the sense. The first in a high voice, expressive of *exultation*. The second in a tone of *fear* and *trembling* ; the third expressive of *rage* ; the last in a weak voice, *low* and *fainting*, with a pause at each word.

[3] Read this line as recommended in the reading of the fifth line

once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,  
 'd with *fury, rapt, inspir'd*, [1]  
 In the sporting myrtles round  
 they snatch'd her instruments of sound,  
*as they oft had heard apart* [2]  
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
 Each, for madness rul'd the hour,  
 could prove his own expressive power ;  
 ] First Fear its hand, his skill to try,  
 amid the chords bewilder'd laid,  
 ] *And back recoil'd*, he knew not why,  
 when at the sound himself had made.  
 ] Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,  
 lightning own'd his secret stings,  
 in one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
 and swept with hurry'd hand the strings.  
 With woeful measures wan Despair,  
 low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd  
 A solemn, strange and mingled air,  
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild [6]  
 But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
 What was thy delighted measure ?  
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,  
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !  
 Still would her touch the scene prolong,  
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
 She call'd on echo still through all the song ;  
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,  
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,  
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair. [7]

[1] With *force and energy*.

[2] Read the two lines marked in a *soft, tender* manner.

[3] Pause after the word '*First*,' and by your *manner and look*, express the passion of *Fear*. As you read the next line, put out your hand *gently*, in rather a *slow, fearful*, way, as if to lay it upon the chords of an instrument.

[4] *Withdraw your hand suddenly*

[5] This verse, if read well, forms a fine contrasted effect with the other.

[6] Read this verse in a peculiar *low, plaintive* tone, expressive of the passion described.

[7] The beauty of these lines depends so much upon such a *nicety of expression*, as cannot be taught on paper. Let the last line, but one be uttered in a *softer, gentler* tone than the preceding.

And longer had she sung—but with a frown  
*Revenge* impatient roste,  
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down, [1]  
 And with a withering look,  
 [2] The war denouncing trumpet took,  
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ;  
 And ever and anon he beat  
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;  
 And though sometimes each dreary pause between,  
 [3] *Dejected Pity at his side*  
*Her soul subduing voice applied,*  
 Yet still he kept his wild, unalter'd mein, [his head.  
 [4] While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from  
 Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,  
 Sad proof of thy distressful state, [5]  
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,  
 And now it courted love now raving call'd on hate. [6]  
 With eyes up-rai'd, as one inspir'd,  
 Pale *Melancholy* [7] sat retir'd,  
 And from her wild, sequester'd seat,  
 In notes more distant made more sweet,  
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul ; [8]  
 [9] And dashing soft from rocks around,  
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;  
 Through glades and gloom's the mingled measure stole,  
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,  
 Round an holy calm diffusing,  
 Love of peace and lonely musing,

[1] With great *boldness* and *energy*.

[2] Be very energetic in the whole of this personification of *Revenge*.

[3] The two lines marked in a soft and gentle voice, which alter when you read the next line.

[4] This line with peculiar *force* and *energy*.

[5] Read this line *pathetically*.

[6] The first of this line *soft* and *tender* ; the latter part *bold* and *forcible*.

[7] Read '*Melancholy*' with a heavy, *drawing* tone.

[8] This line *slow* expressive of *pensiveness* and *melancholy*.

[9] The whole of these lines must be read so as to display, in *tone, look* and *manner*, a kind of languid melancholy ; the last line speak *slowly*, and let the words fall, *dying from your lips*, which method forms a fine contrast to the next verse which follows.

n hollow murmurs died away.

1 | But O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !  
 When cheerfulness a nymph of healthiest hue,  
 Her bow across her shoulders flung,  
 Her buskins gem'd with morning dew, [2]  
 Blew an inspiring air that date and thicket rung  
 The hunters call to faun and dryad known ;  
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste ey'd queens,  
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,  
 Peeping forth from alleys green ;  
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,  
 And sport leapt up and seiz'd his beachen-spear. [3]  
 Last came Joy's extatic trial,  
 He with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively-pipe his hand address'd,  
 But soon he saw the brisk awaking viol,  
 Whose sweet advancing voice he lov'd the best.

They would have thought who heard the strain  
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids  
 Amid the festal sounding shades  
 To some unwearied-mintrel dancing,  
 While 'as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
 Love fram'd with mirth a gay fantastic round,  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,  
 And he amid his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings. [4]

[1] Here alter your *look, tone, manner, and whole appearance.*

[2] The lines marked to be read as if enclosed in a parenthesis.

[3] Let your manner keep pace with this beautiful personification of *cheerfulness*. Let your expression be sprightly, with unabated spirit to the end of the verse.

[4] Keep yourself in unison with the passion described, and let a joyful expression glow throughout the whole.

The remainder of the poem is omitted, as affording no further opportunities in which a reader can exercise his talents.



## CHAPTER CXVII.

## HOW TO READ DR. COTTON'S FIRE SIDE.

The reader who has a mind sufficiently strong to see the various beauties it contains, and possesses a taste for the art of reading, will exercise his own judgment in discriminating the *nicety of expression* and *manner*, though omitted in our occasional remarks.

Let the two first words be spoken in a *tender, affectionate manner*, and all the words marked with *emphasis*.

**D**EAR *Chloe*, while the busy crowd,  
 The vain, the wealthy and the proud,  
 In folly's maze advance ;  
 Tho' singularity and pride  
 Be call'd *our* choice, we'll step aside,  
 Nor join the giddy dance.  
 From the gay world we'll oft retire  
 To our own family and fire,  
*Where love our hours employs ;*  
 No noisy neighbour enters here,  
 No intermeddling stranger near,  
 To spoil our heart felt joys.  
 For solid happiness we prize  
 Within our breast this jewel lies ;  
 And they are fools who roam ;  
 The world has nothing to bestow,  
*From our ourselves* our joys must flow,  
 And that *dear* *hut*, our home.  
 Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,  
*When with impatient wings* she left  
 That safe retreat, the ark ;  
 Giving her vain excursion o'er,  
 The disappointed bird, once more,  
 Explor'd the sacred bark.  
 Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,  
*We*, who improve his golden hours,  
 By sweet experience know,  
*That marriage*, rightly understood  
 Gives to the tender and the good,  
*A paradise below.* (1)

(1) Read this line with a *glow of expression*.

(1) *Our babes* shall richest comforts bring ;  
 If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring,  
 Whence pleasures ever rise ;  
 We'll form their minds with studious care,  
 To all that's manly, good, and fair,  
 And *train them for the skies.* (2)  
 While they our wisest hours engage,  
 They'll joy our youth, support our age,  
 And crown our hoary hairs ;  
 They'll grow in virtue every day,  
 And thus our fondest loves repay,  
 And recompense our cares.  
 No borrow'd joys ! *they're all our own,*  
 While to the world we live unknown,  
 Or by the world forgot ;  
 Monarchs ! we envy not your state,  
 We look with pity on the great,  
 And *blest our humble lot.* (3)  
 Our portion is not large, indeed !  
 But then, how little do we need !  
 For nature's calls are few ;  
 In this the art of living lies,  
 To want no more than may suffice,  
 And make that little do.  
 We'll, therefore, relish with content  
 Whate'er kind Providence has sent,  
 Nor aim beyond our power ;  
 For if our stock be very small,  
 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,  
 Nor lose the present hour.  
*To be resign'd when ills betide,* (4)  
 Patient, when favors are deny'd,  
 And pleas'd with favors given ;  
*Dear Chloe,* this is wisdom's part,  
 This is that incense of the heart,

(1) Read 'Our babes,' in an affectionate, impressive manner.

(2) This line in a respectful, solemn tone, with a look above as you repeat it.

(3) The words marked in a manner expressive of the greatest satisfaction.

(4) Read this line in a serious, composed manner.

Whose fragrance smell to heaven [1]  
 We'll ask no long protracted treat,  
 (Since winter's life is seldom sweet ;)  
 But when our feast is o'er,  
 Grateful from table we'll arise,  
 Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes,  
 The relics of our store.  
 Thus hand in hand through life we'll go ;  
 Its checquer'd paths of joy and woe  
 With cautious steps we'll tread ;  
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,  
 Without a trouble or a fear,  
 And mingle with the dead. [2]  
 While conscience, like a faithful friend,  
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,  
 And cheer our dying breath ;  
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,  
 Like a kind angel whisper peace,  
 And smooth the bed of death. [3]

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### CHAPTER CXVIII.

#### ORDER OF NATURE AND SUBMISSION TO PROVIDENCE,

**F**AR as creation's ample range extends,  
 The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends ;  
 Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,  
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass :  
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,  
 The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam :  
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between,  
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green ;  
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,  
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood.  
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !  
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :  
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,  
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew ;  
 How instinct varies in the groveling swine,

[1]. In reading this line, if you cast a respectful look above, it will give great beauty to it.

[2] In a solemn manner.

[3] The whole of the last verse to be read in a very serious, solemn manner.

Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine !  
 Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier ?  
 Or ever sep'rate, yet for ever near !  
 Remembrance and reflection how ally'd ;  
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide ?  
 And middle natures, how they long to join,  
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line !  
 Without this just gradation, could they be  
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ?  
 The powers of all subdu'd by thee alone,  
 Is not thy reason all these powers in one ?  
 See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,  
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.  
 Above, how high, progressive life may go !  
 Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !  
 Vast chain of being ! which from God began,  
 Nature's æthereal, human, angel, man,  
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,  
 No glass can reach ; from infinite to thee ;  
 From thee to nothing——On superior pow'rs  
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours :  
 Or in the full creation leave a void,  
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :  
 From nature's chain whatever link you strike,  
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,  
 Alike essential to th' amazing whole,  
 The least confusion but in ope, not all  
 That system only, but the whole, must fall.  
 Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,  
 Planets and suns run lawless through the sky ;  
 Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,  
 Being on being wreck'd, and world on world ;  
 Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,  
 And nature tremble, to the throne of God !  
 All this dread Order break——for whom ? for thee ?  
 Vile worm !——oh madness ! pride ! impiety !

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,  
 Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head ?  
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd,  
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?  
 Just as absurd for any part to claim

To be another, in this gen'ral frame :  
 Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains,  
 The great directing Mind of all ordains.  
 All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
 Whose body nature is, and God the soul !  
 That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same ;  
 Great in the earth, as in th' ætherial frame,  
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,  
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;  
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,  
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;  
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns  
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns :  
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;  
 He fills, and bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor Order imperfection name ;  
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.  
 Know thy own point ; this kind, this due degree  
 Of blindness, weakness, heav'n bestows on thee.  
 Submit—in this, or any other sphere,  
 Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear :  
 Safe in the hand of one disposing pow'r,  
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.  
 All nature is but art, unknown to thee ;  
 All chance direction, which thou canst not see ;  
 All discord, harmony not understood ;  
 All partial evil, universal good :  
 And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,  
 One truth is clear, *whatever is, is right.*

## CHAPTER CXIX.

### OUR SAVIOUR'S PASSION.

The *full, low, and manly* tone of voice is so absolutely necessary in those who wish to excel in reading, that the following poem is given to the scholar, in which he may practise it to the greatest advantage and effect.

Let there be a *dignified solemnity* in your voice, and let your look correspond with the *gravity* of the scene.

**B**EHOLD the astonish'd sun starts back,  
 No light his blacken'd beams display ;  
 Darkness her sable wing expands,

And gloomy night invades the day ;  
 But yet though night maintains her reign,  
 No planets fail along the skies,  
 No moon, the lovely queen of night,  
 No glorious constellation rise ;

[1] One dark, black dismal gloom of clouds  
 Broods o'er the earth from pole to pole ;  
 One face of horror spreads around,  
 And veils the universal whole.

See how the rending clouds divide ;  
 How *forky lightnings* glaring fly !  
 Hark ! how the *awful thunders* roar,  
 And grumble through the *angry sky*. [2]

The *frighted rocks* are burst in twain ;  
 The everlasting mountains shake ;  
 The *yawning earth* her womb distends,  
 And from their graves the dead awake.

Ten thousand *furious whirlwinds* rage ;  
 Along the trembling ground they sweep ;  
 And swell from its immense abyss

The surges of the *bellowing deep*. [3]

Thou deep ! why dost thou lash the shore ?

Ye furious winds ! why do ye roar ?

Why do the dead awake ?

Ye hills ! why do you shake ?

Why do the rocks divide ?

Why burst with opening wide ?

Why do the thunders shake the pole ?

Why do the volum'd lightnings roll ?

Why art thou hid, thou sun, on high ?

Thou moon and stars, that fill the sky,

Why is your pleasing light

Involv'd in gloom and night ? [4]

[5] See yonder ! where the Lord of life,

The great MESSIAH'S us'd with scorn !

See how the trickling blood descends !

They crown his sacred head with thorn !

[1] Very solemn, and your voice low and full.

[2] Mark with emphasis such words that keep up the *awful* grandeur of the scene.

[3] Emphasise the words marked as before recommended.

[4] Read the several questions with as much variety as possible, yet still preserve the *solemn grandeur* which breathes thro' the whole.

[5] Now look up with awe and dread.

See with contempt they drag along  
 My KING, my SAVIOUR, and my GOD!  
 O fight ! inhuman fight of woe !  
 His flesh is furrow'd with the rod !  
 And now ! Oh ! horror bearing scene !  
 With nails they pierce his feet and hands,  
 And innocence upon the cross,  
 The executioner extends !  
 Mark how his tender body writhes,  
 To heaven he lifts his falling eyes ;  
 Th' Incarnate bows his blameless head,  
 And for his very murderers, dies.

For *this*, the dead awake,  
 For *this*, the mountains shake ;  
 For *this*, the cheerful light  
 Far veil'd in gloom of night ;  
 For *this*, the rocks divide,  
 For *this*, the wind and tide  
 Resound against the shore ;  
 For *this*, the thunders roar ;  
 For *this*, the lightnings flame,  
 For *this*, convulsions tear the universal frame. [1]

### CHAPTER CXX.

Should the scholar be addicted to the abominable practice of *dragging out* his words in a *heavy, drawing* manner, let him frequently peruse the following extract from "GRONGAR HILL." It is happily calculated to cure him of that defect, even though he were inclined to the contrary, should he read it in that *easy, suppliant* method so essential to the spirit of it, and so adapted to the *short tripping* measure of the verse. Few ears are so inharmonious but must perceive the necessity of adapting a *light flippancy* of utterance in the perusal. Begin it in a *slow, deliberate* manner.

#### GRONGAR HILL.

**A** LITTLE rule, a little sway,  
 A sun beam in a winter's day,  
 Is all the proud, the mighty have  
 Between the cradle and the grave.  
 And see the rivers how they run  
 Through woods and meads, in shade and sun ;  
 Sometimes swift, sometimes flow,  
 Wave succeeding wave they go,  
 A various journey to the deep,  
 Like human life to endless sleep !  
 1 Read the last line with great deliberation and energy.

Thus is nature's vesture wrought  
 To instruct our wand'ring thought,  
 Thus she dresses green and gay,  
 To disperse our cares away.

See on the mountain's southern side }  
 Where the prospect opens wide,  
 Where the evening gilds the tide,  
 How close and small the hedges lie!  
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye!  
 A step, methinks, may pass the stream,  
 So little distant dangers seem.

[1] So we mistake the future's face,  
 Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass.  
 As yon summits, soft and fair,  
 Clad in colours of the air,  
 Which, to those who journey near,  
 Barren, brown, and rough appear;  
 Still we tread the same coarse way;  
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,  
 And never covet what I see!  
 Content me with a humble shade,  
 My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;  
 For while our wishes wildly roll,  
 We banish quiet from the soul;  
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air,  
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Be full, ye courts! be great who will;  
 Search for peace with all your skill;  
 Open wide the lofty door;  
 Seek her on the marble floor;  
 In vain ye search, she is not there;  
 In vain ye search the domes of care!  
 Grass and flower: *Quiet* treads,  
 On the meads and mountain-heads,  
 Along with *Pleasure* close allied  
 Ever by each other's side;  
 And often by the murmuring rill,  
 Hears the thrush while all is still,  
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill. }

[1] Read the moral reflections, which the poem contains, *slowly, impressively, and with effect.*



## CHAPTER CXXI.

## WINTER.

*A season for remembering the poor.*

In reading the following, let your tone of voice be *smooth, calm,*  
and *unrestrained*; blended with a pensive *dignity of look and expression.*

**N**OW winter is come, with his cold chilling breath,  
And the verdure has dropp'd from the trees;  
All nature seems touch'd by the finger of death,  
And the streams are beginning to freeze.  
When wanton young lads, o'er the river can slide,  
And Flora attends us no more;  
When in plenty you sit by a good fire-side,  
*Sure you ought to remember the poor.*

When the cold feather'd snow does in plenty descend,  
And whitens the prospect around;  
When the keen cutting winds from the north shall attend,  
Hard chilling and freezing the ground;  
When the hills and the dales are all candied with white,  
When the rivers congeal to the shore,  
When the bright twinkling stars shall proclaim a cold night,  
*Then remember the state of the poor*

When the poor harmless hare may be trac'd to the wood,  
By her footsteps indented in snow;  
When the lips and the fingers are starting with blood;  
When the marksman a cockshooting go;  
When the poor robin red breast approaches the cot;  
When the icicles hang at the door;  
When the bowl smokes with something reviving and hot,  
*That's the time to remember the poor.*

When a thaw shall ensue, and the waters increase,  
And the rivers all insolent grow;  
When the fishes from prison obtain a release;  
When in danger the travellers go:  
When the meadows are hid with the proud swelling flood;  
When the bridges are useful no more;  
When in health you enjoy every thing that is good,  
*Can you grumble to think on the poor?*

on the day will be here, when a Saviour was born,  
 All the world should agree as one voice ;  
 All nations unite to salute the blest morn ;  
 All ends of the earth should rejoice.  
 From death is depriv'd of his all-killing sting,  
 And the grave is triumphant no more ;  
 Saints, angels, and men, hallelujahs shall sing,  
*And the rich shall remember the poor.*

---

## CHAPTER CXXII.

TENDERNESS OF MIND—*On taking of bird's nests.*

**I** HAVE found out a gift for my fair ;  
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;  
 But let me that plunder forbear !  
 She will say 'tis a barbarous deed.

For he ne'er can be true, she aver'd,  
 Who can rob a poor bird of its young ;  
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard  
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold,  
 How that pity was due to a dove ;  
 That it ever attended the bold ;  
 And she call'd it the sister of love.

---

## CHAPTER CXXIII.

LYDIA'S BIRTH DAY.

**T**HE first of April's dawning ray,  
 Is little Lydia's natal day ;  
 Pretty warblers of the wood,  
 Quit awhile your callow brood,  
 Gaily prune each gaudy wing,  
 Each a merry carol bring,  
 To commemorate the morn,  
 When my little maid was born.  
 Come, Aurora ! bring thy hours,  
 All array'd in may morn flowers ;

Let each little fairy lip,  
 Of the pearly dew drop sip,  
 Nature pours out all her wealth,  
 Drink to her's and Lydia's health ;  
 She I'm sure will not refuse,  
 Gratefully those gifts to use.  
 Oh Innocence ! protect her youth,  
 Lead her down the paths of truth,  
 Culling sweet from every flower,  
 Truth has twin'd round virtue's bower,  
 There to dwell with sweet content,  
 Virtue's constant resident.  
 Sweets too redolent will cloy ;  
 Prudence mildly tempers joy ;  
 Thorns may grow tho' sweets are near,  
 Pity oft will have her tear ;  
 Tears will start howe'r confin'd  
 From a feeling generous mind.  
 Let her not recline her head  
 Long on pleasure's rosy bed ;  
 Pleasure does itself destroy,  
 Be improvement then her toy, }  
 Doing right her greatest joy. }  
 Mindfull of her parent's nod,  
 And her duty to her God ;  
 Tell her "to the good and wise,  
 " Every place is paradise ;  
 " Every month an April morn,  
 " When my little maid was born."

---

## CHAPTER CXXIV.

### VICE AND VIRTUE.

**T**HE gaudy *tulip*, richly bright,  
 Fatigues the pausing eye ;  
 And e'er it fades, the noisome leaves,  
 Offend the sense and die  
 But the young *rose*, less gay than sweet,  
 The eye delights to bear ;  
 Broke by the storm, and bent to earth,  
 Its fragrance still is there.

So flushes *Vice* the tainted cheek,  
 And fires the glowing eyes ;  
 Yet leaves it wither'd by despair,  
 And pale repentant sighs.  
 While *Virtue*, shrinking from the storms  
 Of fortune, pride and hate,  
 Still boasts the inward peace that shines  
 Beneath the clouds of fate.

---

## CHAPTER CXXV.

### THE FAIR LADY'S WISH.

**I**F it be true, celestial powers,  
 That you have form'd me fair,  
 And that in all my vainest hours,  
 My mind has been my care :  
 Then in return, I beg *this* grace,  
 As you were ever kind ;  
 What envious time takes from *my face*,  
 Bestow upon *my mind*.

---

## CHAPTER CXXVI.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM, ENTITLED, "AGRICULTURE,"  
 OR, "HAPPY AMERICAN FARMER."

**T**HEN murmur not at Heaven's fix'd decree,  
 But as you're happy, so contented be ;  
 Your country'll rise the emporium of wealth,  
 Your country's sons the sons of peace and health.  
 Hail blest Columbia ! whose delightful soil  
 Repays with richest good the labourer's toil !  
 What dainties thy delicious gardens yield !  
 What rich supplies adorning every field !  
 Happy thy sons, around thy splendid board,  
 Who taste the luxuries which thy fields afford !  
 Our fathers freed from dire oppression's hand,  
 Found an asylum on this heavenly land.  
 The savage Canaanites have left our soil,  
 We the true Israel taste the wine and oil ;  
 With milk and honey our fair country flows,

Deserts rejoice and blossom as the rose.  
 Thanks to the mercy of *Almighty Heaven*,  
 For WASHINGTON to fair Columbia given !  
 Our Laws, of Freedom's chosen sons the choice,  
 Shall live, while truth or reason has a voice.  
 Nature convuls'd our Continent may shake,  
 And earth and skies in consternation quake ;  
 Yet still our laws and liberty secure,  
 Tho' time and nature die, shall firm endure.  
 In Heaven the work shall stand, like noontide Sun,  
*Spotless as virtue, pure as WASHINGTON.*

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## CHAPTER CXXVII.

### EXTRACT FROM MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

The reading of Milton with propriety requires a method peculiar to itself. In his style there is a pomp of sound and energy of expression, which, if rightly done, demands from him who attempts to read it, a *full, deep, level* tone of voice, added to a kind of *grandeur of utterance, look and manner*. An uncommon elevation and sublimity of diction is one of the chief characteristics of *Paradise Lost*, although in many places where the sentiment requires it, Milton softens into tenderness, and melts into the most heart-rending pathetic.

Begin with *boldness* in your *look and manner*.

“ **W**HENCE, and what art thou, execrable shape,  
 “ That dar’st, tho’ grim and terrible, advance  
 “ Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
 “ To yonder gates ? Thro’ them I mean to pass,  
 “ That be assured, with out leave ask’d of thee.  
 “ Retire, or taste thy folly ; and learn by proof,  
 “ Not to contend with spirits of high Heaven.”  
 (1) To whom the Goblin, full of wrath, repli’d ;  
 “ Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,  
 “ Who first broke peace in Heaven, and faith till then  
 “ Unbroken ; and in proud rebellious arms  
 “ Drew after him the third part of Heaven’s sons,  
 “ Conjur’d against the highest ; for which both thou  
 “ And they, outcast from God, are here condemn’d  
 “ To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?

(1) Speak this line in a lower tone of voice, then assume the *boldness* in your *look and manner*, recommended before.

" And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of Heaven,  
 " Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here, and scorn  
 " Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,  
 " Thy king and lord ? Back to thy punishment,  
 " False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings ;  
 " Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
 " Thy ling'ring, or, with one stroke of this dart,  
 " Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unselt before."

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 CHAPTER CXXVIII.

## SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

Let your tone of voice be full, and solemn.

**O** THOU that, with surpassing glory crown'd,  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God  
 Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminish'd heads ; to thee I call,  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;  
 Till pride, and worse ambition threw me down,  
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless king.  
 Ah ! wherefore ! he deserv'd no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was,  
 In that bright eminence, and with his good  
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.  
 What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,  
 How due ! Yet all his good prov'd ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high,  
 I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher  
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
 The debt of endless gratitude,  
 So burdensome, still paying, still to owe,  
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd ;  
 And understood not that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once,  
 Indebted and discharg'd ; what burden then ?  
 Oh had his powerful destiny ordain'd  
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood

Then happy ; no unbounded hope had rais'd  
Ambition. Yet why not ? Some other power  
As great might have aspir'd, and me tho' mean  
Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great  
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.

## CHAPTER CXXIX.

### SATAN'S LAMENTATION.

Read the following lines most *affectingly*, but with a kind of  
*manly pathetic*.

**M**E miserable ! which way shall I fly  
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?  
Oh then at last relent ; is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?  
None left but by submission ; and that word  
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd  
With other promises and other vaunts  
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
Th' Omnipotent. Ah me, they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
While they adore me on the throne of hell,  
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,  
The lower still I fall, only supreme  
In misery ; such joy ambition finds.  
But say I could repent, and could obtain  
By act of grace my former state ; how soon  
Would height recal high thoughts, how soon unfay  
What feign'd submission swore ! Ease would recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.  
For never can true reconciliation grow  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep !  
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,  
And heavier fall ; so should I purchase dear  
Short intermission bought with double smart.  
This knows my punisher ! therefore as far  
From granting he, as I from begging peace ;  
All hope excluded thus, behold instead  
us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,

Rankind created, and for him this world.  
 O farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,  
 Farewell remorse ; all good to me is lost ;  
 Evil be thou my good ; by thee at least,  
 Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;  
 As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

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 CHAPTER CXXX.

EXTRACT FROM MILTON.

The foregoing extracts from Milton are sufficient examples to the scholar of that *grandeur* and *sublimity* of expression which requires in the reading, a suitable grandeur of utterance. The following extracts from the same incomparable poem possess a peculiar ease, and affecting simplicity of diction, and require an *easy unaffected* mode of *delivery*, mixing, occasionally, that *dignity* so obviously the characteristic of epic poetry.

The tenderness which breathes thro' the following ought to be read with a *glow* and *softness* of delivery.

**H**IS wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve  
 With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,  
 As thro' unquiet rest ; he on his side  
 Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love  
 Hung over her enamored, and beheld  
 Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar graces ; then with voice  
 Mild, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,  
 Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus ; " Awake  
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
 Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight,  
 Awake ; the morning shines, and the fresh field  
 Calls us ; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
 Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,  
 What drops the myrtle, and what the balmy reed,  
 How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
 Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet."  
 Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye,  
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake ;  
 " O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
 " My glory, my perfection, glad I see  
 " Thy face, and morn return'd."



## CHAPTER CXXXI.

## EVE'S SPEECH TO ADAM.

Let the following be read with the same glow and tenderness of expression as before recommended.

**W**ITH thee conversing, I forget all time ;  
 All seasons and their change, all please alike ;  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet  
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
 Glitt'ring with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth  
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful evening-mild ; then silent night  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train ;  
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun  
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,  
 Glitt'ring with dew ; nor fragrance after showers,  
 Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night  
 With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,  
 Or glittering star light, *without thee is sweet.*

## CHAPTER CXXXII.

ADAM'S ACCOUNT OF THE MANNER IN WHICH HE FOUND  
 HIMSELF UPON HIS CREATION.

The following is simply beautiful. Let it be read in a manner  
 entirely unrestrained.

“ **A**S new wak'd from soundest sleep,  
 “ Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid  
 “ In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun  
 “ Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
 “ Straight towards Heaven my wand'ring eyes I turn'd,  
 “ And gaz'd awhile the ample sky, till rais'd  
 “ By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
 “ As thitherward endeavouring, and upright

Stood on my feet ; about me round I saw  
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these  
 Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd or flew,  
 Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smil'd ;  
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
 Thou Sun, said I, fair light,  
 And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh, and gay,  
 Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,  
 And ye that live, and move, fair creatures tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here ?"

### CHAPTER CXXXIII.

#### EVE'S ADDRESS TO ADAM.

Adam's upbraiding Eve as being the cause of all their misfortune is a most *affecting* appeal to the heart, and must be read in an *exquisitely pathetic* manner.

**H**E added not, and from her turn'd ; but Eve  
 Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,  
 And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet  
 Fell humble, and embracing them, besought  
 His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint ;  
 ' Forake me not thus, Adam ! Witness, heaven,  
 ' What love sincere and reverence in my heart  
 ' I bear thee, and unwitting have offended,  
 ' Unhappily deceived ! Thy suppliant,  
 ' I beg and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not  
 ' (Whereon I live ! ) thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
 ' Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
 ' My only strength and stay ! Forlorn of thee,  
 ' Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?  
 ' While yet we live (scarce one short hour perhaps)  
 ' Between us two let there be peace."

## CHAPTER CXXXIV.

## CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE NIGHT.

In the following lines there is something extremely picturesque. Let them be read with a *pensive, slow, and solemn* mode of delivery.

**S**HOULD man be vain at this dread midnight hour,  
 When silence reigns, the heavens and earth would join  
 To chide his levity—this awful gloom  
 Should lift his soul on contemplation's wing,  
 Sedate and solemn as the closing day ;  
 Howe'er his social hours each eve are cheer'd  
 With harmless pleasures, let each night, array'd  
 In her dark sable habit, toll the bell  
 That wakes reflection ; serious thoughts inspires.  
 Say, can the soul, which hovers o'er the tomb  
 Each dreadful moment, choose a part more wise,  
 Than stealing from the giddy crowd each eve,  
 From the gay round of folly, to reflect  
 On life's short date, its nearness to the grave ?  
 How soon eternity begins, how vast.  
 The debt she has to cancel, ere her peace  
 Is sign'd in Heaven, which mercy scarce can sign !  
 Her guilt how weighty, and how weak her power !

## CHAPTER CXXXV.

The following pieces are added commemorative of the immortal Washington, who was " For earth too good, to Heaven is flown, and left the world in tears "

How to read them with effect, may be at once conceived, by recollecting the *feelings* and the *looks* depicted upon the countenance of United America, when deploring the loss of the saviour of his country, and the *friend* of man.

## LINES ON GENERAL WASHINGTON.

**T**HE whole Columbian thunder born to wield,  
 Great in the senate, splendid in the field ;  
 In wisdom's ken, or battle's keenest flame,  
 Unrivall'd in the brightest page of fame ;  
 Nor hath the poet's muse e'er wove a crown  
 Equal to our lov'd WASHINGTON's renown.  
 Approving Angels in the realms of light,  
 Who dip your pens in sun-beams when you write,

Assist our labouring minds, our efforts join  
 To paint the *Man* who did "all hearts combine ;"  
 Could human powers perform as *love* inclines,  
 We'd write his name on every star that shines !  
 Engrave his counsels on the living sky,  
 To be for ever read by every eye !  
 While moving orbs their heavenly circles run,  
 His deeds should live, and travel with the sun,  
 To light all ages in the path of time,  
 Allure by virtue's charms in every clime,  
 Till GOD shall finish his terrestrial plan,  
 And stamp his own eternity on *Man*.

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 CHAPTER CXXXVI.

AN ODE COMMEMORATIVE OF THE LATE GENERAL  
*WASHINGTON.*—*Performed before the Mechanic*  
*Interest, at Boston, Feb. 22, 1800.*

1. **L**O ! sorrow reigneth, and the nations mourn ;  
 for the LORD GOD of Israel hath taken away  
 the *Counsellor*, the *Mighty Man*, the man of war. But the  
 LORD giveth, and the LORD taketh away, blessed be the  
 name of the LORD.

Parent of mercy, LORD benign,  
 Who sits on high enthron'd ;  
 Who gives the beam of day to shine ;  
 Whose mandates nature own'd ;  
 Who fills the sick'ning rose with vivid dew,  
 And fix'd the cause from whence existence grew ;  
 Look down upon a nation's woe,  
 Forbid the streams of misery to flow.

2. He tempered the energies of Roman virtue with  
 the forbearance of the *Christain spirit* ; and will remain  
 to posterity an illustrious example ; the theme of praise  
 and mortal admiration.

He burst the fetters of the land,  
 He taught us to be free ;  
 He rais'd the dignity of man,  
 He bade a nation be.

3. In a crisis of dark and unexampled peril, when archy had enfeebled reason, he had the power and constancy to preserve the commonwealth from imminent destruction.

Sedition who had madd'ning reign'd,  
 Ere he the foaming fiend enchain'd,  
 Now bursting from his iron cave,  
 Will stalk again as ruin's slave,  
 Untwine the serpent from his hair,  
 'To wander as a social snare ;  
 Thus guilt will wound his own repose !  
 Thus folly doubts the good he knows !

4 Elevated by the conquest of himself, he was superior to vanity. His feelings were honour, and his thoughts wisdom. In blessing others, he was amply blessed. He feared to do wrong, but he knew no other fear.

Nor Syrian perfume, nor the regal gem,  
 Nor beauty's potency, nor valor's might,  
 Can abrogate the destiny of man ;  
 Or stay the mantle of oblivious night.  
 'The noble and the impotent of soul,  
 Adown the ebbless, ceaseless current flow ;  
 'Tis ours to brighten life's illusive guile,  
 And make our virtue mitigate our woe.  
 He burst the fetters of the land,  
 He taught us to be free ;  
 He rais'd the dignity of man,  
 He bade a nation be.

5. His *laurels* as a conqueror were spotless, and his code of legislation perfect. He consecrated the *federal compact* upon the altar of *justice*. His life evinced the glory of *humanity* ; his end displayed the *bliss* of *resignation* ; released from mortal care he's now ascended to the Heaven of Heavens.

He burst the fetters of the land,  
 He taught us to be free ;  
 He rais'd the dignity of man,  
 He bade a nation be.

THE END.









